THE ART OF ENGLISH POETRY.

By EDWARD BYSSHE, *Gent.*

The Sixth Edition, Corrected and Enlarg'd.

VOL. II.

——— *Non deficit alter*
Aureus, & ſimili frondeſcit virga metallo.
Virg. lib. 6. v. 143.

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THE ART OF ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. II.



LABYRINTH. See *Jouſts and Turnaments.*

LAMB.

THE tender Firſtlings of the woolly Breed. *Dryd. Virg.*
Come lead me forward now, like a tame Lamb,
To Sacrifice. Thus, in his fatal Garlands,
Deck'd fine and pleas'd, the Wanton ſkips and plays,
Trots by th' enticing flatt'ring Prieſteſs' Side;
And, much tranſported with its little Pride,
Forgets his dear Companions of the Plain,
Till, by her bound, he's on the Altar lain, *(Ven. Preſ.*
Yet, then too, hardly bleats, ſuch Pleaſure's in the Pain. *Otw.*
A hundred Lambs
With bleating Cries attend their milky Dams. *Dryd. Virg.*

LARK. See *Morning.*

The Lark, that ſhuns on lofty Boughs to build
Her humble Neſt, lies ſilent in the Field:
But if the Promiſe of a cloudleſs Day,
Aurora ſmiling, bids her riſe and play;
Then ſtrait ſhe ſhews 'twas not for want of Voice,
Or Pow'r to climb, ſhe made ſo low a Choice:
Singing ſhe mounts, her airy Wings are ſtretch'd
Tow'rds Heav'n, as if from Heav'n her Notes ſhe fetch'd. *Wall.*

The wiſe Example of the heav'nly Lark,
Thy Fellow-Poet, *Cowley*, mark:
Above the Clouds let thy proud Muſick ſound,
Thy humble Neſt build on the Ground. *Cowl.*

And now the Herald Lark
Left his Ground-Neſt, high tow'ring to deſcry
The Morn's Approach, and greet her with his Song. *Milt.*

LAUREL. See *Daphne.*

The Laurel is the Sign of Labour crown'd,
Which bears the bitter Blaſt, nor ſhaken falls to Ground.
From Winter-Winds it ſuffers no Decay,
For ever freſh and fair, and ev'ry Month is *May*:
Ev'n when the vital Sap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary Head is hid in Snow,
The Life is in the Leaf, and ſtill between
The Fits of falling Snows, appears the ſtreaky Green. *Dryd. The Flower and the Leaf.*

LAW *and* Lawyer.

Them never yet did Strife or Av'rice draw
Into the noiſy Markets of the Law,
The Camp of gowned War. *Cowl. Virg.*

Laws bear the Name, but Money has the Pow'r;
The Cauſe is bad whene'er the Client's poor:
Thoſe ſtrict-liv'd Men, that ſeem above our World,
Are oft too modeſt to reſiſt our Gold;
So Judgment, like our other Wares, is ſold:
And the grave Knight, that nods upon the Laws,
Wak'd by a Fee, hems, and approves the Cauſe.——

You ſave th' Expence of long litigious Laws,
where Suits are travers'd, and ſo little won,
That he who conquers is but laſt undone. *Dryd.*

He that with Injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be reliev'd,

Is ſillier than a ſottiſh Chowſe,
Who, when a Thief has robb'd his Houſe,
Applies himſelf to Cunning-Men,
To help him to his Goods agen;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain. *Hud.*
For Lawyers, leſt Bear Defendant
And Plaintiff Dog ſhould make an End on't,
Do ſtave and tail with Writs of Error,
Reverſe of Judgment and Demurrer,
To let 'em breathe a while, and then
Cry Whoop! and ſet 'em on agen;
Until with ſubtil Cobweb-Cheats
They're catch'd in knotted Law, like Nets;
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir, the more they're tangled;
And while their Purſes can diſpute,
There's no End of th' immortal Suit. *Hud.*
'Tis Law that ſettles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the moſt perfidious Lover,
A Lady that's as falſe recover.
For Law's the Wiſdom of all Ages,
And manag'd by the ableſt Sages;
Who tho' their Buſ'neſs at the Bar
Be but a kind of Civil War,
In which th' engage with fiercer Dudgeons,
Than e'er the *Grecians* did the *Trojans*,
They never manage the Conteſt
T' impair their publick Intereſt,
Or by their Controverſies leſſen
The Dignity of their Profeſſion:
For Lawyers have more ſober Senſe,
Than t' argue at their own Expence;
But make their beſt Advantages
Of others Quarrels, like the *Swiſs*;
And out of foreign Controverſies,
By aiding both Sides, fill their Purſes;
But have no Int'reſt in the Cauſe
For which th'engage, and wage the Laws;
Nor farther Proſpect than their Pay,
Whether they loſe or win the Day.
And tho' th' abounded in all Ages
With ſundry learned Clerks and Sages;

Tho' all their Bus'neſs be Diſpute,
With which they canvaſs ev'ry Suit;
They've no Diſputes about their Art,
Nor in Polemicks controvert;
While all Profeſſions elſe are found
With nothing but Diſputes t' abound.
Divines of all Sorts, and Phyſicians,
Philoſophers, Mathematicians,
The *Galeniſt* and *Paracelſan*,
Condemns the Way each other deals in:
Anatomiſts diſſect and mangle,
To cut themſelves out Work to wrangle;
Aſtrologers diſpute their Dreams,
That in their Sleep they talk of Schemes;
And Heralds ſtickle who got who,
So many hundred Years ago.
But Lawyers are too wiſe a Nation
T' expoſe their Trade to Diſputation;
Or make the buſy Rabble Judges
Of all their ſecret Piques and Grudges:
In which, whoever wins the Day,
The whole Profeſſion's ſure to pay.
Beſides, no Mountebanks nor Cheats
Dare undertake to do their Feats;
When in all other Sciences,
They ſwarm like Inſects, and increaſe:
For what Bigot durſt ever draw,
By inward Light, a Deed in Law?
Or could hold forth by Revelation,
An Anſwer to a Declaration?
For thoſe that meddle with their Tools,
Will cut their Fingers, if they're Fools. *Hud.*
I would not give, quoth *Hudibras*,
A Straw to underſtand a Caſe,
Without the admirable Skill
To wind and manage it at Will;
To veer, and tack, and ſteer a Cauſe
Againſt the Weather-gage of Laws,
And ring the Changes upon Caſes,
As plain as Noſes upon Faces;
As you have well inſtructed me,
For which you've earn'd, here 'tis, your Fee. *Hud.*

LEARN-

LEARNING.

A little Learning is a dang'rous Thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the *Pierian* Spring:
There ſhallow Draughts intoxicate the Brain,
And drinking largely, ſobers us again. *Pope.*

Learning, that Cobweb of the Brain;
A Trade of Knowledge as replete
As others are with Fraud and Cheat:
A Cheat that Scholars put upon
Other Men's Reaſon and their own;
A Fort of Error to inſconce
Abſurdity and Ignorance;
That renders all the Avenues
To Truth, impervious and abſtruſe,
By making plain Things, in Debate,
By Art, perplex'd and intricate;
As if Rules were not in the Schools
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
This pagan heatheniſh Invention
Is good for nothing but Contention;
For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight
All Blows do on the Target light,
So when Men argue, the great'ſt Part
O' th' Conteſt falls on Terms of Art,
Until the fuſtian Stuff be ſpent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.
Books had ſpoil'd him;
For all the Learn'd are Cowards by Profeſſion. *Dr. All for Love.*

LETHARGY.

A Sleep, dull as your laſt, did you arreſt,
And all the Magazines of Life poſſeſs'd;
No more the Blood its circling Courſe did run,
But in the Veins, like Iſicles, it hung;
No more the Heart, now void of quick'ning Heat,
The tuneful March of vital Motion beat:
Stiffneſs did into all the Sinews climb,
And a ſhort Death crept cold thro' ev'ry Limb. *Oldh.*

LETHE. See *Hell.*

On the dark Banks where *Lethe*'s lazy Deep
Does its black Stores and drowſy Treaſures keep, *Blac.*
Rolls his ſlow Flood, and rocks the nodding Waves aſleep.

LEVIATHAN. See *Creation.*

So when Leviathans diſpute the Reign,
And uncontrol'd Dominion of the Main,
From the rent Rocks whole Coral Groves are torn,
And Iſles of Sea-Weed on the Waves are borne;
Such wat'ry Stores from their ſpread Noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky. *Gar.*

LIBERTY. *See* Brutus, *Freedom.*

O *Liberty*, thou Goddeſs heav'nly-bright!
Profuſe of Bliſs, and pregnant with Delight!
Eternal Pleaſures in thy Preſence reign,
And ſmiling *Plenty* leads thy wanton Train.
Eas'd of her Load, *Subjection* grows more light,
And *Poverty* looks chearful in thy Sight:
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy Face of Nature gay,
Giv'ſt Beauty to the Sun, and Pleaſure to the Day. *Add.*

'Tis quick'ning *Liberty* that gives us Breath;
Her Abſence, more than that of Life, is Death. *Blac.*

The Love of Liberty with Life is given, *(Arc.*
And Life it ſelf's th' inferior Gift of Heav'n. *Dryd. Pal. &*

O give me Liberty;
For were ev'n Paradiſe it ſelf my Priſon,
Still I ſhould long to leap the cryſtal Walls. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Quoth he, th' one Half of Man, his Mind,
Is *ſui Juris*, unconfind,
And cannot be laid by the Heels,
Whate'er the other Moiety feels.
'Tis not Reſtraint or Liberty,
That makes Men Priſoners or free;
But Perturbations that poſſeſs
The Mind, or Equanimities.
The whole World was not half ſo wide
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue;
As was a paultry narrow Tub to
Diogenes, who is not ſaid,
For ought that ever I could read,
To whine, put Finger i' th' Eye, and ſob,
Becauſe he 'ad ne'er another Tub. *Hud.*

LIFE.

O *Life!* thou *Nothing*'s younger Brother;
So like, that one might take one for the other!
What's Some-body or No-body?
In all the Cobwebs of the Schoolmens Trade,
We no ſuch nice Diſtinction woven ſee,
As 'tis to be, or not to be.
Dream of a Shadow! A Reflection made
From the falſe Glories of the gay reflected Bow,
Is a more ſolid Thing than thou.
Thou weak-built *Iſthmus!* which do'ſt proudly riſe
Up betwixt two Eternities;
Yet can'ſt not Wave or Wind ſuſtain,
But, broken or o'erwhelm'd, the endleſs Ocean meets again.
From the maternal Tomb,
To the Grave's fruitful Womb,
We call here Life; but Life's a Name
Which nothing here can truly claim.
This wretched Inn, where we ſcarce ſtay to bait,
We call our Dwelling-place;
We call one Step a Race.
We grow at laſt by Cuſtom to believe,
That really we live;
Whilſt all theſe Shadows, that for Things we take, *(Cowl.*
Are but the empty Dreams, which in Death's Sleep we make.
Life is not to be bought with Heaps of Gold;
Not all *Apollo*'s *Pythian* Treaſures hold
Can bribe the poor Poſſeſſion of a Day:
Loſt Herds and Treaſures we by Arms regain,
And Steeds unrivall'd on the duſty Plain;
But from our Lips the vital Spirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the ſilent Dead. *Pope Hom.*
When I conſider Life, 'tis all a Cheat;
Yet, fool'd with Hope, Men favour the Deceit:
Truſt on, and think To-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falſer than the former Day;
Lyes more; and while it ſays we ſhall be bleſs'd
With ſome new Joys, cuts off what we poſſeſs'd.
Strange Coz'nage! none would live paſt Years again,
Yet all hope Pleaſure in what yet remain;
And from the Dregs of Life, think to receive
What the firſt ſprightly Running could not give.

I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymick Gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old. *Dryd. Auren.*
To labour is the Lot of Man below;
And when *Jove* gave us Life, he gave us Woe. *Pope Hom.*
For Life can never be ſincerely bleſs'd, *(Achit.*
Heav'n puniſhes the Bad, and proves the Beſt. *Dryd. Abſal. &*
To-morrow, To-morrow, and To-morrow,
Creep in a ſtealing Pace from Day to Day,
To the laſt Minute of revolving Time;
And all our Yeſterdays have lighted Fools
To their eternal Homes.
Life's but a walking Shadow; a poor Player,
That frets and ſtruts his Hour upon a Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Idiot, full of Sound and Fury,
Signifying nothing. *Shak. Macb.*
Life is but Air,
That yields a Paſſage to the whiſtling Sword,
And cloſes when 'tis gone. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*
Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou liv'ſt,
Live well; how long or ſhort, permit to Heav'n. *Milt.*
They live too long, who Happineſs out-live:
For Life and Death are Things indifferent;
Each to be choſe, as either brings Content. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*
'Tis not for nothing that we Life purſue;
It pays our Hopes with ſomething ſtill that's new:
Each Day's a Miſtreſs unenjoy'd before;
Like Travellers we're pleas'd with ſeeing more. *Dryd. Auren.*
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;
For not to live at Eaſe, is not to live:
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does ſome looſe Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live while thou liv'ſt, for Death will make us all
A Name, a Nothing but an Old-Wife's Tale. *Dryd. Perſ.*
Short Bounds of Life are ſet to mortal Man;
'Tis Virtue's Work alone to ſtretch the narrow Span. *Dryd. Virg.*
Improperly we meaſure Life by Breath;
They do not truly live, who merit Death. *Stepn. Juv.*
Gods! Life's your Gift; then ſeaſon't with ſuch Fate,
That what you meant a Bleſſing, prove no Weight.
Let me to the remoteſt Part be whirl'd
Of this your Play-thing made in haſte, the World;
But grant me Quiet, Liberty, and Peace;
By Day what's needful, and at Night ſoft Eaſe;

The

The Friend I truſt in, and the She I love:
Then fix me, and if e'er I wiſh remove,
Make me as great, that's wretched, as you can;
Set me in Pow'r, the wofull'ſt State of Man,
To be by Fools miſled, to Knaves a Prey,
But make Life what I ask, or take't away. *Otw.*
Learn to live well, that thou may'ſt die ſo too:
To live and die, is all we have to do. *Denh.*

LIGHT. See *Creation.*

Firſt-born of *Chaos!* who ſo fair didſt come
From the old *Negro*'s darkſome Womb!
Which, when it ſaw the lovely Child,
The melancholy Maſs put on kind Looks, and ſmil'd.
Thou Tide of Glory! which no Reſt doſt know!
But ever ebb, and ever flow!
Hail, active Nature's watchful Life and Health!
Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth!
Hail, to thy Huſband *Heat* and thee!
Thou the World's beauteous Bride, the luſty Bridegroom he.
Say, from what golden Quivers of the Sky
Do all thy winged Arrows fly?
Swiftneſs and Pow'r by Birth are thine,
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the Word Divine!
Swift as light Thoughts, their empty Career run;
Thy Race is finiſh'd when begun.
Thou, in the Moon's bright Chariot, proud and gay,
Doſt thy bright Wood of Stars ſurvey;
And all the Year doſt with thee bring,
Of thouſand flow'ry Lights, thy own nocturnal Spring.
Thou, *Scythian*-like, doſt round thy Lands above,
The Sun's gilt Tent, for ever move;
And ſtill, as thou in Pomp doſt go,
The ſhining Pageants of the World attend thy Show.
Nor amidſt all thoſe Triumphs doſt thou ſcorn
The humble Glow-worm to adorn;
And with thoſe living Spangles gild
(O Greatneſs without Pride!) the Buſhes of the Field.
Night, and her ugly Subjects thou doſt fright,
And *Sleep*, the lazy Owl of Night;
Aſham'd and fearful to appear,
They ſkreen their horrid Shapes with the black Hemiſphere;
With them there haſtes, and wildly takes th' Alarm,
Of painted Dreams a buſy Swarm.

At the firſt op'ning of the Eye,
The various Cluſters break, the antick Atoms fly.
The guilty Serpents, and obſcener Beaſts,
Creep conſcious to their ſecret Reſts:
Nature to Thee does Rev'rence pay,
Ill Omens and ill Sights remove out of thy Way.
At thy Appearance *Grief* it ſelf is ſaid
To ſhake his Wings, and rowze his Head;
And cloudy *Care* has often took
A gentle beamy Smile, reflected from thy Look.
At thy Appearance *Fear* it ſelf grows bold;
Thy Sun-ſhine melts away his Cold:
Ev'n *Luſt*, the Maſter of a harden'd Face,
Bluſhes if thou be'ſt in the Place;
To Darkneſs' Curtains he retires,
In ſympathizing Night he rolls his ſmoky Fires.
When, Goddeſs, thou lift'ſt up thy waken'd Head
Out of the Morning's purple Bed,
Thy Choir of Birds about Thee play,
And all the joyful World ſalutes the riſing Day.
All the World's Brav'ry, that delights our Eyes,
Is but thy ſev'ral Liveries.
Thou the rich Dye on them beſtow'ſt;
Thy nimble Pencil paints this Landſkip as thou go'ſt.
A crimſon Garment in the Roſe thou wear'ſt,
A Crown of ſtudded Gold thou bear'ſt.
The Virgin Lilies in their White,
Are clad but with the Lawn of almoſt naked Light.
The Violet, Spring's little Infant, ſtands
Girt in thy purple Swaddling-bands.
On the fair Tulip thou doſt doat,
Thou cloath'ſt it with a gay and party-colour'd Coat.
But the vaſt Ocean of unbounded Day
In the Empyrean Heav'n does ſtay;
Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below,
From thence took firſt their Riſe, thither at laſt muſt flow. *Cowl.*

Hail holy *Light!* Off-ſpring of Heaven, Firſt-born,
Or of th' Eternal Co-eternal Beam:
Bright Effluence of bright Eſſence increate!
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure etherial Stream,
Whoſe Fountain who ſhall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heav'ns, thou wert; and at the Voice
Of God, as with a Mantle, didſt inveſt
The riſing World of Waters dark and deep,

Won

Won from the void and formleſs Infinite:
Thee I reviſit now with bolder Wing,
Eſcap'd the *Stygian* Pool, tho' long detain'd
In that obſcure Sojourn; while in my Flight
Thro' utter and thro' middle Darkneſs borne,
With other Notes than to th' *Orphean* Lyre,
I ſung of *Chaos* and eternal *Night*;
Taught by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
The dark Deſcent, and up to re-aſcend,
Tho' hard and rare: Thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſov'reign vital Lamp; but thou
Reviſit'ſt not theſe Eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing Ray, and find no Dawn:
So thick a Drop Serene has quench'd their Orbs,
Or dim Suffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander where the Muſes haunt,
Clear Spring, or ſhady Grove, or ſunny Hill,
Smit with the Love of ſacred Song: But chief
Thee, *Sion*, and the flowry Brooks beneath,
That waſh thy hallow'd Feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: Nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other Two, equal'd with me in Fate,
So were I equal'd with them in Renown,
Blind *Thamyris*, and blind *Mæonides*,
And *Phineas* and *Tireſias*, Prophets old:
Then feed on Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious Numbers, as the wakeful Bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt Covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet Approach of Ev'n and Morn,
Or Sight of vernal Bloom, or Summer's Roſe,
Or Flocks, or Herds, or human Face divine:
But Cloud inſtead, and ever-during Dark
Surrounds me; from the chearful Ways of Man
Cut off, and for the Book of Knowledge fair
Preſented with a univerſal Blank
Of Nature's Works, to me expung'd and ras'd;
And Wiſdom at one Entrance quite ſhut out:
So much the rather, thou Celeſtial Light,
Shine inward, and the Mind thro' all her Pow'rs
Irradiate; there plant Eyes, all Miſt from thence
Purge and diſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of Things inviſible to mortal Sight. *Milt. Spoken of himſelf.*

LIGHT-

LIGHTNING. See *Greatneſs, Necromancer, Sickneſs, Singing, Storm, Thunder.*

Quick Lightning flies when heavy Clouds ruſh on,
And ſtrike like Steel and Flint, or Stone and Stone:
For then ſmall Sparks appear, and ſcatter'd Light
Breaks ſwiftly forth, and wakes the ſleepy Night.
The Night, amaz'd, begins to haſte away,
As if thoſe Fires were Beams of coming Day. *Cre. Luc.*

As when ſome dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire ſhoots ſwiftly thro' the Sky,
Strikes and conſumes ere ſcarce it does appear,
And by the ſudden Ill, prevents the Fear. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

As when tempeſtuous Storms o'erſpread the Skies,
In whoſe dark Bowels in-born Thunder lies;
The wat'ry Vapours, numberleſs, conſpire
To ſmother and oppreſs th' impriſon'd Fire;
Which, thus collected, gathers greater Force,
Breaks out in Flames, and with impetuous Courſe
From the Cloud's gaping Womb in Lightning flies,
Flaſhing in ruddy Streaks along the Skies. *Blac.*

The diſmal Lightnings all around,
Some flying thro' the Air, ſome running on the Ground,
Some ſwimming o'er the Water's Face,
Fill'd with bright Horror ev'ry Place. *Cowl.*

As when by Lightnings, *Jove*'s etherial Pow'r
Foretels the rattling Hail, or weighty Show'r,
Or ſends ſoft Snows to whiten all the Shore,
Or bids the brazen Throat of War to roar;
By Fits one Flaſh ſucceeds as one expires,
And Heav'n flames thick with momentary Fires. *Pope Hom.*

The Clouds,
Juſtling, or puſh'd by Winds, rude in their Shock,
Tine the ſlant Lightning, whoſe thwart Flame, driv'n down,
Kindles the gummy Bark of Fir, or Pine. *Milt.*

As where the Lightning runs along the Ground,
No Huſbandry can heal the blaſting Wound;
Nor bladed Graſs, nor bearded Corn ſucceed,
But Scales of Scurf and Putrefaction breed. *Dry. Hind. & Pant.*

Like Lightning's fatal Flaſh,
Which by deſtructive Thunder is purſu'd,
Blaſting thoſe Fields on which it ſhin'd before. *Roch. Valent.*

As when a pointed Flame of Lightning flies,
With mighty Noiſe exploded from the Skies;

The

The ruddy Terror, with reſiſtleſs Strokes,
Invades the mountain Pines, and foreſt Oaks;
Wide Lanes acroſs the Woods, and ghaſtly Tracks,
Where-e'er it goes, the ſwift Deſtruction makes. *Blac.*

LION. See *Creation, Enjoyment, Frown, Joy, Paradiſe, Retreat, Revenge. Twilight.*

So ſome fell Lion, whom the Woods obey,
Roars thro' the Deſart, and demands his Prey. *Pope Hom.*

Thus as a hungry Lion, who beholds
A gameſome Goat, that friſks about the Folds,
Or beamy Stag, that grazes on the Plain,
He runs, he roars, he ſhakes his riſing Mane;
He grins, he opens wide his greedy Jaws;
The Prey lies panting underneath his Paws:
He fills his famiſh'd Maw, his Mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd Morſels, while he churns the Gore. *Dry. Virg.*

As when ſome Huntſman, with a flying Spear,
From the blind Thicket wounds a ſtately Deer,
Down his cleft Side while freſh the Blood diſtils,
He bounds aloft, and ſcuds from Hills to Hills;
'Till Life's warm Vapour iſſuing thro' the Wound,
Wild mountain Wolves the fainting Beaſt ſurround:
Juſt as their Jaws his proſtrate Limbs invade,
The Lion ruſhes thro' the woodland Shade,
The Wolves, tho' hungry, ſcour diſpers'd away,
The lordly Savage vindicates his Prey. *Pope Hom.*

So, preſs'd with Hunger, from the Mountain's Brow,
Deſcends a Lion on the Flocks below;
So ſtalks the lordly Savage o'er the Plain,
In ſullen Majeſty and ſtern Diſdain:
In vain loud Maſtiffs bay him from afar,
And Shepherds gaul him with an iron War;
Regardleſs, furious, he purſues his Way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting Prey. *Pope Hom.*

The famiſh'd Lion thus, with Hunger bold,
O'er-leaps the Fences of the nightly Fold,
And tears the peaceful Flocks: With ſilent Awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his Paw. *Dryd. Virg.*

So when the gen'rous Lion has in Sight
His equal Match, he rowzes for the Fight;
But when his Foe lies proſtrate on the Plain,
He ſheaths his Paws, uncurls his angry Mane;

And

And pleas'd with bloodleſs Honours of the Day. (*Panth.*
Walks over, and diſdains th' inglorious Prey. *Dryd. Hind &*

As on the fleecy Flocks, when Hunger calls,
Amidſt the Field a brindled Lion falls;
If chance ſome Shepherd, with a diſtant Dart,
The Savage wound, he rowzes at the Smart,
He foams, he roars; the Shepherd dares not ſtay,
But trembling leaves the ſcatt'ring Flocks a Prey;
Heaps fall on Heaps, he bathes with Blood the Ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty Mound. *Pope Hom.*

As when the lordly Lion ſeeks his Food,
Where grazing Heifers range the lonely Wood,
He leaps amidſt them with a furious Bound, (*Hom.*
Bends their ſtrong Necks, and tears them to the Ground. *Pope*

So two young mountain Lions, nurs'd with Blood,
In deep Receſſes of the gloomy Wood,
Ruſh fearleſs to the Plain, and, uncontroul'd,
Depopulate the Stalls, and waſte the Fold;
'Till, pierc'd at Diſtance from their native Den,
O'erpow'r'd, they fall beneath the Force of Men. *Pope Hom.*

As when the Swains the *Lybian* Lion chaſe,
He makes a ſour Retreat, nor mends his Pace;
But if the pointed Jav'lin pierce his Side,
The lordly Beaſt returns with double Pride:
He wrenches out the Steel, he roars for Pain,
His Sides he laſhes, and erects his Mane.
His Eye-balls flaſh with Fire,
Thro' his wide Noſtrils Clouds of Smoke expire. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus as a Lion, when he ſpies from far
A Bull, that ſeems to meditate the War,
Bending his Neck, and ſpurning back the Sand,
Runs roaring downward from his hilly Stand,
To ruſh from high on his unequal Foe. *Dryd. Virg.*
Like a Lion,
Who long has reign'd the Terror of the Woods,
And dar'd the boldeſt Huntſmen to the Combat;
'Till caught at length within ſome hidden Snare,
With foaming Jaws he bites the Toils that hold him,
And roars, and rolls his firy Eyes in vain: *Amb. Stepm.*
While the ſurrounding Swains wound him at Pleaſure. *Rowe*

So joys a Lion, if the branching Deer,
Or mountain Goat, his bulky Prize, appear:
In vain the Youths oppoſe, the Maſtiffs bay;
The lordly Savage rends the panting Prey. *Pope Hom*

LOOKS

LOOKS, or Mien. See *Beauty, Eyes.*

The King aroſe with awful Grace; *(Pal. & Arc.*
Deep Thought was in his Breaſt, and Counſel in his Face. *Dryd.*
Deep on his Front, engraven,
Deliberation ſate, and publick Care,
And Princely Counſel in his Face yet ſhone. *Milt.*

Big was he made, and tall; his Port was fierce;
Erect his Countenance: Manly Majeſty
Sate in his Front, and darted from his Eyes,
Commanding all he view'd. *Dryd. Oedip.*

His awful Preſence did the Croud ſurprize,
Nor durſt the raſh Spectators meet his Eyes;
Eyes that confeſs'd him born to Kingly Sway,
So fierce they flaſh'd intolerable Day. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

The *Trojan* Chief appear'd in open Sight,
Auguſt in Viſage, and ſerenely bright:
His Mother Goddeſs, with her Hands Divine,
Had form'd his curling Locks, and made his Temples ſhine;
Had giv'n his rolling Eyes a ſparkling Grace,
And breath'd a youthful Vigour on his Face;
Like poliſh'd Iv'ry, beauteous to behold,
Or *Parian* Marble, when enchas'd in Gold. *Dryd. Virg.*

Amid the Preſs appears the beauteous Boy:
His lovely Face unarm'd; his Head was bare;
In Ringlets, o'er his Shoulders, hung his Hair;
His Forehead circled with a Diadem.
Diſtinguiſh'd from the Croud, he ſhines, a Gem
Enchas'd in Gold; or poliſh'd Iv'ry, ſet
Amidſt the meaner Foil of ſable Jet. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thro' his youthful Face
Wrath checks the Beauty, and ſheds manly Grace;
Both in his Looks ſo join'd, that they might move
Fear ev'n in Friends, and from an En'my Love.
Hot as ripe Noon, ſweet as the blooming Day. *Cowl.*

What's he, who, with contracted Brow,
And ſullen Port, glooms downwards with his Eyes;
At once regardleſs of his Chains or Liberty?
He ſhuns my Kindneſs;
And, with a haughty Mien, and ſtern Civility,
Dumbly declines all Office: If he ſpeak,
'Tis ſcarce above a Word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did diſdain to talk, *(Bride.*
At leaſt to talk where he muſt not command. *Cong. Mourn.*

That

That gloomy Outſide, like a ruſty Cheſt,
Contains the ſhining Treaſure of a Soul
Reſolv'd and brave. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

He looks ſecure of Death : Superior Greatneſs;
Like *Jove*, when he made Fate, and ſaid, Thou art
The Slave of my Creation.

He looks, as Man was made, with Face erect,
That ſcorns his brittle Corps, and ſeems aſham'd
He's not all Spirit : His Eyes, with a dumb Pride,
Accuſing Fortune, that he fell not warm ;
Yet now diſdains to live. *Dry. Don. Seb.*

By his warlike Port,
His fierce Demeanour, and erected Look,
He's of no vulgar Note. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Methinks you breathe
Another Soul ; your Looks are more divine ;
You ſpeak a Hero, and you move a God. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Care ſate on his faded Cheek ; but under Brows
Of dauntleſs Courage, and conſid'rate Pride,
Waiting Revenge. Cruel his Eye, but caſt
Signs of Remorſe and Paſſion. *Milt.*

His grave Rebuke,
Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace
Invincible. *Milt.*

LOUD.

Loud as the Roar encount'ring Armies yield, *(Hom.*
When ſhouting Millions ſhake the thund'ring Field. *Pope*

LOVE. See *Abſence, Enjoyment.*

Love, the moſt gen'rous Paſſion of the Mind,
The ſofteſt Refuge Innocence can find :
The ſafe Director of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kind Wiſhes, and ſecur'd by Truth :
The cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous Draught of Life go down :
On which one only Bleſſing God might raiſe,
In Lands of Atheiſts, Subſidies of Praiſe :
For none did e'er ſo dull and ſtupid prove,
But felt a God, and bleſs'd his Pow'r in Love. *Roch.*

Love rais'd his noble Thoughts to brave Atchievements :
For Love's the Steel that ſtrikes upon the Flint ;
Gives Coldneſs Heat, exerts the hidden Flame, *(Love Trium.*
And ſpreads the Sparkles round, to warm the World. *Dryd.*

Love, that does all that's noble here below. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

For

For Love's not always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous Acts inflames the Mind;
Awakes the ſleepy Vigour of the Soul;
And, bruſhing o'er, adds Motion to the Pool.
Love, ſtudious how to pleaſe, improves our Parts
With poliſh'd Manners, and adorns with Arts.
Love firſt invented Verſe, and form'd the Rhyme,
The Motion meaſur'd, harmoniz'd the Chime:
To lib'ral Arts enlarg'd the Narrow-ſoul'd, *(& Iph.*
Soften'd the Fierce, and made the Coward bold. *Dryd. Cym.*

Ye niggard Gods! you make our Lives too long;
You fill them with Diſeaſes, Wants, and Woes;
And only daſh them with a little Love,
Sprinkled by Fits, and with a ſparing Hand. *Dryd. Amphit.*

Life without Love, is Load, and Time ſtands ſtill:
What we refuſe to him, to Death we give; *(Bride.*
And then, then only, when we love, we live. *Cong. Mourn.*

Love's an heroick Paſſion, which can find
No Room in any baſe degen'rate Mind:
It kindles all the Soul with Honour's Fire,
To make the Lover worthy his Deſire. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

Love is not Sin, but where 'tis ſinful Love:
Mine is a Flame ſo holy and ſo clear,
That the white Taper leaves no Soot behind,
No Smoke of Luſt. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

What art thou, Love, thou great myſterious Thing?
From what hid Stock does thy ſtrange Nature ſpring?
'Tis thou that mov'ſt the World thro' ev'ry Part,
And hold'ſt the vaſt Frame faſt, that nothing ſtart
From the due Place and Office firſt ordain'd:
By thee were all Things made, and are ſuſtain'd. *Cowl.*

The Pow'r of Love,
In Earth, and Seas, and Air, and Heav'n above,
Rules, unreſiſted, with an awful Nod;
By daily Miracles declar'd a God:
He blinds the Wiſe, gives Eye-ſight to the Blind, *(& Arc.*
And moulds and ſtamps a-new the Lover's Mind. *Dryd. Pal.*

No Law is made for Love:
Law is to Things which to free Choice relate;
Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate.
Laws are but poſitive; Love's Pow'r we ſee
Is Nature's Sanction, and her firſt Decree.
Each Day we break the Bond of human Laws,
For Love, and vindicate the common Cauſe.
Laws for Defence of civil Rights are plac'd; Love

Love throws the Fences down, and makes a gen'ral Waſte.
Maids, Widows, Wives, without Diſtinction, fall; *(Pal. & Arc.*
The ſweeping Deluge, Love, comes on, and covers all. *Dryd.*
In Hell, and Earth, and Seas, and Heav'n above,
Love conquers all; and we muſt yield to Love. *Dryd. Virg.*
For Love the Senſe of Right and Wrong confounds:
Strong Love and proud Ambition have no Bounds. *Dryd.*
The Faults of Love, by Love are juſtify'd:
With unreſiſted Might the Monarch reigns,
He raiſes Mountains, and he levels Plains. *Dryd. Sig. & Guiſc.*
Kings fight for Kingdoms, Madmen for Applauſe;
But Love for Love alone, that crowns the Lover's Cauſe.
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.
Love gives Eſteem, and then he gives Deſert;
He either finds Equality, or makes it;
Like Death, he knows no Diff'rence in Degrees,
But plains and levels all. *Dryd. Mar. Alamode.*
By Heav'n, I'll tell her boldly that 'tis ſhe:
Why ſhould ſhe aſham'd, or angry be,
To be belov'd by me?
The Gods may give their Altars o'er;
They'll ſmoke, but ſeldom any more,
If none but happy Men muſt them adore.
The Lightning, which tall Oaks oppoſe in vain,
To ſtrike ſometimes does not diſdain
The humble Furzes of the Plain.
She being ſo high, and I ſo low,
Her Pow'r by this does greater ſhow,
Who, at ſuch Diſtance, gives ſo ſure a Blow.
If there be Man who thinks himſelf ſo high,
As to pretend Equality,
He deſerves her leſs than I;
For he would cheat for his Relief;
And one would give, with leſſer Grief,
T'an undeſerving Beggar, than a Thief. *Cowl.*
I knew 'twas Madneſs to declare this Truth,
And yet 'twere Baſeneſs to deny my Love.
'Tis true, my Hopes are vaniſhing as Clouds,
Lighter than Children's Bubbles blown by Winds:
My Merit but the raſh Reſult of Chance,
My Birth unequal: All the Stars againſt me;
Pow'r, Promiſe, Choice, the Living and the Dead;
Mankind my Foes, and only Love to friend me:
But ſuch a Love, kept at ſuch awful Diſtance,

As

As what it loudly dares to tell, a Rival
Shall fear to whiſper there. Queens may be lov'd,
And ſo may Gods; elſe why are Altars rais'd?
Why ſhines the Sun, but that he may be view'd?
But oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze, (*Fryar.*
'Tis but to weep, and cloſe our Eyes in Darkneſs. *Dryd. Span.*

Love various Minds does variouſly inſpire;
He ſtirs in gentle Natures gentle Fires,
Like that of Incenſe on the Altars laid;
But raging Flames tempeſtuous Souls invade:
A Fire which ev'ry windy Paſſion blows, (*Love.*
With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows. *Dr. Tyr.*

So like the Chances are of Love and War,
That they alone in this diſtinguiſh'd are:
In Love the Victors from the Vanquiſh'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they purſue that die. *Wall.*

The Fate of Love is ſuch,
That ſtill it ſees too little or too much. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

The Proverb holds, That to be wiſe, and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above.
A gen'ral Doom on all Mankind is paſs'd,
And all are Fools and Lovers firſt or laſt.
This both by others and my ſelf I know,
For I have ſerv'd their Sov'reign long ago;
Oft have been caught within the winding Train
Of Female Snares, and felt the Lover's Pain;
And learn'd how far the God can human Hearts conſtrain.
(*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Love is the pleaſant Frenzy of the Mind;
And frantick Men, in their mad Actions, ſhow
A Happineſs that none but Madmen know. *Dryd.*

Love is that Madneſs which all Lovers have;
But yet 'tis ſweet and pleaſing ſo to rave:
'Tis an Enchantment where the Reaſon's bound;
But Paradiſe is in th'enchanted Ground;
A Palace void of Envy, Cares, and Strife,
Where gentle Hours delude ſo much of Life;
To take thoſe Charms away, and ſet me free,
Is but to ſend me into Miſery;
And Prudence, of whoſe Care you ſo much boaſt, (*Gran.*
Reſtores the Pains which that ſweet Folly loſt. *Dryd. Conq. of*

I have no Reaſon left that can aſſiſt me,
And none would have. My Love's a noble Madneſs,
Which ſhews the Cauſe deſerves it. Mod'rate Sorrow

Fits

Fits vulgar Love, and for a vulgar Man ;
But I have lov'd with ſuch tranſcendent Paſſion,
I ſoar'd at firſt quite out of Reaſon's View,
And now am loſt above it. *Dryd. All for Love.*

In Love what Uſe of Prudence can there be ?
More perfect I, and yet more pow'rful ſhe !
One Look of hers my Reſolution breaks ;
Reaſon it ſelf turns Folly when ſhe ſpeaks :
And, aw'd by her whom it was made to ſway, *(Inn.*
Flatters her Pow'r, and does its own betray. *Dryd. State of*

Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Prieſt ?
He knows him not his Executioner.
Oh ! ſhe has deck'd his Ruin with her Love ;
Led him, in golden Bands, to gawdy Slaughter,
And made Perdition pleaſing. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Witneſs ye Pow'rs !
How much I ſuffer'd, and how much I ſtrove :
But mighty Love, who Prudence does deſpiſe,
For Reaſon, ſhew'd me *Indamora*'s Eyes :
What would you more ? My Crime I ſadly view,
Acknowledge, am aſham'd, and yet purſue. *Dryd. Auren.*

For Love does human Policy deſpiſe,
And laughs at all the Counſels of the Wiſe. *D'Av. Circe.*

For Lovers Hearts are not their own Hearts,
Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and ſo forth, downwards. *Hud.*

Why ſo pale and wan, fond Lover ?
Prithee why ſo pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Why ſo dull and mute, young Sinner ?
Prithee why ſo mute ?
Will, when ſpeaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't ?
Quit, quit for Shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her ;
If of herſelf ſhe will not love,
Nothing can make her :
The Devil take her. *Suckl.*

Tell me then the Reaſon why
Love from Hearts in Love does fly ?
Why the Bird will build a Neſt
Where he ne'er intends to reſt ?
Love, like other little Boys,
Cries for Hearts, as they for Toys ;

Which,

Which, when gain'd in childiſh Play,
Wantonly are thrown away.
Still on Wing, or on his Knees.
Love does nothing by degrees:
Baſely flying when moſt priz'd,
Meanly fawning when deſpis'd;
Flatt'ring or inſulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his Joys are fleeting Dreams,
All his Woes ſevere Extreams. *Roch.*

Oh Love! how are thy precious ſweeteſt Minutes
Thus ever croſs'd, thus vex'd with Diſappointments!
Now Pride, now Fickleneſs, fantaſtick Quarrels,
And ſullen Coldneſs, give us Pains by turns:
Malicious meddling Chance is ever buſy
To bring us Fears, Diſquiets, and Delays;
And ev'n at laſt, when, after all our waiting,
Eager we think to ſnatch our dear-bought Bliſs,
Ambition calls us to its ſullen Cares;
And Honour ſtern, impatient of Neglect,
Commands us to forget our Eaſe and Pleaſures;
As if we had been made for nought but Toil,
And Love were not the Buſ'neſs of our Lives. *Rowe Ulyſſ.*

Ah! cruel Heaven, that made no Cure for Love!
Love has no Bounds in Pleaſure or in Pain.
What prieſtly Rites, alas! what pious Art,
What Vows avail to cure a bleeding Heart?
A gentle Fire ſhe feeds within her Veins,
Where the ſoft God ſecure, in Silence reigns:
Sick with Deſire, and ſeeking him ſhe loves,
From Street to Street the raging *Dido* roves:
So when the watchful Shepherd, from the Blind,
Wounds, with a random Shaft, the careleſs Hind,
Diſtracted with her Pain, ſhe flies the Woods,
Bounds o'er the Lawn, and ſeeks the ſilent Floods,
With fruitleſs Care; for ſtill the fatal Dart
Sticks in her Side, and rankles in her Heart. *Dryd. Virg.*

Anger, in haſty Words or Blows,
It ſelf diſcharges on our Foes;
And Sorrow too finds ſome Relief
In Tears, which wait upon our Grief:
So ev'ry Paſſion, but fond Love,
Unto its own Redreſs does move:
But that alone the Wretch inclines
To what prevents his own Deſigns; Makes

Makes him lament, and ſigh, and weep,
Diſorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Poſtures which render him deſpis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd. *Wall.*

But I muſt rowze my ſelf, and give a Stop
To all thoſe Ills by headlong Paſſion caus'd:
In Minds reſolv'd, weak Love is put to Flight,
And only conquers when we dare not fight:
But we indulge our Harms, and, while he gains
An Entrance, pleaſe our ſelves into our Pains. *Dryd. Sec. Love.*

Rowze to the Combat,
And thou art ſure to conquer: Wars ſhall reſtore thee:
The Sound of Arms ſhall wake thy martial Ardour,
And cure this am'rous Sickneſs of thy Soul,
Begot by Sloth, and nurs'd by too much Eaſe.
The idle God of Love ſupinely dreams
Amidſt inglorious Shades and purling Streams;
In roſy Fetters and fantaſtick Chains
He binds deluded Maids and ſimple Swains:
With ſoft Enjoyments woos them to forget
The hardy Toils and Labours of the Great.
But if the warlike Trumpet's loud Alarms
To virtuous Acts excite, and manly Arms;
The Coward Boy avows his abject Fear,
On ſilken Wings ſublime he cuts the Air,
Scar'd at the noble Noiſe, and Thunder of the War. *Rowe Tamerl.*

Away, thou feeble God,
I baniſh thee my Boſom: Hence, I ſay,
Be gone; or I will tear the Strings that hold thee,
And ſtab thee in my Heart. The Wars come on:
By Heaven I'll drown thy laughing Deity *(thrid.*
In Blood, and drive thee with my brandiſh'd Sword. *Lee Mi-*
Yes! I will ſhake this *Cupid* from my Arms,
If all the Rages of the Earth can fright him;
Drown him in the deep Bowl of *Hercules*;
Make the World drunk, and then, like *Æolus*,
When he gave Paſſage to the ſtruggling Winds,
I'll ſtick my Spear into the reeling Globe,
To let it blood; ſet *Babylon* in a Blaze,
And drive this God of Flames with more conſuming Fire.
(Lee Alex.

Falling

Falling in LOVE.

I came, I ſaw, and was undone!
Lightning did thro' my Bones and Marrow run;
A pointed Pain pierc'd deep my Heart;
A ſwift cold Trembling ſeiz'd on ev'ry Part;
My Head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The Poiſon that was enter'd there. *Cowl.*

A Change ſo ſwift what Heart did ever feel?
It ruſh'd upon me like a mighty Stream,
And bore me, in a Moment, far from Shore!
I've lov'd my ſelf away in one ſhort Hour;
Already I am gone an Age of Paſſion.
Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Succeſs?
Theſe might, perhaps, be found in other Men;
'Twas that Reſpect, that awful Homage paid me,
That fearful Love which trembled in his Eyes,
And, with a ſilent Earthquake, ſhook his Soul.
But, when he ſpoke, what tender Words he ſaid!
So ſoftly, that, like Flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Thus anxious Fears already ſeiz'd the Queen;
She fed within her Veins a Flame unſeen:
The Hero's Valour, Acts, and Birth, inſpire
Her Soul with Love, and fan the ſecret Fire.
His Words, his Looks, imprinted in her Heart,
Improve the Paſſion, and increaſe the Smart. *Dryd. Virg.*

His God-like Features, and his heav'nly View,
And all his Beauties, were expos'd to View;
His naked Limbs the Nymph, with Rapture, ſpies,
While hotter Paſſions in her Boſom riſe,
Fluſh in her Cheeks, and Sparkle in her Eyes.
She longs, ſhe burns to claſp him in her Arms;
And looks, and ſighs, and kindles at his Charms. *Add. Ovid.*

I am not what I was, ſince Yeſterday;
My Food forſakes me, and my needful Reſt:
I pine, I languiſh, love to be alone,
Think much, ſpeak little, and, in ſpeaking, ſigh:
When I ſee *Torriſmond*, I am unquiet;
And when I ſee him not, I am in Pain.
They brought a Paper to me to be ſign'd;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my Name,
And writ, for *Leonora*, *Torriſmond*.
I went to Bed, and, to my ſelf, I thought

That I would think on *Torriſmond* no more;
Then ſhut my Eyes, but could not ſhut out him.
I turn'd, and try'd each Corner of my Bed,
To find if Sleep was there; but Sleep was loſt:
Fev'riſh for want of Reſt, I roſe, and walk'd,
And by the Moon-ſhine to the Windows went;
There, thinking to exclude him from my Thoughts,
I caſt my Eyes upon the neighb'ring Fields,
And, ere I was aware, ſigh'd to my ſelf,
There fought my *Torriſmond*. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

I'm pleas'd and pain'd ſince firſt her Eyes I ſaw,
As I were ſtung with ſome Tarantula:
Arms and the duſty Field I leſs admire,
And ſoften ſtrangely in ſome new Deſire;
Honour burns in me not ſo fiercely bright,
But pale, as Fires when maſter'd by the Light.
Ev'n while I ſpeak and look, I change yet more,
And now am nothing that I was before.
I'm numb'd and fix'd, and ſcarce my Eye-balls move;
I fear it is the Lethargy of Love!
'Tis he! I feel him now in ev'ry Part;
Like a new Lord he vaunts about my Heart;
Surveys, in State, each Corner of my Breaſt:
And now I'm all o'er Love! *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

He'ad got a Hurt
On th' Inſide, of a deadly ſort,
By *Cupid* made, who took his Stand
Upon a Widow's Jointure-Land;
Drew home his Bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an Arrow at the Knight:
The Shaft againſt a Rib did glance,
And gaul'd him in the Purtenance. *Hud.*

O Love! O curſed Boy!
Where art thou that torment'ſt me thus unſeen,
And rageſt with thy Fires within my Breaſt,
With idle Purpoſe to inflame her Heart,
Which is as inacceſſible and cold
As the proud Tops of thoſe aſpiring Hills,
Whoſe Heads are wrapt in everlaſting Snow,
Tho' the hot Sun roll o'er them ev'ry Day:
And as his Beams, which only ſhine above,
Scorch and conſume in Regions round below;
So Love, which throws ſuch Brightneſs thro' her Eyes,
Leaves her cold Heart, and burns me at her Feet.

My

My Tyrant, but her flatt'ring Slave, thou art, *(Valent. Roch.*
A Glory round her lovely Face, a Fire within my Heart.

That proud Dame, for whom his Soul
Was burnt in's Belly to a Coal,
Us'd him ſo like a baſe Raſcallion,
That old *Pyg-* (what d'y' call him) *malion*,
That cut his Miſtreſs out of Stone,
Had not ſo hard a hearted one. *Hud.*

LOVE *and* OLD AGE.

Love, like a Shadow, while Youth ſhines, is ſhown;
But in Old Age's Darkneſs there is none. *How. D. of Lerm.*

Mine was an Age when Love might be excus'd;
When kindly Warmth, and when my ſpringing Youth
Made it a Debt to Nature: Yours in your declining Age;
When no more Heat was left but what you forc'd;
When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk;
When it went down, then you conſtrain'd the Courſe,
And robb'd from Nature to ſupply Deſire:
Oh! 'tis mere Dotage in you. *Dryd. All for Love.*

The Bloom of Beauty other Years demands,
Nor will be gather'd with ſuch wither'd Hands:
You importune us with a falſe Deſire,
Which ſparkles out, and makes no ſolid Fire.
This Impudence of Age, whence can it ſpring?
All you expect, and yet you nothing bring:
Eager to ask, when you are paſt a Grant;
Nice in providing what you cannot want:
Have Conſcience; give not her you love this Pain;
Solicit not your ſelf and her in vain;
All other Debts may Compenſation find,
But Love is ſtrict, and will be paid in Kind. *Dryd. Auren.*

You cannot love, nor Pleaſure take nor give;
But Life begin when 'tis too late to live:
On a tir'd Courſer you perſue Delight;
Let ſlip your Morning, and ſet out at Night. *Dryd. Auren.*

PROTESTATIONS *of* LOVE.

While on *Septimius'* panting Breaſt,
Meaning nothing leſs than Reſt,
Acme lean'd her loving Head,
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* ſaid:
My deareſt *Acme!* If I be
Once alive, and love not thee,

With a Paſſion far above
All that e'er was called Love,
In a *Lybian* Deſart may
I become ſome Lion's Prey;
Let him, *Acme!* let him tear
My Breaſt, when *Acme* is not there.
Acme, inflam'd with what he ſaid,
Rear'd her gently-bending Head;
And her purple Mouth, with Joy,
Stretching to th' delicious Boy,
Twice (and twice could ſcarce ſuffice)
She kiſs'd his drunken rolling Eyes:
My little Life! my All! ſaid ſhe,
So may we ever Servants be
To this beſt God, and ne'er retain
Our hated Liberty again:
So may thy Paſſion laſt for me,
As I a Paſſion have for thee;
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by thee, a Man.
Into my Marrow it is gone,
Fix'd and ſettled in the Bone;
It reigns not only in my Heart,
But runs, like Life, thro' ev'ry Part. *Cowl. Cat.*

Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoo-tie. *Hud.*

For your Love does lie
As near and as nigh
Unto my Heart within,
As my Eye to my Noſe,
My Leg to my Hoſe,
Or my Fleſh unto my Skin. *Shak. Locrin.*

My Love's ſo violent, ſo ſtrong, ſo ſure,
As neither Age can change, nor Art can cure. *Dryd. Virg.*

All conſtant Lovers ſhall, in future Ages,
Approve their Truth by *Troilus*: When their Verſe,
Full of Proteſt, and Oath, and big Compare,
Want Simile's; as Turtles to their Mates,
As true as flowing Tides are to the Moon,
Earth to the Centre, Iron to Adamant;
At laſt, when Truth is tir'd with Repetition,
As true as *Troilus* ſhall crown the Verſe,
And ſanctify the Numbers.

Pro-

Prophet may you be!
If I am falſe, or ſwerve from Truth and Love;
When Time is old, and has forgot it ſelf
In all Things elſe, let it remember me;
And, after all Compariſons of Falſhood,
To ſtab the Heart of Perjury in Maids,
Let it be ſaid, as falſe as *Creſſida.* *Shak. & Dryd. Troil. Creſſ.*

Go bid the Needle his dear North forſake,
To which, with trembling Rev'rence, it does bend;
Go bid the Stones a Journey upward make;
Go bid th' ambitious Flame no more aſcend:
And when theſe falſe to their old Motions prove,
Then will I ceaſe thee, thee alone, to love. *Cowl.*

Quoth he, to bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my Pulſe to move,
My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,
Or, when I'm in a Fit, to hickup:
Command me to piſs out the Moon,
And 'twill as eaſily be done. *Hud.*

That I do love you, O all you Hoſt of Heav'n,
Be witneſs! That you are dear to me!
Dearer than Day to one whom Sight muſt leave,
Dearer than Life to one who fears to die;
O thou bright Pow'r, be Judge, whom we adore!
Be Witneſs of my Truth, be Witneſs of my Love. *Lee Mith.*

If all my Heart and Soul be n't thine,
May thy dear Body ne'er be mine. *Cowl.*

O my *Monimia!* to my dear Soul thou'rt dear
As Honour to my Name; dear as the Light
To Eyes but juſt reſtor'd, and heal'd of Blindneſs. *Otw. Orph.*

O dearer than the vital Air I breathe! *Dryd. Virg.*

O ſhe is dearer to my Soul, than Reſt
To weary Pilgrims, or to Miſers Gold,
To Great Men Pow'r, or wealthy Cities Pride! *Otw. Orph.*

Dear as the vital Warmth that feeds my Life; *(Orph.*
Dear as theſe Eyes that weep, in Fondneſs, o'er thee. *Otw.*

Let me haſte to tell thee
What and how dear *Moneſes* has been to me:
What has he not been? All the Names of Love,
Brothers or Fathers, Huſbands, all are poor:
Moneſes is my ſelf; in my fond Heart,
Ev'n in my vital Blood, he lives and reigns:
The laſt dear Object of my parting Soul
Will be *Moneſes*; the laſt Breath, that lingers

Within my panting Breaſt, ſhall ſigh *Moneſes.* *Rowe Tamerl.*
Perdition catch my Soul, but I do love thee;
And when I love thee not, *Chaos* is come again. *Shak. Othel.*
My Love's ſo true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor ſhew it where 'tis not. *Dryd. All for Love.*
Quoth he, My Faith, as Adamantine,
As Chains of Deſtiny, I'll maintain;
True as *Apollo* ever ſpoke,
Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.
Then ſhine upon me but benignly,
With that one and that other Pig's-neye;
The Sun and Day ſhall ſooner part,
Than Love or you ſhake off my Heart. *Hud.*
How I have lov'd,
Witneſs ye Days, and Nights, and all your Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your Buſ'neſs were to count my Paſſion.
One Day paſs'd by, and nothing ſaw but Love;
Another came, and ſtill 'twas only Love:
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.
I ſaw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day;
And ev'ry Day was ſtill but as the firſt,
So eager was I ſtill to ſee you more. *Dryd. All for Love.*
'Tis ſhe, ſhe only, that can make me bleſt;
Empire and Wealth, and all ſhe brings beſide,
Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love. *Dry. Span. Fry.*
Oh ſhe's all Softneſs!
All melting mild, and calm as a rock'd Infant;
Nor can you wake her into Cries: By Heav'n,
She is the Child of Love, and ſhe was born in Smiles. *Lee Alex.*
And is it giv'n me thus to touch thy Hand,
And fold thy Body in my longing Arms;
To gaze upon thine Eyes, my happier Stars;
To taſte thy Lips, and thy dear balmy Breath?
While ev'ry Sigh comes forth ſo fraught with Sweets,
'Tis Incenſe to be offer'd to a God. *Lee Alex.*
The vernal Bloom and Fragrancy of Spices,
Wafted by gentle Winds, are not like thee.
From thee, as from the *Cyprian* Queen of Love,
Ambroſial Odours flow: My ev'ry Faculty *(Amb. Stepm.*
Is charm'd by thee, and drinks immortal Pleaſure. *Rowe*
By Heav'n, my *Edith*,
Thy Mother fed on Roſes when ſhe bred thee! The

The Sweetneſs of th' *Arabian* Wind ſtill blowing
Upon the Treaſures of Perfumes and Spices,
In all their Pride and Pleaſures call thee Miſtreſs. *Beau. Rollo.*

Sweet as the roſy Morn ſhe breaks upon me;
And Sorrow, like the Night's unwholſome Shade,
Gives way before the golden Dawn ſhe brings. *Rowe Tamerl.*

Not the Spring's Mouth, nor Breath of Jeſſamin,
Nor Vi'lets Infant-ſweets, nor op'ning Buds,
Are half ſo ſweet as *Alexander*'s Breaſt!
From ev'ry Pore of him a Perfume falls;
He kiſſes ſofter than a ſouthern Wind,
Curls like a Vine, and touches like a God!
Then he will talk! good Gods! how he will talk!
Ev'n when the Joy he ſigh'd for is poſſeſs'd,
Ev'n then he ſpeaks ſuch Words, and looks ſuch Things,
Vows with ſo much Paſſion, ſwears with ſo much Grace,
That 'tis a Kind of Heav'n to be deluded by him.
If I but mention him, the Tears will fall;
Sure there is not a Letter in his Name,
But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes. *Lee Alex.*

My Lord, my Love, my Refuge,
Happy my Eyes when they behold thy Face!
My heavy Heart will leave its doleful Beating
At Sight of thee, and bound with ſprightful Joy. *Otw. Ven. Preſ.*

Does ſhe not come like Wiſdom, or good Fortune,
Replete with Bleſſings, giving Wealth and Honour?
The Dowry which ſhe brings is Peace and Pleaſure;
And everlaſting Joy is in her Arms. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Oh! ſhe's the Pride and Glory of the World!
Without her all the reſt is worthleſs Droſs;
Life a baſe Slav'ry; Empire but a Mock;
And Love, the Soul of all, a bitter Curſe. *Roch. Valent.*

If Love be Treaſure, we'll be wondrous rich:
I have ſo much, my Heart will ſurely break with't:
Vows can't expreſs it. When I would declare
How great's my Joy, I'm dumb with the big Thought:
I ſwell, and ſigh, and labour with my Longing.
O lead me to ſome Deſart wide and wild,
Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul
May have its Vent! where I may tell aloud,
To the high Heav'ns and ev'ry liſt'ning Planet,
With what a boundleſs Stock my Boſom's fraught;
Where I may throw my eager Arms about thee,

Give looſe to Love with Kiſſes, kindling Joy,
And let off all the Fire that's in my Heart. *Otw. Ven. Pref.*

'Tis now that I begin to live again,
Since I behold my *Aurengzebe* appear!
His Name alone afforded me Relief;
Repeated as a Charm to eaſe my Grief.
I that lov'd Name did as ſome God invoke,
And printed Kiſſes on it as I ſpoke. *Dryd. Auren.*

Lavinia! Oh there's Muſick in the Name,
That ſoft'ning me to Infant Tenderneſs, *(Mar.*
Makes my Heart ſpring like the firſt Leaps of Life. *Otw. Car.*

Oh *Pierre!* wert thou but ſhe!
How I could pull thee down into my Heart,
Gaze on thee 'till my Eye-ſtrings crack'd with Love,
'Till all my Sinews, with its Fire extended,
Fix'd me upon the Rack of ardent Longing;
Then ſwelling, ſighing, raging to be bleſt,
Come, like a panting Turtle, to thy Breaſt. *Otw. Ven. Pref.*

Hold off, and let me run into his Arms!
My Deareſt! my all Love! my Lord! my King!
Thou ſhalt not die, if that the Soul and Body
Of thy *Statira* can reſtore thy Life!
Give me thy wonted Kindneſs! bend me, break me
With thy Embraces. *Lee Alex.*

Love mounts and rolls about my ſtormy Mind,
Like Fire that's borne by a tempeſtuous Wind;
Oh! I could ſtifle you with eager Haſte,
Devour your Kiſſes with my hungry Taſte,
Ruſh on you, eat you, wander o'er each Part,
Raving with Pleaſure, ſnatch you to my Heart;
Then hold you off and gaze! then with new Rage
Invade you, 'till my conſcious Limbs preſage
Torrents of Joy, which all their Banks o'erflow;
So loſt, ſo bleſt as I but then could know! *Dryd. Aureng.*

The God of Love empties his golden Quiver,
Shoots ev'ry Grain of her into my Heart!
She is all mine! by Heav'n! I feel her here,
Panting and warm! the Deareſt! Oh *Statira!*
Semandra ſhall be mine! ev'n all *Semandra!*
The Thought is Ecſtacy! Theſe Arms ſhall hold her
Faſt to my throbbing Breaſt, theſe raviſh'd Eyes
Gaze 'till they're blind with looking on her Bluſhes!
Theſe ſtifling Lips ſhall ſmother all her Smiles,

And follow her with ſuch Purſuit of Kiſſes, (*thrid.*
That ev'n our Souls ſhall loſe themſelves in Pleaſures. *Lee Mit.*
Who ſhould be lov'd but you?
So lov'd, that ev'n my Crown and ſelf are vile
When you are by.
Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry's* Angel; (*of Guiſe.*
Shine thro' my Cares, and make my Crown ſit eaſy. *Lee Duke*
Give, ye Gods, give to your Boy, your *Cæſar*,
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
This guegaw World, and put him cheaply off;
I'll not be pleas'd with leſs than *Cleopatra*. *Dryd. All for Love.*
Gallop apace, ye firy-footed Steeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus'* Lodging; ſuch a Charioteer
As *Phaeton* would laſh you to the Weſt,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe Curtains, Love-performing Night,
Thou ſober-ſuited Matron, all in Black,
That jealous Eyes may wink, and *Romeo*
Leap to theſe Arms untalk'd of, and unſeen.
Oh! give me *Romeo*, and when he ſhall die,
Take him, and cut him out in little Stars;
And he will make the Face of Heav'n ſo fine,
That all the World will be in Love with Night
And pay no Worſhip to the gawdy Sun. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*
But oh! there wants to crown my Happineſs,
Life of my Empire, Treaſure of my Soul,
Guide of my Days, and Goddeſs of my Nights!
My dear *Statira!* Oh that heav'nly Beam!
Warmth of my Brain, and Fire of my Heart!
Had ſhe but ſhot to ſee me, had ſhe met me,
By this Time I had been among the Gods;
If any Ecſtacy can make a Height,
Or any Rapture hurl us to the Heav'ns. *Lee Alex.*
Oh! thou'rt my Soul it ſelf, Wealth, Friendſhip, Honour!
All preſent Joys, and Earneſt of all future,
Are ſumm'd in thee! Methinks when in thy Arms
Thus leaning on thy Breaſt, one Minute's more
Than a long thouſand Years of vulgar Hours. *Otw. Ven. Preſ.*
She reigns more fully in my Soul than ever;
She garriſons my Breaſt, and mans againſt me
Ev'n my own rebel Thoughts with thouſand Graces,
Ten thouſand Charms, and new-diſcover'd Beauties:
Oh! hadſt thou ſeen her when ſhe lately bleſs'd me,
What Tears, what Looks, what Languiſhings ſhe darted!

Love bath'd himſelf in the diſtilling Balm ;
And oh ! the ſubtile God has made his Entrance
Quite thro' my Heart ! He ſhouts and triumphs there,
And all his Cry is Death or *Bellamira !*
Oh Expectation burns me ! Heart ! how ſhe inflames me !
Let's talk no more of War ! for now my Theme's all Love !
The War, like Winter, vaniſhes ; 'tis gone,
And *Bellamira*, with eternal Spring,
Dreſs'd in blue Heav'ns, and breathing vernal Sweets,
Drops, like a Cherubim, in Spoils before me.
Thus to a glorious Coaſt, thro' Tempeſts hurl'd,
We ſail, like him who ſought the *Indian* World :
'Tis more, 'tis Paradiſe I go to prove,
And *Bellamira* is the Land of Love !
I have her in my View, and hark, ſhe talks ;
And ſee, about, like the firſt Maid, ſhe walks ;
Fair as the Day, when firſt the World began,
And I am doom'd to be the happy Man ! *Lee Caſ. Borg.*

The God of Love once more has ſhot his Fires
Into my Soul, and my whole Heart receives him :
Almeyda now returns with all her Charms :
I feel her as ſhe glides along my Veins,
And dances in my Blood. So when *Mahomet*
Had long been hamm'ring, in his lonely Cell,
Some dull, inſipid, tedious Paradiſe,
A briſk *Arabian* Girl came tripping by,
Paſſing, ſhe caſt at him a ſide-long Glance,
And look'd behind in Hopes to be perſu'd ;
He took the Hint, embrac'd the flying Fair,
And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

O the killing Joy !
O Ecſtacy ! my Heart will burſt my Breaſt,
To leap into thy Boſom ! But, by Heav'n,
This Night I will revenge me of thy Beauties,
For the dear Rack I have this Day endur'd !
For all the Sighs and Tears that I have ſpent,
I'll have ſo many thouſand burning Loves ;
So ſwill thy Lips, ſo fill me with thy Sweetneſs,
Thou ſhalt not ſleep, nor cloſe thy wand'ring Eyes ;
The ſmiling Hours ſhall all be lov'd away,
We'll ſurfeit all the Night, and languiſh all the Day. *Lee Alex.*

Where am I ? Surely Paradiſe is round me ;
Sweets, planted by the Hand of Heav'n, grow here,
And ev'ry Senſe is full of thy Perfection !

To hear thee ſpeak might calm a Mad-man's Frenzy,
'Till by Attention he forgot his Sorrows:
But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties,
Wou'd make him rage again with Love, as I do:
To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, Oh!
Thou Nature's whole Perfection in one Piece!
Sure, framing thee, Heav'n took unuſual Care,
As its own Beauty it deſign'd thee fair,
And form'd thee by the beſt-lov'd Angel there. *Otw. Orp.*

Who can behold ſuch Beauty and be ſilent?
Deſire firſt taught us Words: Man, when created,
At firſt, alone, long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn and ſilent as his Vaſſal Beaſts:
But when a Heav'n-born Maid like you appear'd,
Strange Paſſion fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his firſt Talk was Love. *Otw. Orp.*

Love in your ſunny Eyes does baſking play;
Love walks the pleaſant Mazes of your Hair;
Love does on both your Lips for ever ſtray,
And ſows and reaps a thouſand Kiſſes there. *Cowl.*

The Sun ſhall now no more diſpenſe
His own, but your bright Influence:
I'll carve your Name on Barks of Trees,
With True-love Knots and Flouriſhes,
That ſhall infuſe eternal Spring,
And everlaſting Flouriſhing:
Drink ev'ry Letter on't in Stum,
And make it briſk *Champaign* become:
Where-e'er you tread, your Foot ſhall ſet
The Primroſe and the Violet:
All Spices, Perfumes, and ſweet Powders,
Shall borrow from your Breath their Odours.
Nature her Charter ſhall renew,
And take all Lives of Things from you:
The World depend upon your Eye,
And, when you frown upon it, die:
Only our Loves ſhall ſtill ſurvive,
New Worlds and Natures to out-live:
And, like to Heralds Moons, remain
All Creſcent, without Change or Wane. *Hud.*

Hold, hold, quoth ſhe, no more of this;
Sir Knight, you take your Aim amiſs:
For you will find it a hard Chapter,
To catch me with poetick Rapture:

In which your Maſtery of Art
Does ſhew it ſelf, and not your Heart:
Nor will you raiſe, in mine, Combuſtion,
By Dint of high heroick Fuſtian.
She that with Poetry is won,
Is but a Deſk to write upon:
And what Men ſay of her, they mean
No more than that on which they lean.
Some with *Arabian* Spices ſtrive
T' embalm her cruelly alive.
Her Mouth's compar'd t'an Oyſter's, with
A Row of Pearls in't, 'ſtead of Teeth;
Others make Poſies of her Cheeks,
Where red and whiteſt Colours mix:
In which the Lilly and the Roſe,
For *Indian* Lake and Ceruſe goes.
The Sun and Moon, by her bright Eyes
Eclips'd and darken'd in the Skies,
Are but black Patches which ſhe wears,
Cut into Suns, and Moons, and Stars:
By which Aſtrologers, as well
As thoſe in Heav'n above, can tell
What ſtrange Events they do foreſhow
Unto her Under-World below.
Her Voice, the Muſick of the Spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortal Ears,
As wiſe Philoſophers have thought,
And that's the Cauſe we hear it not.
This has been done by ſome, who thoſe
Th' ador'd in Rhyme, would kick in Proſe;
And in thoſe Garters would have hung,
Of which melodiouſly they ſung. *Hud.*

LOYALTY. See *Subject.*

For Loyalty is ſtill the ſame,
Whether it win or loſe the Game;
True as the Dial to the Sun,
Altho' it be not ſhin'd upon.
But True and Faithful's ſure to loſe, *Hud.*
Which way ſoever the Game goes;
And whether Parties loſe or win,
Is always nick'd, or elſe hedg'd in:
While Pow'r uſurp'd, like ſtoll'n Delight,
Is more bewitching than the right:

And

And when the Times begin to alter,
None riſe ſo high as from the Halter. *Hud.*
The Faith of moſt with Fortune does decline;
Duty's but Fear, and Conſcience but Deſign. *How.*
Let Fools the Name of Loyalty divide;
Wiſe Men and Gods are on the ſtrongeſt Side. *Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.*
For whom ſhould we eſteem above
The Men whom Gods do love? *Cowl.*
The Laws of Friendſhip we our ſelves create,
And 'tis but ſimple Villany to break them:
But Faith to Princes broke is Sacrilege,
An Injury to the Gods; and that loſt Wretch,
Whoſe Breaſt is poiſon'd with ſo vile a Purpoſe,
Tears Thunder down from Hea'vn on his own Head,
And leaves a Curſe to his Poſterity. *Roch. Valent.*

LUST.

As Virtue never will be mov'd,
Tho' Lewdneſs court it in a Shape of Heav'n:
So Luſt, tho' to a radiant Angel join'd,
Will ſeat it ſelf in a celeſtial Bed,
And prey on Garbage. *Shak. Haml.*

To a Lady playing on the LUTE.

The trembling Strings about her Fingers crowd,
And tell their Joy for ev'ry Kiſs aloud:
Small Force there needs to make them tremble ſo;
Touch'd by that Hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes Stand, and while ſhe charms the Ear,
Empties his Quiver on the liſt'ning Deer:
Muſick ſo ſoftens and diſarms the Mind,
That not one Arrow does Reſiſtance find:
Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the Prize,
And acts her ſelf the Triumph of her Eyes.
So *Nero* once, with Harp in Hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming *Rome*, and as that burn'd he play'd. *Wall.*
To burning *Rome* when frantick *Nero* play'd,
Had he but heard thy Lute, he ſoon had found
His Rage eluded, and his Crime aton'd:
Thine, like *Amphion's* Hand, had rais'd the Stone,
And from Deſtruction call'd a fairer Town:
Malice to Muſick had been forc'd to yield,
Nor could he burn ſo faſt as thou could'ſt build. *Prior.*

LYRE.

Awake, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy ſilent Maſter's humble Tale,
In Sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle Thoughts inſpire:
Tho' ſo exalted ſhe,
And I ſo lowly be,
Tell her ſuch diff'rent Notes make all thy Harmony.
Hark! how the Strings awake,
And, tho' the moving Hand approach not near,
Themſelves with awful Fear
A kind of num'rous Trembling make:
Now all thy Forces try,
Now all thy Charms apply;
Revenge upon her Ear the Conqueſts of her Eye.
Weak Lyre, thy Virtue ſure
Is uſeleſs here, ſince thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound;
And ſhe to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My Paſſion to remove:
Phyſick to other Ills, thou'rt Nouriſhment to Love.
Sleep, ſleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canſt never tell my humble Tale
In Sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle Thoughts in her inſpire:
All thy vain Mirth lay by,
Bid thy Strings ſilent lie,
Sleep, ſleep again, my Lyre, and let thy Maſter die. *Cow.*

MAD.

Now ſee that noble and moſt ſov'reign Reaſon,
Like ſweet Bells, jangled out of Tune and harſh;
Mad as the Seas and Winds, when both contend
Which is the mightier.
She hems, and beats her Breaſt,
Spurns enviouſly at Straws; ſpeaks Things in Doubt,
That carry but half Senſe:
Yet her unſhap'd Uſe of Speech does move
The Hearers to Collection: They aim at it,
And her Words up-fit to their own Thoughts;
Which as her Winks, and Nods, and Geſtures yield them,

Indeed

Indeed would make one think there would be Thoughts ;
Tho' nothing ſuit, yet much, unhappily. *Shak. Haml.*

Behold her lying in her Cell ;
Her unregarded Locks
Matted like *Furies* Treſſes ; her poor Limbs
Chain'd to the Ground ; and 'ſtead of thoſe Delights,
Which happy Lovers taſte, her Keeper's Stripes,
A Bed of Straw, and a coarſe wooden Diſh
Of wretched Suſtenance. *Otw. Orp.*

Obſerve the Gallantry of her Diſtraction :
Hark how ſhe mouths the Heav'ns, and mates the Gods ;
Her blazing Eyes darting the wand'ring Stars,
While with her thund'ring Voice ſhe threatens high,
And ev'ry Accent twangs with ſmarting Sorrow. *Lee Oedip.*

He raves : His Words are looſe
As Heaps of Sand, and ſcatt'ring wide from Senſe.
So high he's mounted in his airy Throne,
That now the Wind is got into his Head,
And turns his Brains to Frenzy. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Wild
As a robb'd Tigreſs bounding o'er the Woods. *Lee Oedip.*

Wild as Winds,
That ſweep the Deſarts of our moving Plains. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

There is a Pleaſure ſure in being mad,
Which none but Madmen know. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Madmen ought not to be mad,
But who can help their Frenzy ? *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

A Woman ! If you love my Peace of Mind,
Name not a Woman to me : But to think
Of Woman were enough to taint my Brains
'Till they ferment to Madneſs. A Woman is the Thing
I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance. *Otw. Orph.*

To my charm'd Ears no more of Woman tell ;
Name not a Woman, and I ſhall be well :
Like a poor Lunatick that makes his Moan,
And for a while beguiles his Lookers on ;
He reaſons well, his Eyes their Wildneſs loſe,
He vows the Keepers his wrong'd Senſe abuſe :
But if you hit the Cauſe that hurt his Brain,
Then his Teeth gnaſh, he foams, he ſhakes his Chain,
His Eye-balls roll, and he is mad again. *Lee Cæſ. Borg.*

Tom-a-Bedlam.

I have bethought my ſelf
To take the baſeſt and the pooreſt Shape,
That ever Penury, in Contempt of Man,
Brought near to Beaſt. My Face I'll grime with Filth,
Blanket my Loins, put all my Hair in Knots;
And with preſented Nakedneſs out-face
The Winds and Perſecutions of the Sky.
The Country gives me Proof and Precedent
Of *Bedlam* Beggars, who with roaring Voices
Strike into their numb'd and mortify'd Arms
Pins, wooden Pricks, Nails, Sprigs of Roſemary;
And with this horrible Object from low Farms,
Poor pelting Villages, Sheep-cotes, and Mills,
Sometimes with lunatick Bans, ſometimes with Pray'rs,
Inforce their Charity. *Shak. K. Lear.*

MAN. See *Babe*, *Creation*, *Philoſophy*.

Like Leafs on Trees the Race of Man is found,
Now green in Youth, now with'ring on the Ground:
Another Race the foll'wing Spring ſupplies;
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe:
So Generations in their Courſe decay;
So flouriſh theſe when thoſe are paſt away. *Pope.*

Time was when we were ſow'd, and juſt began
From ſome few fruitful Drops, the Promiſe of a Man:
Then *Nature*'s Hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to Shape the ſoft coagulated Maſs;
And when the little Man was fully form'd,
The breathleſs Embryo with a Spirit warm'd:
But when the Mother's Throes begin to come,
The Creature, pent within the narrow Room,
Breaks his blind Priſon, puſhing to repair
His ſtifled Breath, and draw the living Air;
Caſt on the Margin of the World he lies
A helpleſs Babe, but by Inſtinct he cries:
He next eſſays to walk, but, downwards preſs'd,
On four Feet, imitates his Brother Beaſt:
By ſlow Degrees he gathers from the Ground
His Legs, and to the Rolling-Chair is bound:
Then walks alone; a Horſe-man now become,
He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room.

In

In Time he vaults among his youthful Peers,
Strong-bon'd, and ſtrung with Nerves, in Pride of Years.
He runs with Mettle his firſt merry Stage,
Maintains the next, abated of his Rage,
But manages his Strength, and ſpares his Age:
Heavy the third, and ſtiff, he ſinks apace,
And tho' 'tis Down-hill all, but creeps along the Race.
Now ſapleſs on the Verge of Death he ſtands,
Contemplating his former Feet and Hands;
And, *Milo*-like, his ſlacken'd Sinews ſees,
And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with *Hercules*;
Unable now to ſhake, much leſs to tear the Trees.
Thus ev'n our Bodies daily Change receive,
Some Part of what was theirs before, they leave;
Nor are To-day what Yeſterday they were,
Nor the whole Same To-morrow will appear. *Dryd. Ovid.*

So Man, at firſt a Drop, dilates with Heat;
Then, form'd, the little Heart begins to beat:
Secret he feeds, unknowing in his Cell,
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the Shell,
And ſtruggles into Breath, and cries for Aid,
Then, helpleſs, in his Mother's Lap is laid:
He creeps, he walks; and, iſſuing into Man,
Grudges their Life from whence his own began:
Retchleſs of Laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and reſtleſs on the Throne.
Firſt vegetive, then feels, and reaſons laſt,
Rich of three Souls, and lives all three to waſte:
Some thus, but thouſands more in Flow'r of Age;
For few arrive to run the later Stage. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Man is but Man, inconſtant ſtill and various.
There's no To-morrow in him like To-day:
Perhaps the Atoms, rolling in his Brain,
Make him think honeſtly this preſent Hour;
The next, a Swarm of baſe ungrateful Thoughts
May mount aloft.
Who would truſt Chance, ſince all Men have the Seeds
Of Good or Ill, which ſhould work upward firſt? *Dryd. Cleom.*

Men are but Children of a larger Growth,
Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain:
And yet the Soul, ſhut up in her dark Room,
Viewing ſo clear abroad, at home ſees nothing;
But, like a Mole in Earth, buſy and blind,

Works

Works all her Folly up, and caſts it outward
To the World's open View. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Ah! what is Man when his own Wiſh prevails!
How raſh, how ſwift to plunge himſelf in Ill!
Proud of his Pow'r, and boundleſs in his Will! *Dryd.*

With what unequal Tempers are we fram'd!
One Day the Soul, ſupine with Eaſe and Fulneſs,
Revels ſecure, and fondly tells her ſelf,
The Hour of Evil can return no more:
The next, the Spirits, pall'd and ſick of Riot,
Turn all to Diſcord, and we hate our Beings;
Curſe the paſt Joy, and think it Folly all,
And Bitterneſs and Anguiſh. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Mankind one Day ſerene and free appear;
The next they're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere.
New Paſſions new Opinions ſtill excite,
And what they like at Noon, deſpiſe at Night.
They gain with Labour what they quit with Eaſe,
And Health, for want of Change, becomes Diſeaſe.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to ſuperſtitious Fear.
They counſel others, but themſelves deceive,
And tho' they're couzen'd ſtill, they ſtill believe. *Gar.*

Mankind upon each other's Ruin riſe; *(Vir.*
Cowards maintain the Brave, and Fools the Wiſe. *How. Veſt.*

Mankind each other's Stories ſtill repeat,
And Man to Man is a ſucceeding Cheat. *How. D. of Lerm.*

Were I [who, to my Coſt, already am,
One of thoſe ſtrange prodigious Creatures, Man]
A Spirit free to chuſe for my own Share
What Caſe of Fleſh and Blood I'd pleaſe to wear;
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear;
Or any Thing but that vain Animal,
Who is ſo proud of being rational.
The Senſes are too groſs, and he'll contrive
A ſixth to contradict the other five:
And before certain Inſtinct will prefer
Reaſon, which fifty times for one does err.
Reaſon, an *Ignis Fatuus* in the Mind,
Which, leaving Light of Nature, Senſe, behind,
Pathleſs, and dang'rous wand'ring Ways it takes,
Thro' Error's fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes:
While the miſguided Follow'r climbs, with Pain,
Mountains of Whimſeys heap'd in his own Brain;

Stumblin

Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls headlong down
Into Doubt's boundleſs Sea, where, like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To ſwim with Bladders of Philoſophy,
In hopes ſtill to o'ertake th' eſcaping Light;
Till, ſpent, it leaves him to eternal Night.
Huddled in Dirt the reas'ning Engine lies,
Who was ſo proud, ſo witty, and ſo wiſe:
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a Wretch:
His Wiſdom did his Happineſs deſtroy,
Aiming to know what World he ſhould enjoy:
And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence
Of pleaſing others at his own Expence:
For Wits are treated juſt like common Whores,
Firſt they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors.
Women and Men of Wit are dang'rous Tools,
And ever fatal to admiring Fools.

Thoſe Creatures are the wiſeſt who attain,
By ſureſt Means, the Ends at which they aim:
If therefore *Jowler* finds and kills his Hare
Better than *Meers* ſupplies Committee-Chair,
Tho' one's a Stateſman, th'other but a Hound,
Jowler, in Juſtice, would be wiſer found.

Birds feed on Birds, Beaſts on each other prey,
But ſavage Man alone does Man betray:
Preſs'd by Neceſſity, they kill for Food;
Man undoes Man to do himſelf no Good.
With Teeth and Claws by Nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's Allowance to ſupply their Want:
But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendſhip, Praiſe,
Unhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays;
With voluntary Pains works his Diſtreſs,
Not thro' Neceſſity, but Wantonneſs.
For Hunger or for Love they fight and tear,
While wretched Man is ſtill in Arms for Fear:
For Fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid;
By Fear to Fear ſucceſſively betray'd:
Baſe Fear, the Source whence his beſt Paſſions came,
His boaſted Honour, and his dear-bought Fame:
The Good he acts, the Ills he does endure,
'Tis all for Fear, to make himſelf ſecure:
Merely for Safety, after Fame we thirſt;
For all Men would be Cowards if they durſt.

And Honeſty's againſt all common Senſe;
Men muſt be Knaves, 'tis in their own Defence:
Mankind's diſhoneſt: If you think it fair
Among known Cheats to play upon the Square,
You'll be undone:
Nor can weak Truth your Reputation ſave;
The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave;
Long ſhall he live inſulted o'er, oppreſs'd,
Who dares be leſs a Villain than the reſt. *Roch.*

MARRIAGE. See *Husband, Wife.*

To the nuptial Bower
I led her, bluſhing the Morn; all Heaven,
And happy Conſtellations on that Hour
Shed their ſelecteſt Influence: The Earth
Gave Sign of Gratulation, and each Hill:
Joyous the Birds: Freſh Gales and gentle Airs
Whiſper'd it to the Woods; and from their Wings
Flung Roſe, flung Odours from the ſpicy Shrub;
Diſporting till the am'rous Bird of Night
Sung Spouſal, and bid haſte the Evening-Star
On his Hill-top to light the bridal Lamp. *Milt.*

And *Venus* bleſs'd with nuptial Bliſs the ſweet laborious (Night,
Eros and *Anteros* on either Side,
One fir'd the Bridegroom, and one warm'd the Bride;
And *Hymen*, long attending, from above (*Arc.*
Show'r'd on the Bed the whole *Idalian* Grove. *Dryd. Pal. &*

Hail wedded Love! myſterious Law! true Source
Of human Offſpring! ſole Propriety
In Paradiſe, of all Things common elſe!
By thee adult'rous Luſt was driv'n from Man
Among the beſtial Herds to range: By thee,
Founded in Reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother, firſt were known!
Perpetual Fountain of domeſtick Sweets!
Here Love his golden Shafts employs; here lights
His conſtant Lamp, and waves his purple Wings:
Here reigns and revels; not in the bought Smile
Of Harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindear'd,
Caſual Fruition; nor in Court-Amours,
Mix'd Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Ball,
Or Serenade, which the ſtarv'd Lover ſings
To his proud Fair, beſt quitted with Diſdain. *Milt.*

In Nuptials bleſt, each looſe Deſire we ſhun;
Nor Time can end what Innocence begun. *Garth Ovid.*
When fix'd to one, Love ſafe at Anchor rides,
And dares the Fury of the Wind and Tides;
But loſing once that Hold, to the wide Ocean born, (*Love.*
It drives away at Will, to ev'ry Wave a Scorn. *Dryd. Tyr.*
All Women would be of one Piece,
The virtuous Matron and the Miſs;
The Nymphs of chaſte *Diana*'s Train,
The ſame with thoſe in *Lukenor*'s-*Lane*;
But for the Diff'rence Marriage makes
'Twixt Wives and Ladies of the Lakes. *Hud.*
Marriage, thou Curſe of Love, and Snare of Life!
That firſt debas'd a Miſtreſs to a Wife!
Love, like a Scene, at Diſtance ſhould appear,
But Marriage views the groſs-dawb'd Landskip near.
Love's nauſeous Cure! thou cloy'ſt whom thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe;
And when thou cur'ſt, then thou art the Diſeaſe.
When Hearts are looſe, thy Chain our Bodies ties; (*Gran.*
Love couples Friends, but Marriage Enemies. *Dryd. Conq. of*
And Wedlock without Love, ſome ſay,
Is but a Lock without a Key;
It is a kind of Rape to marry
One that neglects or cares not for ye;
For what does make it Raviſhment,
But being 'gainſt the Mind's Conſent? *Hud.*
A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of our own procuring:
As Spiders never ſeek the Fly,
But leave him of himſelf t'apply;
So Men are by themſelves betray'd
To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their Necks into a Nooſe,
They'd break 'em after to break looſe. *Hud.*
Marriage is but a Beaſt, ſome ſay,
That carries double in foul Way;
Therefore 'tis not to be admir'd
It ſhould ſo ſuddenly be tir'd. *Hud.*
For after Matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a Lover,
Deſerves, for ev'ry Moment, more
Than half a Year of Love before. *Hud.*

Fond-

Fondneſs is ſtill th' Effect of new Delight:
Marriage is but the Pleaſure of a Day;
The Metal's baſe, the Gilding worn away. *Dryd. Aureng.*

Marriage, at beſt, is but a Vow,
Which all Men either break or bow. *Hud.*

Lord of your ſelf, uncumber'd with a Wife!
Where for a Year, a Month, perhaps a Night,
Long Penitence ſucceeds a ſhort Delight.
Minds are ſo hardly match'd, that ev'n the firſt,
Tho' pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradiſe, were curs'd:
For Man and Woman, tho' in one they grow,
Yet, firſt or laſt, return again to two:
He to God's Image, ſhe to his was made;
So farther from the Fount the Stream, at random, ſtray'd:
How could he ſtand, when, put to double Pain,
He muſt a weaker than himſelf ſuſtain?
Each might have ſtood perhaps, but each alone;
Two Wreſtlers help to pull each other down.
Not that my Verſe would blemiſh all the Fair;
But yet, if ſome be bad, 'tis Wiſdom to beware;
And better ſhun the Bait, than ſtruggle in the Snare. *Dryd.*

I would not wed her:
No! were ſhe all Deſire could wiſh, as fair
As would the vaineſt of her Sex be thought,
With Wealth beyond what Woman's Pride could waſte,
She ſhould not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry!
When I am old, and weary of the World,
I may grow deſperate,
And take a Wife to mortify withal. *Otw. Orp.*

Marriage to Maids, is like a War to Men;
The Battel cauſes Fear, but the ſweet Hopes
Of winning at the laſt ſtill draws them in. *Lee Mithrid.*

MARS.

The God of War, whoſe unreſiſted Sway
The Labours and Events of Arms obey. *Dryd. Virg.*

Stern Pow'r of War! by whom the Mighty fall,
Who bathe in Blood, and ſhake th' embattl'd Wall *Pope Hom.*

Mad, furious Pow'r, whoſe unrelenting Mind
No God can govern, and no Juſtice bind. *Pope Hom.*

Of all the Gods that tread the ſpangled Skies,
Thou moſt unjuſt, moſt odious in our Eyes:
Inhumane Diſcord is thy chief Delight,
The Waſte of Slaughter, and the Rage of Fight:

No Bound, no Law, thy firy Temper quells,
And all thy Mother in thy Soul rebels. *Pope Hom.*

[Spoken by *Jupiter.*

Thus on the Banks of *Hebrus'* freezing Flood,
The God of Battels, in his angry Mood,
Claſhing his Sword againſt his brazen Shield,
Lets looſe the Reins, and ſcours along the Field.
Before the Wind his firy Courſers fly,
Groans the ſad Earth, reſounds the rattling Sky.
Wrath, *Terrour*, *Treaſon*, *Tumult*, and *Deſpair*,
Dire Faces, and deform'd, ſurround the Car,
Friends of the God, and Foll'w'rs of the War. *Dryd. Virg.*

So ſtalks, in Arms, the grieſly God of *Thrace*,
When *Jove* to puniſh faithleſs Man prepares,
And gives whole Nations to the Waſte of Wars. *Pope Hom.*

Strong God of Arms! whoſe Iron Sceptre ſways
The freezing North, and *Hyperborean* Seas,
And *Scythian* Colds, and *Thracia*'s wint'ry Coaſt,
Where ſtands thy Steeds, and thou art honour'd moſt:
There moſt; but ev'ry where thy Pow'r is known;
The Fortune of the Fight is all thy own:
Terrour is thine, and wild Amazement flung
From out thy Chariot, withers ev'n the Strong:
And Diſarray and ſhameful Rout enſue,
And Force is added to the fainting Crew.
Venus, the publick Care of all above,
Thy ſtubborn Heart has ſoften'd into Love:
Now, by her Blandiſhments and pow'rful Charms,
When, yielded, ſhe lay curling in thy Arms;
Ev'n by thy Shame, if Shame it may be call'd,
When *Vulcan* had thee in his Net enthrall'd;
(Oh envy'd Ignominy! ſweet Diſgrace!
When ev'ry God that ſaw thee, wiſh'd thy Place!)
By thoſe dear Pleaſures, aid my Arms in Fight,
And make me conquer in my Patron's Right.
For I am young, a Novice in the Trade,
The Fool of Love, unpractis'd to perſuade;
And want the ſoothing Arts that catch the Fair;
But, caught my ſelf, lie ſtruggling in the Snare.
Nought can my Strength avail, unleſs by thee
Endu'd with Force, I gain the Victory.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my Pray'r,
If ought I have atchiev'd deſerve thy Care;

If

If to my utmoſt Pow'r, with Sword and Shield,
I dar'd the Death, unknowing how to yield;
And, falling in my Rank, ſtill kept the Field.
So be the Morrow's Sweat and Labour mine,
The Palm and Honour of the Conqueſt thine.
Then ſhall the War, and ſtern Debate, and Strife
Immortal, be the Buſ'neſs of my Life;
And in thy Fane, the duſty Spoils among,
High on the burniſh'd Roof, my Banner ſhall be hung,
Rank'd with my Champion's Buckler; and below,
With Arms revers'd, th' Atchievements of my Foe.
And while theſe Limbs the vital Spirit feeds,
While Day to Night, and Night to Day ſucceeds,
Thy ſmoking Altar ſhall be fat with Food
Of Incenſe, and the grateful Steam of Blood:
Burnt-Off'rings Morn and Ev'ning ſhall be thine,
And Fires eternal in thy Temple ſhine:
This Buſh of yellow Beard, this Length of Hair,
Which from my Birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltleſs of Steel, and from the Razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous Crop, reſerv'd for thee. *Dryd. Pal. & (Arc.*

Temple of MARS.

In the Dome of mighty *Mars* the Red,
With diff'rent Figures all the Sides were ſpread:
This Temple, leſs in Form, with equal Grace,
Was imitative of the firſt in *Thrace:*
For that cold Region was the lov'd Abode,
And ſov'reign Manſion of the Warriour-God.
The Landſkip was a Foreſt wide and bare,
Where neither Beaſt nor human Kind repair.
The Fowl, that ſcent afar, the Borders fly,
And ſhun the bitter Blaſt, and wheel about the Sky.
A Cake of Scurf lies baking on the Ground,
And prickly Stubs inſtead of Trees are found;
Or Woods, with Knots and Knares deform'd and old;
Headleſs the moſt, and hideous to behold.
A ratt'ling Tempeſt thro' the Branches went,
That ſtript them bare, and one ſole way they bent.
Heav'n froze above ſevere, the Clouds congeal,
And thro' the cryſtal Vault appear'd the ſtanding Hail.
Such was the Face without; a Mountain ſtood,
Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the Wood:

Bene

Beneath the louring Brow, and on a Bent,
The Temple ſtood of *Mars* Armipotent.
The Frame of burniſh'd Steel, that caſt a Glare
From far, and ſeem'd to thaw the freezing Air.
A ſtreight long Entry to the Temple led,
Blind with high Walls, and Horrour over-head;
Thence iſſu'd ſuch a Blaſt and hollow Roar,
As threaten'd from the Hinge to heave the Door.
In, thro' that Door a northern Light there ſhone;
'Twas all it had, for Windows there were none.
The Gate was Adamant; eternal Frame!
Which, hew'd by *Mars* himſelf, from *Indian* Quarries came:
The Labour of a God! and all along
Tough iron Plates were clench'd, to make it ſtrong.
A Tun about was ev'ry Pillar there;
A poliſh'd Mirrour ſhone not half ſo clear.
There ſaw I how the ſecret Felon wrought,
And Treaſon lab'ring in the Traitor's Thought,
And Midwife *Time* the ripen'd Plot to Murder brought.
There the red *Anger* dar'd the pallid *Fear*;
Next ſtood *Hypocriſy*, with holy Leer,
Soft-ſmiling, and demurely looking down;
But hid the Dagger underneath the Gown.
Th' aſſaſſinating Wife, the Houſhold-Fiend,
And, for the blackeſt there, the Traitor-Friend.
On th' other ſide there ſtood *Deſtruction* bare,
Unpuniſh'd *Rapine*, and a Waſte of War:
Conteſt, with ſharpen'd Knives in Cloyſters drawn,
And all with Blood beſmear'd the holy Lawn.
Loud Menaces were heard, and foul Diſgrace,
And bawling Infamy in Language baſe,
Till Senſe was loſt in Sound, and Silence fled the Place.
The Slayer of himſelf yet ſaw I there,
The Gore congeal'd was clotted in his Hair;
With Eyes half-clos'd, and gaping Mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his ſullen Soul away.
In midſt of all the Dome *Miſfortune* ſate,
And gloomy *Diſcontent*, and fel *Debate*:
And *Madneſs* laughing in his ireful Mood;
And arm'd Complaint on Theft, and Cries of Blood.
There was the murder'd Corps in Covert laid,
And vi'lent Death in thouſand Shapes diſplay'd.
The City to the Soldiers Rage reſign'd;
Succeſsleſs Wars, and Poverty behind.

Ships burnt in Fight, or forc'd on rocky Shores,
And the raſh Hunter ſtrangled by the Boars.
The new-born Babe by Nurſes over-laid,
And the Cook caught within the raging Fire he made.
All Ills of *Mars*'s Nature; Flame, and Steel:
The gaſping Charioteer beneath the Wheel
Of his own Carr; the ruin'd Houſe that falls,
And intercepts her Lord betwixt the Walls:
The whole Diviſion that to *Mars* pertains,
All Trades of Death that deal in Steel for Gains,
Were there; the Butcher, Armourer, and Smith,
Who forges ſharpen'd Fauchions or the Scythe.
The ſcarlet *Conqueſt* on a Tow'r was plac'd,
With Shouts and Soldiers Acclamations grac'd.
There ſaw I *Mars*'s Ides, the Capitol,
The Seer in vain foretelling *Cæſar*'s Fall;
The laſt *Triumvirs*, and the Wars they move,
And *Anthony* who loſt the World for Love.
Theſe, and a thouſand more the Fane adorn,
Their Fates were painted ere the Men were born.
All copy'd from the Heav'ns, and ruling Force
Of the red Star, in his revolving Courſe.
The Form of *Mars* high on a Chariot ſtood, (*Arc.*
All ſheath'd in Arms, and gruffly look'd the God. *Dryd. Pal.* &

MAY.

For thee, ſweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries wear,
If not the firſt, the faireſt of the Year.
For thee the *Graces* lead the dancing *Hours*,
And *Nature*'s ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs:
When thy ſhort Reign is paſt, the fev'riſh Sun (& *Arc.*
The ſultry Tropick fears, and moves more ſlowly on. *Dry. Pal.*
For ſprightly *May* commands our Youth to keep
The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their ſluggard Sleep:
Each gentle Breaſt with kindly Warmth ſhe moves, (& *Arc.*
Inſpires new Flames, revives extinguiſh'd Loves. *Dryd. Pal.*

Golden MEAN. See *Greatneſs.*

Superfluous Pomp and Wealth I not deſire,
But what Content and Decency require. *Har. Juv.*
Pleaſures Abroad the Sport of Nature yields;
Her living Fountains, and her ſmiling Fields:
And then at Home what Pleaſure is't to ſee
A little, cleanly, chearful Family!

Which if a chaſte Wife crown, no leſs in her,
Than Fortune, I the golden Mean prefer.
Too noble, nor too wiſe ſhe ſhould not be,
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my Life ſlide ſilently away,
With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day, *Cowl. Mart.*
Let Woods and Rivers be
My quiet, tho' inglorious Deſtiny:
In Life's cool Vale let my low Scene be laid. *Cowl. Virg.*
Much will always wanting be
To him who much deſires:
Thrice happy he,
To whom the wiſe Indulgency of Heav'n
With ſparing Hand but juſt enough has giv'n! *Cowl. Her.*
He does not Palaces nor Manors crave,
Would be no Lord, but leſs a Lord would have:
The Ground he owns, if he his own can call,
He quarrels not with Heav'n, becauſe 'tis ſmall.
Let gay and toilſom Greatneſs others pleaſe,
He loves of homely Littleneſs the Eaſe. *Cowl. Mart.*
Plain was his Couch, and only rich his Mind;
Contentedly he ſlept, as cheaply as he din'd. *Cong. Juv.*
His calm and harmleſs Life,
Free from th' Alarms of Feat and Storms of Strife,
Does with ſubſtantial Bleſſedneſs abound,
And the ſoft Wings of Peace cover him round. *Cowl. Virg.*
Their Wealth was the Contempt of it; which more
They valu'd, than rich Fools the ſhining Ore. *Cowl.*
A ſilent Life he led;
Nor pompous Cares, nor Palaces he knew,
But wiſely from th' infectious World withdrew. *Dryd. Virg.*
He's no ſmall Prince, who ev'ry Day
Thus to himſelf can ſay:
Now will I ſleep, now eat, now ſit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk;
This will I do, here will I ſtay:
Or if my Fancy calleth me away,
My Man and I will preſently go ride,
For we have nothing to provide.
If thou but a ſhort Journey take,
As if thy laſt thou wert to make,
Buſ'neſs muſt be diſpatch'd ere thou canſt go;
Nor canſt thou ſtir, unleſs there be
A hundred Horſe and Men to wait on thee,

And many a Mule, and many a Cart:
What an unwieldy Man thou art!
The *Rhodian* Coloſſus ſo
A Journey too might go. *Cowl.*

If thou be wiſe, no glorious Fortune chuſe,
Which 'tis but vain to keep, yet Grief to loſe:
For when we place ev'n Trifles in the Heart,
With Trifles too unwillingly we part.
An humble Roof, plain Bed, and homely Board,
More clear untainted Pleaſures do afford,
Than all the Tumult of vain Greatneſs brings
To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings. *Cowl. Hor.*

Then might I live by my own ſurly Rules,
Not forc'd to worſhip Knaves, or flatter Fools:
And thus ſecur'd of Eaſe by ſhunning Strife, *Juv.*
With Pleaſure would I ſail down the ſwift Stream of Life. *Har.*

Since Wealth and Pow'r too weak we find
To quell the Tumults of the Mind;
Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State,
Drive thence the Cares that round him wait:
Happy the Man with Little bleſs'd,
Of what his Father left, poſſeſs'd;
No baſe Deſires corrupt his Head,
No Fears diſturb him in his Bed.
Thy Portion is a wealthy Stock,
A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,
Horſes and Chariots for thy Eaſe,
Rich Robes to deck, and make thee pleaſe:
For me, a little Cell I chuſe,
Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muſe;
Which ſoft Content does beſt adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I ſcorn. *Otw. Hor.*

MELANCHOLY. See *Grief.*

A ſudden Damp has ſeiz'd my Spirits,
And, like a heavy Weight,
Hangs on their active Springs. *Dryd. D. of Guiſe*

A kind of Weight hangs heavy on my Heart,
My flagging Soul flies under her own Pitch,
Like Fowl in Air too damp, and lags along
As if ſhe were a Body in a Body,
And not a mounting Subſtance, made of Fire.
My Senſes too are dull and ſtupify'd,
Their Edge rebated: Sure ſome Ill approaches,

And ſome kind Spirit knocks ſoftly at my Breaſt,
To tell me Fate's at hand. *Dryd. Cleom.*

Some unborn Sorrow, ripe in Fortune's Womb,
Now coming tow'rds me, grieves my inmoſt Soul. *Shak. Rich. 2.*

Sure ſome ill Fate's upon me:
Diſtruſt and Heavineſs ſit round my Heart,
And Apprehenſion ſhocks my tim'rous Soul. *Otw. Orph.*

This Melancholy flatters, but unmans you;
What is it elſe but Penury of Soul?
A lazy Froſt, a Numbneſs of the Mind,
That locks up all the Vigour to attempt,
By barely crying, 'Tis impoſſible! *Dryd. Cleom.*

It makes a Toy preſs with prodigious Weight,
And ſwells a Mole-hill to a Mountain's Height.
For melancholy Men lie down and groan,
Preſs'd with the Burden of themſelves alone.
Cruſh'd with fantaſtick Mountains they deſpair;
Their Heads are grown vaſt Globes too big to bear.
A little Spark becomes a raging Flame,
And each weak Blaſt a Storm too fierce to tame.
So peeviſh is the quarrelſome Diſeaſe,
No proſp'rous Fortune can procure it Eaſe.
Some abſent Happineſs they ſtill purſue,
Diſlike the preſent Good, and long for new. *Blac.*

MEMORY.

Things which offend, when preſent, and affright,
In Memory well painted, move Delight. *Cowl.*

Remember thee!
I, thou poor Ghoſt! while Memory holds a Seat
In this diſtracted Globe. Remember thee!
Yes, from the Table of my Memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,
All Saws of Books, all Forms, all Preſſures paſt,
That Youth and Obſervation copy'd there;
And thy Commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,
Unmix'd with baſer Matter. *Shak. Haml.*

Something like
That Voice methinks I ſhould have ſomewhere heard,
But Floods of Woes have hurry'd it far off,
Beyond my ken of Soul. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

A confus'd Report
Paſs'd thro' my Ears;

But full of Hurry, like a Morning Dream,
Is vaniſh'd in the Buſ'neſs of the Day. *Dryd. Oedip.*
'Tis loſt;
Like what we think can never ſhun Remembrance,
Yet of a ſudden's gone beyond the Clouds. *Lee Oedip.*

MERCHANT. See *Money.*

So when the Merchant ſees his Veſſel loſt,
Tho' richly freighted from a foreign Coaſt,
Gladly, for Life, the Treaſure he would give,
And only wiſhes to eſcape and live:
Gold and his Gains no more employ his Mind,
But, driving o'er the Billows with the Wind,
Cleaves to one faithful Plank, and leaves the reſt behind.
(Rowe Fair Pen.

I, in my private Bark already wreck'd,
Like a poor Merchant driv'n on unknown Land,
That had, by Chance, pack'd up his deareſt Treaſure
In one rich Casket, and ſav'd only that;
Since I muſt wander farther on the Shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious Store,
Reſolv'd to ſcorn, and truſt my Fate no more. *Otw. Ven. Preſ.*
When Merchants break, o'erthrown
Like Nine-pins, they ſtrike others down. *Hud.*

MERCURY.

Hermes obeys; with golden Pinions binds
His flying Feet, and mounts the Weſtern Winds:
But firſt he graſps, within his awful Hand,
The Mark of ſov'reign Pow'r, his magick Wand:
With this he draws the Ghoſts from hollow Graves;
With this he drives them down to *Stygian* Waves;
With this he ſeals in Sleep the wakeful Sight,
And Eyes, tho' cloſ'd in Death, reſtores to Light.
Thus arm'd, the God begins his airy Race,
And drives the racking Clouds along the liquid Space;
Now ſees the Top of *Atlas* as he flies,
Where, pois'd upon his Wings, the God deſcends.
Then, reſted thus, he, from the tow'ring Height,
Plung'd downward with precipitated Flight,
Lights on the Seas, and ſkims along the Flood.
As Water-Fowl, who ſeek their filthy Food,
Leſs and yet leſs to diſtant Proſpect ſhow,
By Turns they dance aloft and dive below:

Like

Like theſe the Steerage of his Wings he plies,
And near the Surface of the Water flies;
'Till, having paſs'd the Seas, and croſs'd the Sands,
He clos'd his Wings, and ſtoop'd on *Lybian* Lands. *Dryd. Virg.*

At length he pitch'd upon the Ground, and ſhow'd
The Form divine, the Features of a God:
Then hangs his Mantle looſe, and ſets to Show
The golden Edging on the Seam below;
Adjuſts his flowing Curls, and in his Hand
Waves, with an Air, the Sleep-procuring Wand;
The glitt'ring Sandals to his Feet applies,
And to his Heels the well-trimm'd Pinion ties. *Add. Ovid.*

The Herald of the Gods:
His Hat adorn'd with Wings, diſcloſ'd the God,
And in his Hand he bore the Sleep-compelling Rod;
Such as he ſeem'd, when, at his Sire's Command,
On *Argus'* Head he laid the ſnaky Wand. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

MERCY. See *Juſtice.*

Offspring Divine! in Heav'n the moſt belov'd,
By whom ev'n Fate unchangeable is mov'd:
Her Looks ſo moving, ſuch celeſtial Grace,
So mild and ſweet an Air dwells on her Face;
So tender and engaging all her Charms,
That oft th'Almighty's Fury ſhe diſarms:
Her Language melts Omnipotence, arreſts
His Hand, and thence the vengeful Lightning wreſts. *Black.*

To Threats the ſtubborn Sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his Crimes, againſt the Storm prepar'd;
But when his milder Beams of Mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumb'rous Cloak away.
Lightning and Thunder, Heav'n's Artillery,
As Harbingers, before th'Almighty fly:
Thoſe but proclaim his Style, and diſappear;
The ſtiller Sound ſucceeds, and God is there. *Dryd.*

Heav'n has but
Our Sorrow for our Sins, and then delights
To pardon erring Man. Sweet Mercy ſeems
Its darling Attribute, which limits Juſtice;
As if there were Degrees in Infinite,
And Infinite would rather want Perfection,
Than puniſh to Extent. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Curſe on th' unpard'ning Prince, whom Tears can draw
To no Remorſe; who rules by Lions Law;

And, deaf to Pray'rs, by no Submiſſion bow'd,
Rends all alike, the Penitent and Proud. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
But Kings too tame, are deſpicably good. *Dryd.*
For Goodneſs in Exceſs may be a Sin;
Juſtice muſt tame whom Mercy cannot win. *Hal.*
Ev'n Heav'n is weary'd with repeated Crimes,
Till Lightning flaſhes round to guard the Throne, *(Guiſe.*
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone. *Dryd. D. of*

METALS.

Now thoſe profounder Regions they explore,
Where Metals ripen in vaſt Cakes of Ore:
Here, ſullen to the Sight, at large is ſpread
The dull unwieldy Maſs of lumpiſh Lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are ſeen
The more aſpiring Seeds of ſprightly Tin.
The Copper ſparkles next in ruddy Streaks,
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
The Silver then, with bright and burniſh'd Grace,
Youth and a blooming Luſtre in its Face,
To th' Arms of thoſe more yielding Metals flies,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lies.
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire,
Their Love's more vi'lent than the Chymiſt's Fire. *Gar.*

METEOR. See *Archer*, Comet.

MILKY-WAY.

A Way there is in Heav'n's expanded Plain,
Which, when the Skies are clear, is ſeen below,
And Mortals by the Name of *Milky* know:
The Ground-work is of Stars, thro' which the Road
Lies open to the Thunderer's Abode. *Dryd. Ovid.*
A broad and ample Road, whoſe Duſt is Gold,
And Pavement Stars, as Stars to us appear
Seen in the Galaxy, that Milky-Way,
Like to a circling Zone, powder'd with Stars. *Milt.*

MINERVA.

O Progeny of *Jove!* unconquer'd Maid! *Pope Hom.*
O Daughter of that God, whoſe Arm can wield
Th' avenging Bolt, and ſhake the ſable Shield! *Pope Hom.*
Goddeſs, whoſe Fury bathes the World with Gore. *Pope Hom.*
Hig.

High in the midſt the blue-ey'd Virgin flies;
From Rank to Rank ſhe darts her radiant Eyes:
The dreadful *Ægis*, *Jove*'s immortal Shield,
Blaz'd on her Arm, and lighten'd all the Field:
Round the vaſt Orb a hundred Serpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright Fringe, and ſeem'd to burn in Gold.
With this each *Grecian*'s manly Breaſt ſhe warms,
Swells their bold Hearts, and ſtrings their nervous Arms.
(Pope Hom.

MISER. *See* Content.

Like a Miſer 'midſt his Store,
Who graſps and graſps till he can hold no more;
And, when his Strength is wanting to his Mind,
Looks back and ſighs on what he left behind. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

At Midnight thus th' Uſurer ſteals, untrack'd,
To make a Viſit to his hoarded Gold,
And feaſt his Eyes upon the ſhining Mammon, *Otw. Orph.*

Slaves, who ne'er knew Mercy;
Sour, unrelenting, Money-loving Villains;
Who laugh at human Nature and Forgiveneſs, *(Pen.*
And are, like Fiends, the Factors for Deſtruction. *Rowe Fair.*

MISTRESS.

Beware the dang'rous Beauty of the Wanton;
Shun their Enticements: Ruin, like a Vulture,
Waits on their Conqueſts: Falſhood too's their Buſ'neſs;
They put falſe Beauty off to all the World,
Uſe falſe Endearments to the Fools that love them;
And, when they marry, to their ſilly Husbands
They bring falſe Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune. *Otw. Orph.*

You bear the ſpecious Title of a Wife,
To gild your Cauſe, and draw the pitying World
To favour it: The World contemns poor me;
For I have loſt my Honour, loſt my Fame,
And ſtain'd the Glory of my Royal Houſe;
And all to bear the branded Name of Miſtreſs.
[*Spoken by* Cleopatra.] *Dryd. All for Love.*

For now the World is grown ſo wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry;
But rather truſt on tick t' Amours,
The Croſs or Pile for better or worſe:
A Mode that is held honourable,
As well as *French* and faſhionable. *Hud.*

MIST. See *Cloud, Fog.*

Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe
From Hill or ſteaming Lake, dusky, and grey,
'Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold;
Either to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirſty Earth with falling Show'rs. *Milt.*

MONEY. See *Gold.*

Money, being the common Scale
Of Things by Meaſure, Weight, and Tale;
In all th' Affairs of Church and State,
Is both the Balance and the Weight. *Hud.*
For Money is the only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before. *Hud.*
Men venture Necks to gain a Fortune:
The Soldier does it ev'ry Day,
(Eight to the Week) for Six-pence Pay:
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,
To ſhare with Knaves in cheating Fools;
And Merchants, vent'ring thro' the Main,
Slight Pirates, Rocks, and Horns, for Gain. *Hud.*
This Money has a Pow'r above
The Stars and Fates to manage Love;
Whoſe Arrows, learned Poets hold,
That never fail, are tipp'd with Gold. *Hud.*
And tho' Love's all the World's Pretence,
Money's the mythologick Senſe;
The real Subſtance of the Shadow,
Which all Addreſs and Courtſhip's made to. *Hud.*
For Money 'tis, that is the great
Provocative to am'rous Heat;
'Tis Beauty always in the Flow'r,
That buds and bloſſoms at Fourſcore;
'Tis Virtue, Wit, and Worth, and all
That Men Divine and Sacred call:
For what's the Worth of any Thing,
But ſo much Money as 'twill bring? *Hud.*
Hence 'tis, no Lover has the Pow'r
T' enforce a deſperate Amour,
Like him that has two Strings to's Bow,
And burns for Love and Money too:
For then he's brave and reſolute,
Diſdains to render in his Suit;

Has all his Flames and Raptures double,
And hangs or drowns with half the Trouble. *Hud.*
And to be plain, 'tis not your Perſon
My Stomach's ſet ſo ſharp and fierce on;
But 'tis your better Part, your Riches,
That my enamour'd Heart bewitches. *Hud.*
For Money, like the Swords of Kings,
Is the laſt Reaſon of all Things. *Hud.*

MOON. See *Bluſh, Creation, Hell.*

As when the Moon, refulgent Lamp of Night,
O'er Heav'n's clear Azure ſheds her ſacred Light;
When not a Breath diſturbs the deep Serene,
And not a Cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn Scene;
Around her Throne the vivid Planets roll,
And Stars unnumber'd gild the glowing Pole:
O'er the dark Trees a yellower Verdure ſhed,
And tip with Silver ev'ry Mountain's Head:
Then ſhine the Vales, the Rocks in Proſpect riſe,
A Flood of Glory burſts from all the Skies:
The conſcious Swains, rejoycing in the Sight,
Eye the blue Vault, and bleſs the uſeful Light. *Pope Hom.*
He ſmooth'd the rough-caſt Moon's imperfect Mold,
And comb'd her beamy Locks with ſacred Gold:
Be thou, ſaid he, Queen of the mournful Night.
And, as he ſpoke, ſhe roſe clad o'er in Light,
With thouſand Stars attending on her Train;
With her they riſe, with her they ſet again. *Cowl.*
The Moon,
Riſing in clouded Majeſty, at length
Unveil'd her peerleſs Light;
She o'er the Dark her ſilver Mantle threw,
And in her pale Dominion check'd the Night. *Milt.*
Nor equal Light th' unequal Moon adorns,
Or in her wexing, or her waning Horns:
For ev'ry Day ſhe wanes, her Face is leſs;
But, gath'ring into Globe, ſhe fattens at Increaſe. *Dryd. Ovid.*
The Queen of Night, whoſe vaſt Command
Rules all the Sea, and half the Land;
And over moiſt and crazy Brains,
In high Spring-Tides at Midnight reigns. *Hud.*

MORNING. See *Bluſh.*

'Twas ebbing Darkneſs, paſt the Noon of Night;
And *Phoſphor*, on the Confines of the Light,
Promis'd the Sun, ere Day began to ſpring:
The tuneful Lark already ſtretch'd her Wing, (*Pal. & Arc.*
And, flick'ring on her Neſt, made ſhort Eſſays to ſing. *Dryd.*
Now roſy Morn aſcends the Court of *Jove*,
Lifts up her Light, and opens Day above. *Pope Hom.*
Aurora now, fair Daughter of the Dawn,
Sprinkled with roſy Light the dewy Lawn. *Pope Hom.*
And now the roſy Meſſenger of Day,
Strikes the blue Mountains with her golden Ray. *Pope Hom.*
Now Morn her roſy Steps in th' orient Clime
Advancing, ſow'd the Earth with eaſtern Pearl. *Milt.*
Night rolls the Hours away:
The redd'ning Orient ſhews the coming Day;
The Stars ſhine fainter on th' etherial Plains,
And of Night's Empire but a Third remains. *Pope Hom.*
And now the Morning Star with early Ray,
Flam'd in the Front of Heav'n, and promis'd Day. *Pope Hom.*
The roſy-finger'd Morn appears,
And from her Mantle ſhakes her Tears:
The Sun, ariſing, Mortals chears,
And drives the riſing Miſts away,
In Promiſe of a glorious Day. *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*
Dim Night her ſhadowy Cloud withdraws; the Morn,
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with roſy Hand
Unbarr'd the Gates of Light. *Milt.*
Now the fair Morn ſmiles with a purple Ray,
Clearing before the Sun the eaſtern Way;
Whoſe radiant Train pours from the Gates of Light,
And the new Day does to new Toils invite. *Blac.*
And now went forth the Morn array'd in Gold,
And from before her vaniſh'd gloomy Night,
Shot through with orient Beams. *Milt.*
The ſaffron Morn, with early Bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe refulgent from *Tithonus'* Bed;
With new-born Day to gladden mortal Sight,
And gild the Courts of Heav'n with ſacred Light. *Pope Hom.*
Aurora had but newly chas'd the Night,
And purpled o'er the Sky with bluſhing Light. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
'Twas juſt the Time when the new Ebb of Night
Did the moiſt World unveil to human Sight. *Cowl.*

And now a Glance from mild *Aurora*'s Eyes
Shoots thro' the cryſtal Kingdoms of the Skies;
The ſavage Kind in Foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And Sots, o'er-charg'd with nauſeous Loads, reel Home:
Light's chearful Smiles o'er th' azure Waſte are ſpread,
And Miſs from *Inns o' Court* bolts out unpaid. *Gar.*

Mean while, to re-ſalute the World with ſacred Light
Leucothoe wak'd, and with freſh Dews embalm'd
The Earth. And now the ſmiling Morn begins
Her roſy Progreſs. *Milt.*

The early Lark, the Meſſenger of Day,
Saluted in her Song the Morning grey;
And ſoon the Sun aroſe with Beams ſo bright,
That all th' Horizon laugh'd to ſee the joyous Sight.
He with his tepid Rays the Roſe renews, *(& Arc.*
And licks the dropping Leafs, and dries the Dews. *Dryd. Fal.*

Now roſe the ruddy Morn from *Tithon*'s Bed,
And with the Dawn of Day the Skies o'erſpread.
Nor long the Sun his daily Courſe with-held,
But added Colours to the World reveal'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

At length gay Morn ſmiles in the eaſtern Sky;
From robbing ſilent Graves the Sextons fly:
The riſing Miſts ſkud o'er the dewy Lawns,
The Chanter at his early Mattins yawns:
The Vi'lets ope their Buds, Cowſlips their Bells,
And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells. *Gar.*

The Sun had long ſince in the Lap
Of *Thetis* taken out his Nap;
And, like a Lobſter boil'd, the Morn
From black to red began to turn. *Hud.*

Aurora on *Eteſian* Breezes borne,
With bluſhing Lips breathes out the ſprightly Morn.
Each Flow'r in Dew its ſhort-liv'd Empire weeps,
And *Cynthia* with her lov'd *Endymion* ſleeps. *Gar.*

Now had *Aurora* on the Face of Night
Pour'd from her golden Urn freſh Streams of Light,
That fin'd and clear'd the Air; while down to Hell
The ſhady Dregs precipitated fell *Blac.*

And now the riſing Morn with roſy Light
Adorns the Skies, and puts the Stars to Flight. *Dryd. Virg.*

Behold the Morn in ruſſet Mantle clad,
Walks o'er the Dew of yon high Eaſtern Hill. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

The Morn, enſuing from the Mountains Height,
Had ſcarcely ſpread the Skies with roſy Light;

Th'

Th' etherial Courſers, bounding from the Sea,
From out their flaming Noſtrils breath'd the Day. *Dryd. Virg.*
Behold what Streaks
Of Light embroider all the cloudy Eaſt.
Night's Tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
Upon the Mountain-tops ſits gaily dreſs'd,
While all the Birds bring Muſick to his Levee. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*
From amber Shrouds I ſee the Morning riſe;
Her roſy Hand begins to paint the Skies:
And now the City-Emmets leave their Hive,
And rowſing Hinds to chearful Labour drive.
High Cliffs and Rocks are pleaſing Objects now,
And Nature ſmiles upon the Mountain's Brow;
The joyful Birds ſalute the Sun's Approach,
The Sun too laughs, and mounts his gawdy Coach;
While from his Car the dropping Gems diſtil; *(Paru.*
And all the Earth and all the Heav'ns do ſmile. *Lee Maſſ.*
It is methinks a Morning full of Fate:
It riſes ſlowly, as her ſullen Care
Had all the Weights of Sleep and Death hung on it.
She is not roſy-finger'd, but ſwoll'n black;
Her Face is like a Water turn'd to Blood;
And her ſick Head is bound about with Clouds,
As if ſhe threaten'd Night ere Noon of Day. *Joh. Catilin.*
The Morning riſes black, the low'ring Sun
Drives heavily his ſable Chariot on:
The Face of Day now bluſhes ſcarlet-deep. *Lee Alex.*
Wiſh'd Morning's come; and now upon the Plains
And diſtant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
The happy Shepherds leave their homely Huts,
And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born Day.
The luſty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
Of healthful Viands, which, when Hunger calls,
With much Content and Appetite he eats,
To follow in the Field his daily Toil,
And dreſs the grateful Glebe that yields him Fruits.
The Beaſts, that under the warm Hedges ſlept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up;
And, looking tow'rds the neighb'ring Paſtures, raiſe
Their Voice, and bid their Fellow-brutes Good-morrow:
The cheerful Birds too on the Tops of Trees
Aſſemble all in Choirs, and with their Notes
Salute, and welcome up the riſing Sun. *Otw.*

Parent of Day! whoſe beauteous Beams of Light
Spring from the darkſome Womb of Night,
And 'midſt their native Horrours ſhow
Like Gems adorning of the Negro's Brow.
Not Heav'n's fair Bow can equal thee,
In all its gawdy Drapery:
Thou firſt Eſſay of Light, and Pledge of Day!
Rival of Shade! Eternal Spring of Light!
From thy bright unexhauſted Womb
The beauteous Race of Days and Seaſons come.
Thy Beauty Ages cannot wrong,
But 'ſpite of Time thou'rt ever young.
Thou art alone Heav'n's modeſt virgin Light,
Whoſe Face a Veil of Bluſhes hides from human Sight.
At thy Approach, Nature erects her Head;
The ſmiling Univerſe is glad;
The drowſy Earth and Seas awake,
And from thy Beams new Life and Vigour take.
When thy more chearful Rays appear,
Ev'n Guilt and Women ceaſe to fear:
Horrour, Deſpair, and all the Sons of Night,
Retire before thy Beams, and take their haſty Flight.
Thou riſeſt in the fragrant Eaſt,
Like the fair Phœnix from her balmy Neſt;
But yet thy fading Glories ſoon decay,
Thine's but a momentary Stay;
Too ſoon thou'rt raviſh'd from our Sight,
Borne down the Stream of Day, and overwhelm'd with Light.
Thy Beams to thy own Ruin haſte,
They're fram'd too exquiſite to laſt:
Thine is a glorious, but a ſhort-liv'd State;
Pity ſo fair a Birth ſhould yield ſo ſoon to Fate! *Yald.*

MORPHEUS.

Somnus, the drowſy God,
Excited *Morpheus* from the ſleepy Crowd:
Morpheus, of all his num'rous Train, expreſs'd
The Shape of Man, and imitated beſt:
The Walk, the Words, the Geſture could ſupply,
The Habit mimick, and the Mien bely:
Plays well, but all his Action is confin'd,
Extending not beyond our human Kind.
Another Birds, and Beaſts, and Dragons apes,
And dreadful Images and Monſter-ſhapes;

This

This Demon, *Icelos*, in Heav'n's high Hall,
The Gods have nam'd, but Men *Phobetor* call.
A Third is *Phantaſus*, whoſe Actions roll
On meaner Thoughts, and Things devoid of Soul:
Earth, Fruits, and Flow'rs he repreſents in Dreams,
And ſolid Rocks unmov'd, and running Streams:
Theſe three to Kings and Chiefs their Scenes diſplay,
The reſt before th' ignoble Commons play. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Still when the golden Sun withdraws his Beams,
And drowſy Night invades the weary World,
Forth flies the God of Dreams, fantaſtick *Morpheus*;
Ten thouſand mimick Fancies fleet around him,
Subtile as Air, and various in their Natures:
Each has ten thouſand thouſand diff'rent Forms,
In which they dance confus'd before the Sleeper;
While the vain God laughs to behold what Pain
Imaginary Evils give Mankind. *Rowe Ulyſſ.*

TO-MORROW. See *Drinking*.

Seek not to know To-morrow's Doom,
That is not ours which is to come!
The preſent Moment's all our Store,
The next ſhould Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our Life is but one inſtant Now.
Look on each Day you've paſt
To be a mighty Treaſure won;
And lay each Minute out in Haſte,
We're ſure to live too faſt,
And cannot live too ſoon. *Cong. Ho*

To-morrow and her Works defy;
Lay hold upon the preſent Hour,
And ſnatch the Pleaſures paſſing by,
To put them out of Fortune's Pow'r:
Nor Love, nor Love's Delights diſdain;
Whate'er thou get'ſt To-day is Gain. *Dryd. H*

We are not ſure To-morrow will be ours;
Wars have, like Love, their favourable Hours:
Let us uſe all; for if we loſe one Day,
The white one in the Crowd may ſlip away. *Dryd. Tyr. Lo*

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He who can call To-day his own!
He, who ſecure within, can ſay,
To-morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd To-day.

Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
The Joys I have poſſeſs'd in ſpite of Fate are mine:
Not Heav'n it-ſelf upon the Paſt has Pow'r, (*Hor.*
But what has been, has been, and I have had my Hour. *Dryd.*

The hoary Fool, who many Days
Has ſtruggl'd with continu'd Sorrow,
Renews his Hopes, and blindly lays
The deſp'rate Bett upon To-morrow:
To-morrow comes, 'tis Noon, 'tis Night,
This Day like all the former fled,
Yet on he runs to ſeek Delight
To-morrow, 'till To-night he's dead. *Prior.*

Learn
The Bounds of Good and Evil to diſcern.
Unhappy he who does this Work adjourn,
And 'till To-morrow would the Search delay;
His lazy Morrow will be like To-day.
Yeſterday was once To-morrow:
That Yeſterday is gone, and nothing gain'd,
And all thy fruitleſs Days will thus be drain'd;
For thou haſt more To-morrows yet to aſk,
And wilt be ever to begin thy Taſk;
Thou like the hindmoſt Chariot-wheels art curſt,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the firſt. *Dryd. Perſ.*

Our Yeſterday's To-morrow now is gone,
And ſtill a new To-morrow does come on;
We by To-morrows draw up all our Store,
'Till the exhauſted Well can yield no more. *Cowl. Perſ.*

To-morrow I will live, the Fool does ſay,
To-day it ſelf's too late; the Wiſe liv'd yeſterday. *Cowl. Mart.*

Life for Delays and Doubts no Time does give;
None ever yet made too much Haſte to live. *Cowl. Mart.*

MOUNTAIN. See Alps, Atlas, *Creation*, *Parting*, Teneriff, Veſuvius.

Behold the Mountains, leſſ'ning as they riſe,
Loſe the low Vales, and ſteal into the Skies. *Pope.*

His proud Heart the airy Mountain hides
Among the Clouds; his Shoulders and his Sides
A ſhady Mantle clothes; his curled Brows
Frown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows:
While Winds and Storms his lofty Forehead beat,
The common Fate of all that's high and great. *Denh.*

As

As *Alpine* Hills, which o'er the Clouds ariſe,
And rear their Heads amidſt contiguous Skies,
Enjoy ſerene, uninterrupted Day,
And floating Tempeſts all beneath ſurvey:
Their lofty Peaks no threat'ning Meteors wear,
Nor pond'rous Fogs, which cloud inferiour Air:
The ſtedfaſt Heaps the raging Winds defy,
So deep they fix their Roots, and raiſe their Heads ſo high. *Blac.*

Nigh the dull Shore a ſhapeleſs Mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful Frown ſurvey'd the Flood:
Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on;
No friſking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone. *Gar.*

Ridges of high contiguous Hills ariſe,
Divide the Clouds, and penetrate the Skies. *Blac.*

Like *Erix*, or like *Athos*, great he ſhows,
Or Father *Appenine*, when, white with Snows,
His Head divine, obſcure in Clouds he hides,
And ſhakes the ſounding Foreſt on his Sides. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a Fragment from a Mountain torn,
By raging Tempeſts, or by Torrents borne;
Or ſapp'd by Time, or looſen'd from the Roots,
Prone thro' the Void, the rocky Ruin ſhoots,
Rolling from Crag to Crag, from Steep to Steep;
Down ſink at once the Shepherds and their Sheep;
Involv'd alike, they ruſh to nether Ground;
Stunn'd with the Shock they fall, and ſtunn'd from Earth rebound. *(Dryd. Virg.*

Not with leſs Ruin than the *Baian* Mole,
Rais'd on the Seas the Surges to controul,
At once comes tumbling down the rocky Wall;
Prone to the Deep the Stones disjointed fall
Off the vaſt Pile: The ſcatter'd Ocean flies. *(Virg.*
Black Sands, diſcolour'd Froth, and mingled Mud ariſe. *Dryd.*

MURRAIN.

Here from the vicious Air, and ſickly Skies,
A Plague did on the dumb Creation riſe.
During th' autumnal Heats th' Infection grew,
Tame Cattel, and the Beaſts of Nature ſlew:
Pois'ning the ſtanding Lakes, and Pools impure,
Nor was the foodful Graſs in Fields ſecure:
Strange Death! For when the thirſty Fire had drunk
Their vital Blood, and their dry Nerves were ſhrunk;

Whe

When the contracted Limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then
A wat'riſh Humour ſwell'd, and ooz'd agen;
Converting into Bane the kindly Juice,
Ordain'd by Nature for a better Uſe.
The Victim Ox, that was for Altars preſs'd,
Trimm'd with white Ribbands, and with Garlands dreſs'd,
Sunk of himſelf, without the God's Command,
Preventing the ſlow Sacrificer's Hand:
Or, by the holy Butcher if he fell,
Th' inſpected Entrails could no Fates foretel:
Nor, laid on Altars, did pure Flames ariſe,
But Clouds of ſmould'ring Smoke forbad the Sacrifice.
Scarcely the Knife was redden'd with his Gore,
Or the black Poiſon ſtain'd the ſandy Floor.
The thriven Calves in Meads their Food forſake,
And render their ſweet Souls before the plenteous Rack:
The fawning Dog run mad: The wheaſing Swine
With Coughs is choak'd, and labours from the Chine.
The Victor Horſe, forgetful of his Food,
The Palm renounces, and abhors the Flood:
He paws the Ground, and on his hanging Ears
A doubtful Sweat in clammy Drops appears,
Parch'd is his Hide, and rugged are his Hairs.
Such are the Symptoms of the young Diſeaſe;
But in Time's Proceſs, when his Pains increaſe,
He rolls his mournful Eyes, he deeply groans,
With patient Sobbings, and with manly Moans;
He heaves for Breath, which, from his Lungs ſupply'd,
And fetch'd from far, diſtends his lab'ring Side:
To his rough Palate his dry Tongue ſucceeds,
And ropy Gore he from his Noſtrils bleeds.
Fir'd into Rage, at length he grinds his Teeth
In his own Fleſh, and feeds approaching Death.
The Steer, who to the Yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of Tillage, and the crooked Plow)
Falls down and dies; and dying ſpews a Flood
Of foamy Madneſs mix'd with clotted Blood.
The Clown, who, curſing Providence, repines,
His mournful Fellow from the Team diſjoins;
With many a Groan forſakes his fruitleſs Care,
And in th' unfiniſh'd Furrow leaves the Share.
The pining Steer, no Shades of lofty Woods,
Nor flow'ry Meads can eaſe, nor cryſtal Floods

Roll'd

Roll'd from the Rocks: His flabby Flanks decreaſe;
His Eyes are ſettled in a ſtupid Peace:
His Bulk too weighty for his Thighs is grown,
And his unwieldy Neck hangs drooping down.
The nightly Wolf, that round th' Encloſure prowl'd,
To leap the Fence, now plots not on the Fold,
Tam'd with a ſharper Pain. The fearful Doe,
And flying Stag, amidſt the Greyhounds go,
And round the Dwellings roam of Man, their fiercer Foe.
The ſcaly Nations of the Sea profound,
Like ſhipwreck'd Carcaſſes, are driv'n aground;
And mighty *Phocæ*, never ſeen before
In ſhallow Streams, are ſtranded on the Shore.
The Viper dead within her Hole is found;
Defenceleſs was the Shelter of the Ground.
The Water-Snake, whom Fiſh and Paddocks fed,
With ſtaring Scales lies poiſon'd in his Bed.
To Birds their native Heav'ns contagious prove,
From Clouds they fall, and leave their Souls above.
The Rivers, and their Banks, and Hills around,
With Lowings, and with dying Bleats, reſound:
At length, Fate ſtrikes an univerſal Blow,
To Death at once whole Herds of Cattle go:
Sheep, Oxen, Horſes fall; and, heap'd on high,
The diff'ring Species in Confuſion lie. *Dryd. Virg.*

From poiſon'd Stars a mortal Influence came,
(The mingled Malice of their Flame)
A skilful Angel did th' Ingredients take,
And, with juſt Hands, the ſad Compoſure make;
And over all Land did a full Vial ſhake:
Thirſt, Giddineſs, Faintneſs, and putrid Heats,
And pining Pains, and ſhiv'ring Sweats,
On all the Cattel, all the Beaſts, did fall:
The lab'ring Ox drops down before the Plow;
And the crown'd Victims, to the Altar led,
Sink, and prevent the lifted Blow.
The gen'rous Horſe from the full Manger turns his Head,
Does his lov'd Floods and Paſtures ſcorn,
Hates the ſhrill Trumpet and the Horn;
Nor can his lifeleſs Noſtrils pleaſe,
With the once raviſhing Smell of all his dappled Miſtreſſes.
The ſtarving Sheep refuſe to feed;
They bleat their inn'cent Souls out into Air:

The faithful Dogs lie gaſping by them there : (*Cowl.*
Th' aſtoniſh'd Shepherd weeps, and breaks his tuneful Reed.

MUSE.

Go, the rich Chariot inſtantly prepare ;
The Queen, my Muſe, will take the Air :
Unruly *Fancy*, with ſtrong *Judgment*, trace ;
Put in the nimble-footed *Wit*,
Smooth-pac'd *Eloquence* join with it :
Sound *Memory* with young *Invention* place ;
Harneſs all the winged Race :
Let the Poſtilion, *Nature*, mount,
The Coachman, *Art*, be ſet ;
And let the airy Footmen, running all beſide,
Make a long Row of goodly Pride.
Figures, *Conceits*, *Raptures*, and *Sentences*,
In a well-worded Dreſs ;
And innocent *Loves*, and pleaſant *Truths*, and artful *Lies*,
In all their gawdy Liveries.
Mount, glorious Queen ! thy trav'lling Throne,
And bid put on ;
For long, tho' chearful, is the Way,
And Life, alas ! allows but one ill Winter's Day ;
Where never Foot of Man nor Hoof of Beaſt
The Paſſage preſs'd ;
Where never Fiſh did fly,
And with ſhort ſilver Wings cut the low liquid Sky ;
Where Bird, with painted Oar, did ne'er
Row thro' the trackleſs Ocean of the Air.
Where never yet did pry
The buſy Morning's curious Eye,
The Wheels of thy bold Coach paſs quick and free,
And all's an open Road to thee ;
Whatever God did ſay,
In all thy plain and ſmooth uninterrupted Way :
Nay, ev'n beyond his Works thy Voyages are known,
Thou haſt ten thouſand Worlds too of thy own.
Thou ſpeak'ſt, great Queen ! in the ſame Style as he ;
And a new World leaps forth, when thou ſay'ſt, *Let it be.*
Thou fathom'ſt deep the Gulph of Ages paſt,
And can'ſt pluck up, with Eaſe,
The Years which thou doſt pleaſe ;
Like ſhipwreck'd Treaſures, by rude Tempeſts caſt

Long

Long ſince into the Sea,
Brought up again to Light and publick Uſe by thee.
Nor doſt thou only dive ſo low,
But fly,
With an unweary'd Wing, the other Way as high:
Where Fates among the Stars do grow,
There into the cloſe Neſts of Time doſt peep,
And there, with piercing Eye,
Thro' the firm Shell, and the thick White doſt ſpy
Times-to-come a forming lie,
Cloſe in their ſacred Secundine aſleep;
Till hatch'd by the Sun's vital Heat,
Which o'er them yet does brooding ſit,
They Life and Motion get:
And, ripe at laſt, with vig'rous Might,
Break thro' the Shell, and take their everlaſting Flight.
And ſure we may
The ſame too of the Preſent ſay,
If Paſt and Future Times do thee obey:
Thou ſtop'ſt this Current, and doſt make
The running River ſettle like a Lake;
Thy certain Hands hold faſt this ſlipp'ry Snake.
The Fruit, which does ſo quickly waſte,
Men ſcarce can ſee it, much leſs taſte,
Thou comfiteſt in Sweets to make it laſt.
This ſhining Piece of Ice,
Which melts ſo ſoon away,
With the Sun's Ray,
Thy Verſe does ſolidate and cryſtallize,
'Till it a laſting Mirrour be:
Nay, thy immortal Rhyme
Makes this one ſhort Point of Time
To fill up half the Orb of round Eternity.

Invocation of the MUSES.

Now, ere we venture to unfold
Atchievements ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhould, as learned Poets uſe,
Invoke th' Aſſiſtance of ſome Muſe:
We think 'tis no great Matter which;
They're all alike; yet we ſhall pitch
On one that fits our Purpoſe moſt,
Whom therefore thus we do accoſt.

Queen of all harmonious Things,
Dancing Words, and ſpeaking Strings,
What God, what Hero wilt thou ſing?
What happy Man to equal Glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble Choice; *(Cowl. Pind.*
And let the Hills around reflect the Image of thy Voice.
Now, *Erato*, thy Poet's Mind inſpire,
And fill his Soul with thy celeſtial Fire. *Dryd. Virg.*
And now the mighty Labour is begun,
Ye Muſes, open all your *Helicon*;
For well you know, and can record alone *(Virg.*
What Fame to future Time conveys but darkly down. *Dryd.*
Say, Virgins, ſeated round the Throne divine!
All-knowing Goddeſſes! Immortal Nine!
Since Earth's wide Regions, Heav'n's unmeaſur'd Height,
And Hell's Abyſs, hide nothing from your Sight,
(We, wretched Mortals! loſt in Doubts below,
But gueſs'd by Rumour, and but boaſt we know.
Daughters of *Jove*, aſſiſt! Inſpir'd by you,
The mighty Labour, dauntleſs, I purſue. *Pope Hom.*
Ye Muſes, ever fair, and ever young,
Aſſiſt my Numbers, and inſpire my Song:
For you in ſinging martial Facts excel;
You beſt remember, and alone can tell. *Dryd. Virg.*
Deſcend from Heav'n, *Urania!* by that Name
If rightly thou art call'd, whoſe Voice divine
Following, above th' *Olympian* Hill I ſoar;
Above the Flight of *Pegaſæan* Wing:
The Meaning, not the Name, I call; for thou
Nor of the Muſes nine, nor on the Top
Of old *Olympus* dwell'ſt; but, heav'nly-born,
Before the Hills appear'd, or Fountains flow'd,
Thou with Eternal Wiſdom didſt converſe;
Wiſdom, thy Siſter, and with her didſt play
In Preſence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celeſtial Song: Up-held by thee,
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have preſum'd,
An earthly Gueſt, and drawn Empyreal Air,
Thy Temp'ring: With like Safety guided down,
Return me to my native Element:
Leſt from this flying Steed unrein'd (as once
Bellerophon, tho' from a lower Clime)
Diſmounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall,
Erroneous, there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unſung, but narrower bound

Within

Within the viſible diurnal Sphere;
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
More ſafe I ſing with mortal Voice, unchang'd
To hoarſe or mute, tho' fall'n on evil Days,
On evil Days tho' fall'n and evil Tongues;
In Darkneſs, and with Dangers compaſs'd round,
And Solitude: Yet not alone, while thou
Viſit'ſt my Slumbers nightly, or when Morn
Purples the Eaſt; ſtill govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit Audience find, tho' few;
But drive far off the barb'rous Diſſonance
Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race
Of that wild Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
In *Rhodope*; where Woods and Rocks had Ears
To Rapture, till the ſavage Clamour drown'd
Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muſe defend
Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heav'nly, ſhe an empty Dream. *Milt.*

Thou that with Ale, or viler Liquors,
Didſt inſpire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*,
And force them, tho' it were in Spite
Of Nature and their Stars, to write;
Who, as we find in ſullen Writs,
And croſs-grain'd Works of modern Wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The Wonder of the Ignorant,
The Praiſes of the Author, penn'd
B' himſelf, or Wit-inſuring Friend,
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't;
All that is left o' th' forked Hill,
To make Men ſcribble without Skill:
Can'ſt make a Poet Spite of Fate,
And teach all People to tranſlate;
Tho' out of Languages in which
They underſtand no Part of Speech:
Aſſiſt me but this once I implore,
And I ſhall trouble thee no more. *Hud.*

MUSICK. See *Lute*, *Lyre*, *Poetry*, *Singing*.

Tell me, O Muſe! (for thou, or none, can'ſt tell)
The myſtick Pow'rs that in bleſt Numbers dwell.
At firſt a various unform'd Hint we find
Riſe in ſome Godlike Poet's fertile Mind,

Till all the Parts and Words their Places take;
And, with juſt Marches, Verſe and Muſick make.
Such was God's Poem, this World's new Eſſay;
So wild and rude in its firſt Draught it lay:
Th' ungovern'd Parts no Correſpondence knew,
And artleſs War from thwarting Motions grew,
Till they to Number and fix'd Rules were brought
By the eternal Mind's poetick Thought:
Water and Air he for the Tenour choſe,
Earth made the Baſe, the treble Flame aroſe:
To th' active Moon a quick briſk Stroke he gave,
To *Saturn*'s String a Touch more ſoft and grave:
The Motions, ſtreight, and round, and ſwift, and ſlow,
And ſhort, and long, were mix'd and woven ſo,
Did in ſuch artful Figures ſmoothly fall,
As made this decent meaſur'd Dance of All.
And this is Muſick. *Cowl.*

From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony,
This univerſal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony,
Thro' all the Compaſs of the Notes it ran,
The Diapaſon cloſing full in Man. *Dryd.*

And Man may juſtly tuneful Strains admire;
His Soul is Muſick, and his Breaſt a Lyre:
A Lyre, which, while its various Notes agree,
Enjoys the Sweets of its own Harmony.
In us rough Hatred with ſoft Love is join'd,
And ſprightly Hope with grov'ling Fear combin'd,
To form the Parts of our harmonious Mind.
What raviſhes the Soul, what charms the Ear,
Is Muſick, tho' a various Dreſs it wear.
Beauty is Muſick too, tho' in Diſguiſe;
Too fine to touch the Ear, it ſtrikes the Eyes,
And, thro' 'em, to the Soul the ſilent Stroke conveys.
'Tis Muſick heav'nly, ſuch as in a Sphere,
We only can admire, but cannot hear.
Nor is the Pow'r of Numbers leſs below,
By them all Humours yield, all Paſſions bow,
And ſtubborn Crouds are chang'd, yet know not how.
Let other Arts in ſenſeleſs Matter reign,
Mimick in Braſs, or with mix'd Juices ſtain;
Muſick, the mighty Artiſt, Man, can rule,
As long as it has Numbers, he a Soul,
And much as Man can thoſe mean Arts controul.

If Muſick be the Food of Love, play on:
That Strain again: It had a dying Fall:
Oh! it came o'er my Ear like a ſweet Sound
That breathes upon a Bank of Violets,
Stealing and giving Odours. *Shak. Twelfth Night.*

Muſick has Charms to ſooth a ſavage Breaſt,
To ſoften Rocks, and bend a knotted Oak:
I've read that Things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd (*Bride.*
By magick Numbers, and perſuaſive Sound. *Cong. Mourn.*

Let there be Muſick, let the Maſter touch
The ſprightly String, and ſoftly-breathing Flute;
Till Harmony rowze ev'ry gentle Paſſion!
Teach the cold Maid to loſe her Fears in Love,
And the fierce Youth to languiſh at her Feet.
Begin! Ev'n Age it ſelf is chear'd with Muſick,
It wakes a glad Remembrance of our Youth, (*Pen.*
Calls back paſt Joys, and warms us into Tranſport. *Rowe Fair*

The breathing Flutes ſoft Notes are heard around,
And the ſhrill Trumpets mix their ſilver Sound:
The vaulted Roofs with echoing Muſick ring;
Theſe touch the vocal Stop, and thoſe the trembling String.
Not thus *Amphion* tun'd the warbling Lyre,
Nor *Joab* the ſounding Clarion could inſpire;
Nor fierce *Theodamas*, whoſe ſprightly Strain
Could ſwell the Soul to Rage, and fire the martial Train.
(*Pope Jan. and May.*

Hear how *Timotheus'* various Lays ſurprize,
And bid alternate Paſſions fall and riſe;
While, at each Change, the Son of *Lybian Jove*
Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love.
Now his fierce Eyes with ſparkling Fury glow,
Now Sighs ſteal out, and Tears begin to flow:
Perſians and *Greeks* like Turns of Nature found,
And the World's Victor ſtood ſubdu'd by Sound.

'Twas at the Royal Feaſt for *Perſia* won
By *Philip's* warlike Son;
Aloft, in awful State,
The God-like Hero ſate
On his Imperial Throne.
His valiant Peers were plac'd around,
Their Brows with Roſes and with Myrtles bound,
(So ſhould Deſert in Arms be crown'd)

The lovely *Thais*, by his Side,
Sate like a blooming Eaſtern Bride,
In Flow'r of Youth, and Beauty's Pride.
Happy, happy, happy Pair;
None but the Brave, none but the Brave,
None but the Brave deſerves the Fair.
Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre;
The trembling Notes aſcend the Sky,
And heav'nly Joy inſpire.
The Song began from *Jove*,
Who left his bliſsful Seats above,
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love!)
A Dragon's firy Form bely'd the God:
Sublime on radiant Spires he rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* preſs'd;
And while he ſought her ſnowy Breaſt,
Then round her ſlender Waſte he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an Image of himſelf, a Sov'reign of the World.
The liſt'ning Croud admire the lofty Sound,
A preſent Deity! they ſhout around,
A preſent Deity! the vaulted Roofs rebound.
With raviſh'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the Spheres.
The Praiſe of *Bacchus* then the ſweet Muſician ſung,
Of *Bacchus*, ever fair and ever young.
The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums;
Flush'd with a purple Grace,
He ſhews his honeſt Face.
Now give the Hautboys Breath; he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking Joys did firſt ordain:
Bacchus' Bleſſings are Treaſure,
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleaſure;
Rich the Treaſure,
Sweet the Pleaſure,
Sweet is Pleaſure after Pain.
Sooth'd with the Sound, the King grew vain,
Fought all his Battels o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he ſlew the (Slain.

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The Maſter ſaw the Madneſs riſe,
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And, while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride:
He choſe a mournful Muſe,
Soft Pity to infuſe:
He ſung *Darius* great and good,
By too ſevere a Fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high Eſtate,
And welt'ring in his Blood;
Deſerted, at his utmoſt Need,
By thoſe his former Bounty fed:
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
With not a Friend to cloſe his Eyes.
With down-caſt Looks the joyleſs Victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance below;
And now and then a Sigh he ſtole,
And Tears began to flow.
The mighty Maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That Love was in the next Degree;
'Twas but a kindred Sound to move,
For Pity melts the Soul to Love.
Softly ſweet, in *Lydian* Meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his Soul to Pleaſures:
War, he ſung, is Toil and Trouble,
Honour but an empty Bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning;
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
If the World be worth thy Winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely *Thais* ſits beſide thee;
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.
The Many rend the Skies with loud Applauſe;
So Love was crown'd; but Muſick won the Cauſe.
The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair
Who caus'd his Care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.
At length, with Wine and Love at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd Victor ſunk upon her Breaſt.

Now

Now ſtrike the golden Lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain;
Break his Bands of Sleep aſunder,
And rowze him like a rattling Peal of Thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head;
As awak'd from the Dead,
And, amaz'd, he ſtares round.
Revenge! Revenge! *Timotheus* cries,
See the *Furies* ariſe!
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flaſh from their Eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand!
Theſe are *Grecian* Ghoſts that in Battel were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious, on the Plain;
Give the Vengeance due
To the valiant Crew:
Behold how they toſs their Torches on high,
How they point to the *Perſian* Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their hoſtile Gods!
The Princes applaud with a furious Joy,
And the King ſeiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to deſtroy:
Thais led the Way,
To light him to his Prey;
And, like another *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.
Thus long ago,
Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute,
And ſounding Lyre,
Could ſwell the Soul to Rage, or kindle ſoft Deſire. *Dryd.*
Thus *David*'s Lyre did *Saul*'s wild Rage controul,
And tune the harſh Diſorders of his Soul.
His Sheep would ſcorn their Food to hear his Lay,
And ſavage Beaſts ſtand by as tame as they.
Rivers, whoſe Waves roll'd down aloud before,
Mute as their Fiſh, would liſten tow'rds the Shore. *Cowl.*
The Groves rejoyc'd the *Thracian* Verſe to hear;
In vain did Nature bid them ſtay:
When *Orpheus* had his Song begun,

They

They call'd their wond'ring Roots away,
And bade them ſilent to him ruu. *Cowl.*

For *Orpheus'* Lute could ſoften Steel and Stone,
Make Tigers tame, and huge Leviathans
Forſake unſounded Deeps, and dance on Sands. *Shak. The two Gent. of* Verona.

Th' unhappy Husband, Husband now no more,
Did on his tuneful Harp his Loſs deplore,
And ſought his mournful Mind with Muſick to reſtore.
On thee, dear Wife, in Deſarts all alone,
He call'd, ſigh'd, ſung: His Griefs with Day begun,
Nor were they finiſh'd with the ſetting Sun.
Ev'n to the dark Dominions of the Night
He took his Way, thro' Foreſts void of Light;
And dar'd amidſt the trembling Ghoſts to ſing,
And ſtood before th' inexorable King.
Th' infernal Manſions, nodding, ſeem to dance;
The gaping three-mouth'd Dog forgets to ſnarl;
The *Furies* hearken, and their Snakes uncurl:
Ixion ſeems no more his Pains to feel,
But leans attentive on his ſtanding Wheel. *Dryd Virg.*

MYRRHA.

Meanwhile (*) the miſ-begotten Infant grows,
And, ripe for Birth, diſtends with deadly Throes
The ſwelling Rind, with unavailing Strife,
To leave the wooden Womb, and puſhes into Life.
The Mother-Tree, as if oppreſs'd with Pain,
Writhes here and there to break the Bark in vain;
And, like a lab'ring Woman, would have pray'd,
But wants a Voice to call *Lucina's* Aid.
The bending Bole ſends out a hollow Sound,
And trickling Tears fall thick upon the Ground.
The mild *Lucina* came uncall'd, and ſtood
Beſide the ſtruggling Boughs, and heard the groaning Wood;
Then reach'd her Midwife-Hand to ſpeed the Throes,
And ſpoke the pow'rful Spells that Babes to Birth diſcloſe.
The Bark divides the living Load to free,
And ſafe delivers the convulſive Tree. *Dryd. Ovid.*

(*) *The Poets feign that* Myrrha *was got with Child by her Father, and deliver'd after ſhe was chang'd into a Tree.*

NATURE *and* ART. *See* Painting.

Unerring Nature, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal Light,
Life, Force, and Beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the Source, and End, and Teſt of Art.
Art from that Fund each juſt Supply provides,
Works without Show, and without Pomp preſides:
In ſome fair Body thus the ſecret Soul
With Spirits feeds, with Vigour fills the Whole,
Each Motion guides, and ev'ry Nerve ſuſtains;
It ſelf unſeen, but in th' Effect remains. *Pope.*

Let Art uſe Method and good Huſbandry:
Art lives on Nature's Alms, is weak and poor;
Nature her ſelf has unexhauſted Store;
Wallows in Wealth, and runs a turning Maze,
That no vulgar Eye can trace:
Art, inſtead of mounting high,
About her humble Food does hov'ring fly;
Like the ignoble Crow, Rapine and Noiſe does love;
While Nature, like the ſacred Bird of *Jove*,
Now bears loud Thunder, and anon, with ſilent Joy,
The beauteous *Phrygian* Boy:
Defeats the ſtrong, o'ertakes the flying Prey;
And ſometimes baſks in th' open Flames of Day;
And ſometimes too he ſhrowds
His ſoaring Wings among the Clouds. *Cowl.*

NECROMANCER. See *Witch.*

Him have I ſeen (on *Iſter*'s Banks he ſtood,
Where laſt we winter'd) bind the headlong Flood
In ſudden Ice; and, where moſt ſwift it flows,
In cryſtal Nets the wond'ring Fiſhes cloſe:
Then, with a Moment's Thaw, the Stream enlarge,
And from the Meſh the twinkling Gueſts diſcharge.
In a deep Vale, or near ſome ruin'd Wall,
He would the Ghoſts of ſlaughter'd Soldiers call;
Who flow to wounded Bodies did repair,
And, loth to enter, ſhiver'd in the Air:
Theſe his dread Wand did to ſhort Life compel,
And forc'd the Fates of Battel to foretel.
In a lone Tent, all hung with Black, I ſaw
Where in a Square he did a Circle draw:
Four Angles, made by that Circumference,
Bore holy Words inſcrib'd of myſtick Senſe:

When firſt a hollow Wind began to blow,
The Sky grew black, and belly'd down more low;
Around the Field did nimble Lightning play,
Which offer'd us by Fits, and ſnatch'd the Day.
'Midſt this was heard the ſhrill and tender Cry
Of well-pleas'd Ghoſts, which in the Storm did fly,
Danc'd to and fro, and ſkim'd along the Ground,
Till to the magick Circle they were bound. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

By my rough Magick I have oft bedimm'd
The Noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous Winds;
And 'twixt the green Sea and the azure Vault
Set roaring War: To the dread rattling Thunder
Have I giv'n Fire; and rifted *Jove*'s ſtout Oak
With his own Bolt. Graves, at my Command,
Have wak'd their Sleepers, op'd, and let them forth
By my ſo potent Art. *Shak. Temp.*

Let the dark Myſteries of Hell begin.
Chuſe the darkeſt Part o' th' Grove,
Such as Ghoſts at Noon-day love:
Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh
Where the Bones of *Laius* lie:
Altars rais'd of Turf or Stone
Will th' infernal Powers have none.
Is the Sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the Pit:
Draw the barren Heifer back;
Barren let her be and black.
Cut the curled Hair that grows
Full between her Horns and Brows:
Pour in Blood, and Blood-like Wine,
To *Mother-Earth* and *Proſerpine*.
Mingle Milk into the Stream,
Feaſt the Ghoſts that love the Steam.
Snatch a Brand from fun'ral Pile;
Toſs it in, to make 'em boil:
And turn your Faces from the Sun.
Anſwer me, if all be done? *Dryd. Oedip.*

NEPTUNE.

Neptune, the Ruler of the Seas profound,
Whoſe liquid Arms the mighty Globe ſurround. *Pope Hom.*
Neptune, the hoary Monarch of the Deep! *Pope Hom.*
Strong God of Ocean! thou, whoſe Rage can make
The ſolid Earth's eternal Baſis ſhake. *Pope Hom.*

Where-

Where-e'er the Sun's refulgent Rays are caſt,
Thy Pow'r is honour'd, and thy Fame ſhall laſt. *Pope Hom.*
His finny Train *Saturnian Neptune* joins;
Then adds the foamy Bridles to their Jaws,
And to the looſen'd Reins permits the Laws.
High on the Waves his azure Car he guides;
Its Axles thunder, and the Sea ſubſides,
And the ſmooth Ocean rolls her ſilent Tides.
The Tempeſts fly before their Father's Face;
Trains of inferior Gods his Triumph grace:
And Monſter-Whales before their Maſter play,
And Quires of *Tritons* crowd the watry Way.
The marſhal'd Pow'rs in equal Troops divide
To Right and Left; the Gods his better Side (*Virg.*
Incloſe, and on the worſe the Nymphs and *Nereids* ride. *Dry.*
When thus the Father of the Flood appears,
And o'er the Seas his ſov'reign Trident rears,
Their Fury falls; he ſkims the liquid Plains,
High on his Chariot, and with looſen'd Reins (*Virg.*
Majeſtick moves along, and awful Peace maintains. *Dryd.*

NIGHT.

Darkneſs now roſe, and brought in louring Night,
Her ſhadowy Off-ſpring, unſubſtantial both,
Privation mere of Light, and abſent Day. *Milt.*
The Night deſcends, (*Brut.*
With her black Wings to brood o'er all the World. *Lee L. J.*
And now from End to End
Night's Hemiſphere had veil'd th' Horizon round. *Milt.*
Now deep in Ocean ſunk the Lamp of Light,
And drew behind the cloudy Veil of Night. *Pope Hom.*
Now Night, advancing, draws her ſable Train
Along the Air, and ſhades th' ethereal Plain. *Blac.*
The weary Sun, as learned Poets write,
Forſook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the Light;
While glitt'ring Stars his abſent Beams ſupply, (*and Man.*
And Night's dark Mantle overſpreads the Sky. *Pope Jan.*
The Night began to ſpread her gloomy Veil,
And call'd the counted Sheep from ev'ry Dale:
The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd, (*Virg.*
And to prevailing Shades the murm'ring World reſign'd. *Roſc.*
Soon as with gentle Sighs the Ev'ning Breeze
Begun to whiſper thro' the murm'ring Trees;

And Night had wrapt in Shades the Mountains Heads,
While Winds lay huſh'd in ſubterraneán Beds. *Gar.*

Now Night had ſhed her ſilver Drops around,
And with her ſable Wings embrac'd the Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now had the Sun withdrawn his radiant Light,
And Hills were hid in duſky Shades of Night. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now dewy Night
New-decks the Face of Heav'n with ſtarry Light. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now her brown Wings the ſilent Night diſplays,
Night, ſprinkled o'er with *Cynthia*'s ſilver Rays:
Silence and Darkneſs all to Reſt invite,
And Sleep's ſoft Chains make faſt the Gates of Light. *Blac.*

Mean while the rapid Heav'ns roll'd down the Light,
And on the ſhaded Ocean ruſh'd the Night. *Dryd. Virg.*

'Twas at an Hour when buſy Nature lay
Diſſolv'd in Slumbers from the noiſy Day:
When gloomy Shades and duſky Atoms ſpread
A Darkneſs o'er the univerſal Bed,
And all the gaudy Beams of Light were fled. *Dorſ.*

And now the Night does her black Throne aſcend,
And duſky Shades her ſilent State attend;
While pale-fac'd *Cynthia*, with her ſtarry Train,
Dart down their trembling Luſtre on the Main;
The weary Lab'rers their ſtiff Limbs repoſe,
And Sleep's ſoft Hands their drowſy Eye-lids cloſe. *Blac.*

When the ſtill Night, with peaceful Poppies crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady Pinions o'er the Ground;
And ſlumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
While Groves and Streams are the ſoft Virgin's Theme;
The Surges gently daſh againſt the Shore,
Flocks quit the Plains, and Galley-Slaves the Oar;
Sleep ſhakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes. *Gar.*

'Tis Night; the Seaſon when the Happy take
Repoſe, and only Wretches are awake:
Now diſcontented Ghoſts begin their Rounds,
Haunt ruin'd Buildings and unwholeſome Grounds;
Or at the Curtains of the Reſtleſs wait,
To frighten them with ſome ſad Tale of Fate. *Otw. Don Carl.*

The Sun grew low, and left the Skies,
Put down, ſome ſay, by Ladies Eyes;
The Moon pull'd off her Veil of Light,
That hides her Face, by Day, from Sight:
(Myſterious Veil, of Brightneſs made,
That's both her Luſtre and her Shade)

And

And in the Night as freely ſhone,
As if her Rays had been her own:
For Darkneſs is the proper Sphere
Where all falſe Glories uſe t' appear.
The twinkling Stars began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd Luſtre:
While Sleep the weary'd World reliev'd,
By counterfeiting Death reviv'd.
For Night's the Sabbath of Mankind,
To reſt the Body and the Mind. *Hud.*

Midnight.

The Night, proceeding on with ſilent Pace,
Stood in her Noon, and view'd, with equal Face,
Her ſteepy Riſe and her declining Race. *Dryd. Virg.*
The Steeds of Night had travel'd half the Sky. *Dry. Virg.*
Now had Night meaſur'd, with her ſhad'wy Cone,
Half way up-hill this vaſt ſublunar Vault. *Milt.*
It was the Time when the ſtill Moon
Was mounted ſoftly to her Noon. *Cowl.*
Now all is huſh'd, as Nature were retir'd,
And the perpetual Motion ſtanding ſtill;
So much ſhe from her Work appears to ceaſe,
And ev'ry warring Element's at Peace:
All the wild Herds are in their Coverts couch'd;
The Fiſhes to their Banks or Ooze repair'd,
And to the Murmurs of the Waters ſleep:
The feeling Air's at reſt, and feels no Noiſe,
Except of ſome ſhort Breaths upon the Trees,
Rocking the harmleſs Birds that reſt upon them. *Otw. Orph.*
'Twas ſtill, low Ebb of Night, when not a Star
Was twinkling in the muffled Hemiſphere;
But all around in horrid Darkneſs mourn'd,
As if old *Chaos* were again return'd;
When not one Gleam of the eternal Light
Shot thro' the ſolid Darkneſs of the Night:
In diſmal Silence Nature ſeem'd to ſleep,
And all the Winds were bury'd in the Deep:
No whiſp'ring *Zephyrus* aloft did blow,
No warring Boughs were murmuring below:
No falling Waters daſh'd, no Rivers purl'd,
But all conſpir'd to huſh the drowſy World. *Dorſ.*
'Twas in the Dead of Night, when Sleep repairs (*Virg.*
Our Bodies worn with Toils, our Minds with Cares. *Dryd.*

Dogs ceaſe to bark, the Waves more faintly roar,
And roll themſelves aſleep upon the Shore. *Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

'Twas Night, when Nature was in Sables dreſs'd;
Tempeſtuous Winds in hollow Caves did reſt.
Impending Rocks with Slumber ſeem'd to bow,
And drowſy Mountains hung their heavy Brow:
The weary Waves roll'd nodding on the Deep, *(Blac.*
Or, ſtretch'd on oozy Beds, they murmur'd in their Sleep.

'Tis Night, dead Night, and weary Nature lies
So faſt, as if ſhe never were to riſe:
No Breath of Wind now whiſpers thro' the Trees,
No Noiſe at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas:
Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon;
No wakeful Dogs bark at the ſilent Moon;
Nor bay the Ghoſts that glide with Horrour by,
To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie:
The Ravens perch, and no Preſages give,
Nor to the Windows of the Dying cleave:
The Owls forget to ſcream; no Midnight Sound
Calls drowſy Echo from the hollow Ground.
In Vaults the waking Fires extinguiſh'd lie;
The Stars, Heav'n's Centry, wink, and ſeem to die. *Lee Theod.*

'Twas Dead of Night, when weary Bodies cloſe
Their Eyes in balmy Sleep and ſoft Repoſe.
The Winds no longer whiſper thro' the Woods,
Nor murm'ring Tides diſturb the gentle Floods:
The Stars, in ſilent Order, mov'd around;
And Peace, with downy Wings, was brooding on the Ground.
The Flocks, and Herds, and parti-colour'd Fowl,
Which haunt the Woods, or ſwim the weedy Pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet Earth, ſecurely lay,
Forgetting the paſt Labours of the Day. *Dryd. Virg.*

All Things are huſh'd, as Nature's ſelf lay dead;
The Mountains ſeem to nod their drowſy Head:
The little Birds, in Dreams, their Songs repeat,
And ſleeping Flow'rs beneath the Night-Dew ſweat:
Ev'n Luſt and Envy ſleep. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

All Things are huſh'd, as when the Drawers tread
Softly to ſteal the Key from Maſter's Head;
The dying Snuffs do twinkle in their Urns,
As 'twere the Socket, not the Candle, burns:
The little Foot-boy ſnores upon the Stair,
And greaſy Cook-maid ſweats in Elbow-Chair:
No Coach nor Link is heard. *Rate.*

NIGHT.

NIGHTINGALE. See *Creation, Light.*

The Night-warbling Bird
Tunes ſweeteſt her Love-labour'd Song. *Milt.*
She all Night long her am'rous Deſcant ſings,
Trills her thick-warbled Notes the Summer long. *Milt.*
So, cloſe in Poplar Shades, her Children gone,
The Mother Nightingale laments alone:
Whoſe Neſt ſome prying Churl had found, and thence,
By Stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd Innocence.
But ſhe ſupplies the Night with mournful Strains,
And melancholy Muſick fills the Plains. *Dryd. Virg.*
Thus, in ſome Poplar Shade, the Nightingale,
With piercing Moans does her loſt Young bewail:
Which the rough Hind, obſerving as they lay
Warm in their downy Neſt, had ſtol'n away:
But ſhe in mournful Sounds does ſtill complain,
Sings all the Night, tho' all her Songs are vain,
And ſtill renews her miſerable Strain. *Lee Theod.*
So when the Nightingale to Reſt removes,
The Thruſh may chaunt to the forſaken Groves;
But, charm'd to Silence, liſtens while ſhe ſings,
And all th' aerial Audience clap their Wings. *Pope.*

NOBILITY. See *Baſtard.*

Nobility of Blood
Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious Good:
The Nobleman is he, whoſe noble Mind
Is fill'd with in-bred Worth, unborrow'd from his Kind.
The King of Heav'n was in a Manger laid,
And took his Earth but from an humble Maid:
Then what can Birth on mortal Men beſtow,
Since Floods no higher than their Fountains flow?
We, who for Name and empty Honour ſtrive,
Our true Nobility from him derive.
Your Anceſtors, who puff your Mind with Pride,
And vaſt Eſtates, to mighty Titles ty'd,
Did not your Honour, but their own, advance;
For Virtue comes not by Inheritance:
If you tralin'ate from your Father's Mind,
What are you elſe but of a Baſtard Kind?
Do as your great Progenitors have done, *(Bath's Tale.*
And by your Virtues prove your ſelf their Son. *Dryd. Wife of*

Vir-

Virtue alone is true Nobility:
Let your own Acts immortalize your Name;
'Tis poor relying on another's Fame:
For take the Pillars but away, and all
The Superſtructure muſt in Ruins fall:
As a Vine droops, when by Divorce remov'd
From the Embraces of the Elm ſhe lov'd. *Step. Juv.*
Search we the Springs,
And backward trace the Principles of Things;
There ſhall we find, that, when the World began,
One common Maſs compos'd the Mould of Man;
One Paſte of Fleſh on all Degrees beſtow'd,
And kneaded up alike with moiſt'ning Blood.
The ſame Almighty Power inſpir'd the Frame
With kindled Life, and form'd the Souls the ſame;
The Faculties of Intellect and Will
Diſpens'd with equal Hand, diſpos'd with equal Skill;
Like Liberty indulg'd with Choice of Good or Ill.
Thus born alike, from Virtue firſt began
The Diff'rence that diſtinguiſh'd Man from Man.
He claim'd no Title from Deſcent of Blood;
But that which made him noble, made him good.
Warm'd with more Particles of heav'nly Flame,
He wing'd his upward Flight, and ſoar'd to Fame;
The reſt remain'd below, a Tribe without a Name.
This Law, tho' Cuſtom now diverts the Courſe,
As Nature's Inſtitute, is yet in Force:
Uncancel'd, tho' diſus'd: And he whoſe Mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble Kind;
Tho' poor in Fortune, of celeſtial Race:
And he commits the Crime who calls him baſe.
Ev'n mighty Monarchs oft are meanly born,
And Kings by Birth to loweſt Rank return:
All ſubject to the Pow'r of giddy Chance;
For Fortune can depreſs, and can advance.
But true Nobility is of the Mind, *(Sig. & Guiſ. Dryd.*
Not giv'n by Chance, and not to Chance reſign'd.
No Father can infuſe or Wit or Grace;
A Mother comes acroſs, and marrs the Race;
A Grandſire or a Grandame taints the Blood;
And ſeldom three Deſcents continue good.
Were Virtue by Deſcent, a noble Name
Could never vilinize his Father's Fame:

But, as the firſt, the laſt of all the Line,
Would, like the Sun, ev'n in deſcending ſhine.
Nobility of Blood is but Renown
Of thy great Fathers, by their Virtue known,
And a long Trail of Light to thee deſcending down.
If in thy Smoke it ends, their Glories ſhine, *(Tale.*
But Infamy and Vilenage are thine. *Dryd. Wife of Bath's*
And ſtill more publick Scandal Vice extends,
As he is Great and Noble who offends. *Step. Juv.*

Faireſt Piece of well-form'd Earth,
Urge not thus your haughty Birth.
The Pow'r which you have o'er us lies
Not in your Race, but in your Eyes.
The Sap, which at the Root is bred,
In Trees, thro' all the Boughs is ſpread;
But Virtues, which in Parents ſhine,
Make not like Progreſs thro' the Line.
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden Seeds of native Worth:
They blow thoſe Sparks, and make 'em riſe
Into ſuch Flames as touch the Skies.
To the old Heroes hence was giv'n
A Pedigree that reach'd to Heav'n.
Of mortal Seed they were not held,
Who other Mortals ſo excell'd:
And Beauty too, in ſuch Exceſs
As yours, *Zelinda*, claims no leſs.
Smile but on me, and you ſhall ſcorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can deſcribe the ſhady Grove,
Where your lov'd Mother ſlept with *Jove*;
And yet excuſe the faultleſs Dame,
Caught with her Spouſe's Shape and Name.
Thy matchleſs Form will Credit bring
To all the Wonders I ſhall ſing. *Wall.*

NOON.

The firy Sun has finiſh'd half his Race. *Dryd. Virg.*
The ſouthing Sun inflames the Day,
And the dry Herbage thirſts for Dews in vain;
And Sheep, in Shades, avoid the parching Plain. *Dryd. Virg.*
The full blazing Sun
Does now ſit high in his meridian Tow'r;
Shoots down direct his fervid Rays, to warm
Earth's inmoſt Womb. *Milt.*

NO-

NOTHING.

Nothing, thou elder Brother ev'n to Shade!
Thou had'ſt a Being ere the World was made,
And, well-fix'd, art alone of ending not afraid.
Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not;
When primitive Nothing Something ſtrait begot:
Then all proceeded from the great united——What?
Something, the nat'ral Attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its ſole Original,
Into thy boundleſs Self muſt undiſtinguiſh'd fall.
Yet Something did thy mighty Pow'r command,
And from thy fruitful Emptineſs's Hand
Snatch'd Men, Beaſts, Birds, Fire, Water, Air, and Land.
Matter, the wicked'ſt Offſpring of thy Race,
By Form aſſiſted, flew from thy Embrace,
And Rebel Light obſcur'd thy rev'rend duſky Face.
With Form and Matter Time and Place did join;
Body, thy Foe, with theſe did Leagues combine,
To ſpoil thy peaceful Reign, and ruin all thy Line.
Yet Turn-coat Time aſſiſts thy Foes in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, deſtroys their ſhort-liv'd Reign;
And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again.
Theſe Myſteries are barr'd from Laicks Eyes,
And the Divine alone with Warrant pries
Into thy Boſom, where the Truth in private lies;
Yet this of thee the Wiſe may truly ſay,
Thou from the Virtuous nothing tak'ſt away;
And to be Part of thee the Wicked wiſely pray.
Great Negative! how vainly would the Wiſe
Enquire, define, diſtinguiſh, teach, deviſe,
Did'ſt thou not ſtand to point their dull Philoſophies!
Is, or is not? the two great Ends of Fate;
And true or falſe, the Subject of Debate,
That perfect or deſtroy the vaſt Deſigns of Fate;
When they have rack'd the Politician's Breaſt,
Within thy Boſom moſt ſecurely reſt,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are leaſt unſafe and beſt.
Nothing, who dwell'ſt with Fools in grave Diſguiſe,
For whom they rev'rend Shapes and Forms deviſe,
Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they, like
(thee, look wiſe.
French Truth, *Dutch* Proweſs, *Britiſh* Policy,
Hibernian Learning, *Scotch* Civility,
Spaniards Diſpatch, *Danes* Wit, are mainly ſeen in thee.

The Great Man's Gratitude to his beſt Friend,
King's Promiſes, Whores Vows, to thee they tend,
Flow ſwiftly into thee, and in thee ever end. *Rooh.*

NOVELTY.

All Novelties muſt this Succeſs expect,
When good, our Envy; and when bad, Neglect. *Gar.*
Actions of the laſt Age, are like Almanacks of the laſt Year;
And, when remote in Time, like Objects
Remote in Place, are not beheld at half their Greatneſs:
And what is new, finds better Acceptation
Than what is good and great. *Denh. Sophy.*

NUNNERY.

Oh! ſhut me in a Cloyſter: There, well-pleas'd,
Religious Hardſhips I will learn to bear,
To faſt and freeze at Midnight Hours of Pray'r:
Nor think it hard within a lonely Cell,
With melancholy ſpeechleſs Saints to dwell;
But bleſs the Day I to that Refuge ran, *Rowe Fair Pen.*
Free from the Marriage-Chain, and from that Tyrant, Man.
Some ſolitary Cloyſter will I chuſe,
And there with holy Virgins live immur'd:
Coarſe my Attire, and ſhort ſhall be my Sleep,
Broke by the melancholy midnight Bell:
There hoard up ev'ry Moment of my Life,
To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears.
Faſting, and Tears, and Penitence, and Pray'r,
Shall do dead *Sancho* Juſtice ev'ry Hour:
Till ev'n fierce *Raymond* at the laſt ſhall ſay,
Now let her die, for ſhe has griev'd enough. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

OAK. See *Fighting at Sea, Trees.*

The Monarch Oak, the Patriarch of Trees,
Shoots riſing up, and ſpreads by ſlow Degrees:
Three Centuries he grows, and three he ſtays
Supreme in State; and in three more decays. *Dryd. Ovid.*
Jove's own Tree,
That holds the Woods in awful Sov'reignty,
Requires a Depth of Lodging in the Ground,
And, next the lower Skies, a Bed profound:
High as his topmoſt Boughs to Heav'n aſcend,
So low his Roots to Hell's Dominion tend;

There-

Therefore nor Winds, nor Winter's Rage o'erthrows
His bulky Body, but unmov'd he grows:
For Length of Ages laſts his happy Reign,
And Lives of mortal Man contend with his in vain.
Full in the Midſt of his own Strength he ſtands,
Stretching his brawny Arms and leafy Hands, *Dryd. Virg.*
His Shade protects the Plains, his Head the Hills commands.

As a tall Oak, that young and verdant ſtood
Above the Grove, it ſelf a nobler Wood,
His wide-extended Limbs the Foreſt drown'd,
Shading its Trees, as much as they the Ground.
Young murm'ring Tempeſts in his Boughs are bred,
And gath'ring Clouds frown round his lofty Head:
Outrageous Thunder, ſtormy Winds, and Rain,
Diſcharge their Fury on his Head in vain:
Earthquakes below, and Lightnings from above,
Rend not his Trunk, nor his fix'd Root remove.
But then his Strength worn by deſtructive Age,
He can no more his angry Foes engage:
He ſpreads to Heav'n his naked wither'd Arms,
As Aid imploring from invading Harms:
From his diſhonour'd Head the lighteſt Storm
Can tear his Beauties, and his Limbs deform;
He rocks with ev'ry Wind, while on the Ground
Dry Leafs and broken Arms lie ſcatter'd round. *Blac.*

As when the Winds their airy Quarrel try,
Juſtling from ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,
This Way and that the Mountain-Oak they bend;
His Boughs they ſhatter, and his Branches rend:
With Leafs and falling Maſt they ſpread the Ground,
The hollow Valleys echo to the Sound:
Unmov'd the Royal Plant their Fury mocks,
Or, ſhaken, clings more cloſely to the Rocks.
Far as he ſhoots his tow'ring Head on high,
So deep in Earth his fix'd Foundations lie. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus two tall Oaks, that *Padus'* Banks adorn,
Lift up to Heav'n their leafy Heads unſhorn;
And, over-preſs'd with Nature's heavy Load, (*Virg.*
Dance to the whiſtling Winds, and at each other nod. *Dryd.*

As two tall Oaks they riſe;
Their Roots in Earth, their Heads amidſt the Skies;
Whoſe ſpreading Arms, with leafy Honours crown'd,
Forbid the Tempeſt, and protect the Ground:

High

High on the Hills appears their ſtately Form,
And their deep Roots for ever brave the Storm. *Pope Hom.*
As the ſtout Oak, when round his Trunk the Vine
Does in ſoft Wreaths and am'rous Foldings twine,
Eaſy and ſlight appears: The Winds from far
Summon their noiſy Forces to the War.
But tho' ſo gentle ſeems his outward Form,
His hidden Strength outbraves the loudeſt Storm:
Firmer he ſtands, and boldly keeps the Field;
Showing ſtout Minds, when unprovok'd, are mild. *Hud.*
So when a noble Oak, that long has ſtood
High in the Air, the Beauty of the Wood,
Is ſhock'd by ſtormy Winds, he either Way
Bends to the Earth his Head with mighty Sway:
His lab'ring Roots diſturb the neighb'ring Ground,
And make a heaving Earthquake all around;
Yet faſt he ſtands, and the loud Storm defies,
His Roots ſtill keep the Earth, his Head the Skies. *Blac.*

OATH.

Oaths are but Words, and Words but Wind;
Too feeble Implements to bind:
And Saints, whom Oaths or Vows oblige,
Know little of their Privilege.
For if the Dev'l, to ſerve his Turn,
Can tell Truth; why the Saints ſhould ſcorn,
When it ſerves theirs, to ſwear and lye,
I think there's little Reaſon why. *Hud.*
We're not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely at all to ſwear;
But to ſwear idly and in vain,
Without Self-Intereſt or Gain:
For breaking of an Oath, and Lying,
Is but a kind of Self-denying. *Hud.*
Oaths were not purpos'd more than Law,
To keep the Juſt and Good in Awe;
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
Like moral Cattle in a Pinfold. *Hud.*
If Oaths can do a Man no Good
In his own Buſ'neſs, why they ſhould
In other Matters do him Hurt,
I think there's little Reaſon for't. *Hud.*
He that impoſes an Oath, makes it,
Not he that for Convenience takes it:

Then

Then how can any Man be ſaid
To break an Oath he never made? *Hud.*

OBSTINATE.

So ſullenly addicted ſtill
To's only Principle, his Will;
That whatſoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
No Force of Argument could move;
Nor Law, nor Cavalcade of *Holborn*,
Could render half a Grain leſs ſtubborn:
For he at any Time would hang,
For th' Opportunity t' harangue;
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Than miſs his dear Delight, to wrangle:
In which his Parts were ſo accompliſh'd,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was non-plus'd;
But ſtill his Tongue ran on, the leſs
Of Weight it bore, with greater Eaſe;
And with its everlaſting Clack,
Set all Mens Ears upon the Rack.
No ſooner could a Hint appear,
But up he ſtarted to picketeer;
And made the ſtouteſt yield to Mercy,
When he engag'd in Controverſy:
Not by the Force of carnal Reaſon,
But indefatigable Teazing;
With Volleys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanſwerable:
For tho' his Topicks, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a Freak,
He ſtill maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
Againſt the deſperat'ſt Aſſaults;
And back'd their feeble Want of Senſe
With greater Heat and Confidence:
As Bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they're cudgel'd, grow the ſtiffer. *Hud.*
He ſtill reſolv'd, to mend the Matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obſtinater:
And ſtill the ſkittiſher and looſer
His Freaks appear'd, to ſit the cloſer. *Hud.*
For Fools are ſtubborn in their Way,
As Coins are harden'd by th' Allay:
And Obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief. *Hud.*

OEDI-

OEDIPUS tearing out his Eyes.

Thrice he ſtruck
With all his Force his hollow groaning Breaſt,
And thus with Outcries to himſelf complain'd:
But thou can'ſt weep then? and thou think'ſt 'tis well!
Theſe Bubbles of the ſhallow'ſt emptieſt Sorrow,
Which Children vent for Toys, and Women rain
For any Trifle their fond Hearts are ſet on:
Yet theſe, thou think'ſt, are ample Satisfaction
For bloodieſt Murder, and for burning Luſt!
No, Parricide! if thou muſt weep, weep Blood,
Weep Eyes inſtead of Tears! O, by the Gods!
'Tis greatly thought, he cries, and fits my Woes.
With that he ſmil'd revengefully, and leap'd
Upon the Floor; thence gazing on the Skies,
His Eye-balls firy red, and glowing Vengeance:
Gods! I accuſe you not, tho' I no more
Will view your Heav'n, till with more durable Glaſſes,
The mighty Soul's immortal Perſpectives,
I find your dazling Beings. Take, he cry'd,
Take, Eyes, your laſt, your fatal farewel View;
Then with a Groan that ſeem'd the Call of Death,
With horrid Force, lifting his impious Hands,
He ſnatch'd, he tore from out their bloody Orbs
The Balls of Sight, and daſh'd 'em on the Ground. *Lee Oed.*

OLD AGE. See *Death, Dying of Old Age, Youth.*

Some few, by Temp'rance taught, approaching ſlow,
To diſtant Fate by eaſie Journeys go:
Gently they lay them down, as Ev'ning Sheep
On their own woolly Fleeces ſoftly ſleep.
So noiſeleſs would I live, ſuch Death to find;
Like timely Fruit, not ſhaken by the Wind,
But ripely dropping from the ſapleſs Bough,
And, dying, nothing to my ſelf would owe.
Thus daily changing, with a duller Taſte
Of leſſ'ning Joys, I by Degrees would waſte,
Still quitting Ground by unperceiv'd Decay, *(of Inn.*
And ſteal my ſelf from Life, and melt away. *Dryd. State*

How happy is the Ev'ning Tide of Life,
When Phlegm has quench'd our Paſſions, trifling out
The feeble Remnant of our ſilly Days
In Follies, ſuch as Dotage beſt is pleas'd with!

Free

Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares
That toſs the thoughtful, active, buſy Mind! *Otw. Cai. Mar.*
For Youth it ſelf's an empty wav'ring State:
Cool Age advances venerably wiſe,
Turns on all Hands its deep-diſcerning Eyes,
Sees what befel, and what may yet befall;
Concludes from both, and beſt provides for all. *Pope. Hom.*
But Heav'n its Gifts not all at once beſtows,
Theſe Years with Wiſdom crowns, with Action thoſe.
The Field of Combate fits the Young and Bold;
The ſolemn Council beſt becomes the Old:
To Youth the glorious Conflict I reſign,
Let ſage Advice, the Palm of Age, be mine. *Pope Hom.*
The Soul, with nobler Reſolutions deck'd,
The Body ſtooping, does herſelf erect.
Clouds of Affections from our younger Eyes
Conceal that Happineſs which Age deſcries.
The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made.
Stronger by Weakneſs, wiſer Men become,
As they draw near to their eternal Home.
Leaving the old, both Worlds at once they view,
That ſtand upon the Threſhold of the new. *Wall.*
We yet may ſee the old Man in a Morning,
Luſty as Health, come ruddy to the Field,
And there purſue the Chace, as if he meant
T' o'er-take Time, and bring back Youth again. *Otw. Orph.*
As in a green old Age his Hair juſt grieſled. *Dryd. Oedip.*
While yet few Furrows on my Face are ſeen,
While I walk upright, and Old Age is green,
And *Lacheſis* has ſomewhat left to ſpin. *Dryd. Juv.*
Now my chill'd Blood is curdled in my Veins,
And ſcarce the Shadow of a Man remains. *Dryd. Virg.*
Now the ſlow Courſe of all-impairing Time
Unſtrings my Nerves, and ends my manly Prime. *Pope Hom.*
Now waſting Years, that wither human Race,
Exhauſt my Spirits, and my Arms unbrace. *Pope Hom.*
I am left behind,
To drink the Dregs of Life, by Fate aſſign'd:
Beyond the Goal of Nature I have gone. *Dryd. Virg.*
Dodder'd with Age, the Winter of Man's Life!
The gloomy Eve of endleſs Night. *Dryd.*
Propp'd on a Staff, ſhe takes a trembling Mien;
Her Face is furrow'd, and her Front obſcene:

Deep

Deep dinted Wrinkles on her Cheeks ſhe draws,
Sunk are her Eyes, and toothleſs are her Jaws;
Hoary her Hair. *Dryd. Virg.*

Time has plow'd that Face with many Furrows. *Dryd. Oedip.*

His blear Eyes ran in Gutters to his Chin,
His Beard was ſtubble, and his Cheeks were thin. *Dryd. Juv.*

Decrepid Bodies, worn to Ruin,
Juſt ready of themſelves to fall aſunder,
And to let drop the Soul. *Dryd. Mar. A la-mode.*

When my Blood was warm,
This languiſh'd Frame when better Spirits fed, *Dryd. Virg.*
Ere Age unſtrung my Nerves, or Time o'er-ſnow'd my Head.
Jove! grant me Length of Life, and Years good Store
Heap on my bending Back, I aſk no more:
Both Sick and Healthful, Old and Young, conſpire
In this one ſilly miſchievous Deſire.
Miſtaken Bleſſing, which Old Age they call!
'Tis a long, naſty, darkſome Hoſpital!
A ropy Chain of Rheums! a Viſage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff!
A ſtitch-fall'n Cheek that hangs below the Jaw;
Such Wrinkles as a ſkilful Hand would draw
For an old Grandame Ape, when with a Grace
She ſits at ſquat, and ſcrubs her leathern Face.
In Youth Diſtinctions infinite abound;
No Shape, no Feature juſt alike is found:
The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the Strong;
But the ſame Foulneſs does to Age belong;
The ſelf-ſame Palſy both in Limbs and Tongue.
The Skull and Forehead an old barren Plain,
And Gums unarm'd to mumble Meat in vain. *Dryd. Juv.*

Theſe are th' Effects of doating Age,
Vain Doubts, and idle Cares, and Over-caution;
The ſecond Nonage of a Soul more wiſe,
But now decay'd, and ſunk into the Socket,
Peeping by Fits, and giving feeble Light. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Oft am I by the Women told,
Poor *Anacreon!* thou grow'ſt old:
Look how thy Hairs are falling all!
Poor *Anacreon!* how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' Effects I do not know:

This

This I know without being told,
'Tis Time to live, if I grow old:
'Tis Time ſhort Pleaſures now to take,
Of little Life the beſt to make,
And manage wiſely the laſt Stake *Cowl. Anac.*

OPPRESSION.

It is not hard for one that feels no Wrong,
For patient Duty to employ his Tongue.
Oppreſſion makes Men mad, and from their Breaſts
All Reaſon and all Senſe of Duty wreſts.
The Gods are ſafe, when under Wrongs we groan,
Only becauſe we cannot reach their Throne.
Shall Princes then, who are but Gods of Clay,
Think they may ſafely with our Honour play? *Wall.*

Be careful to with-hold
Your Talons from the Wretched and the Bold:
Tempt not the Brave and Needy to Deſpair;
For tho' your Violence ſhould leave them bare
Of Gold and Silver, Swords and Darts remain,
And will revenge the Wrongs which they ſuſtain;
The Plunder'd ſtill have Arms. *Step. Juv.*

ORPHEUS. See *Muſick.*

OWL.

The boding Bird,
Which haunts the ruin'd Piles and hallow'd Urns;
And beats about the Tombs with nightly Wings,
Where Songs obſcene on Sepulchres ſhe ſings. *Dryd. Virg.*

With boding Note
The ſolitary Screech-Owl ſtrains her Throat:
Or on a Chimney's Top, or Turret's Height, *(Dryd. Virg.*
With Songs obſcene diſturbs the Silence of the Night.

As an Owl that in a Barn
Sees a Mouſe creeping in the Corn,
Sits ſtill, and ſhuts his round blue Eyes
As if he ſlept, until he ſpies
——The little Beaſt within his Reach,
Then ſtarts, and ſeizes on the Wretch. *Hud.*

PAIN.

Now grinding Tortures his ſtrong Boſom rend;
Leſs keen thoſe Darts the fierce *Iythiæ* ſend;

The Pow'rs that cauſe the teeming Matron's Throes,
Sad Mothers of unutterable Woes *Pope. Hom.*

What avails
Valour or Strength, tho' matchleſs, quell'd with Pain,
Which all ſubdues, and makes remiſs the Hands
Of mightieſt Men? Senſe of Pleaſure we may well
Spare out of Life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmeſt Life:
But Pain is perfect Miſery, the worſt
Of Evils; and, exceſſive, overturns
All Patience. *Mil.*

PAINTER *and* PAINTING.

Rare Artiſan! whoſe Pencil moves
Not our Delights alone, but Loves:
From thy Shop of Beauty we
Slaves return, that enter'd free.
Strange, that thy Hand ſhould not inſpire
The Beauty only, but the Fire;
Not the Form alone and Grace,
But Act and Power of a Face.
The heedleſs Lover does not know
Whoſe Eyes they are that wound him ſo:
But confounded with thy Art, (*Dyke.*
Inquires her Name that has his Heart. *Wall. to Van-*

Once I beheld the faireſt of her Kind,
(And ſtill the ſweet Idea charms my Mind)
True, ſhe was dumb, for Nature gaz'd ſo long,
Pleas'd with her Work, that ſhe forgot her Tongue;
But ſmiling ſaid, She ſtill ſhall gain the Prize,
I only have transferr'd it to her Eyes:
Such are thy Pictures, *Kneller!* ſuch thy Skill,
That Nature ſeems obedient to thy Will!
Comes out, and meets thy Pencil in the Draught,
Lives there, and wants but Words to ſpeak her Thought.
At leaſt thy Pictures look a Voice, and we
Imagine Sounds, deceiv'd to that Degree,
We think 'tis ſomewhat more than juſt to ſee.
Shadows are but Privations of the Light,
Yet when we walk, they ſhoot before the Sight;
With us approach, retire, ariſe, and fall,
Nothing themſelves, and yet expreſſing all:
Such are thy Pieces! imitating Life
So near, they almoſt conquer'd in the Strife;

And from their animated Canvas came
Demanding Souls, and looſen'd from the Frame.
Prometheus, were he here, would caſt away
His *Adam*, and refuſe a Soul to Clay;
And either would thy noble Work inſpire,
Or think it warm enough without his Fire.
But vulgar Hands may vulgar Likeneſs raiſe;
This is the leaſt Attendant on thy Praiſe:
From hence the Rudiments of Art began,
A Coal, or Chalk, firſt imitated Man:
Perhaps the Shadow taken on a Wall,
Gave Out-Lines to the rude Original;
'Ere Canvas yet was ſtrain'd, before the Grace
Of blended Colours found their Uſe and Place,
Or Cypreſs Tablets firſt receiv'd a Face.
By ſlow Degrees the God-like Art advanc'd,
As Man grew poliſh'd, Picture was inhanc'd:
Greece added Poſture, Shade, and Perſpective,
And then the mimick Piece began to live.
Yet Perſpective was lame; no Diſtance true,
But all came forward in one common View:
No Point of Light was known, no Bounds of Art;
When Light was there, it knew not to depart;
But glaring on remoter Objects play'd,
Not languiſh'd, and inſenſibly decay'd.
Long time the Siſter-Arts, in Iron Sleep,
A heavy Sabbath did ſupinely keep:
At length, in *Raphael*'s Age at once they riſe,
Stretch all their Limbs, and open all their Eyes.
Thence roſe the *Roman* and the *Lombard* Line,
One colour'd beſt, and one did beſt deſign.
Raphael's, like *Homer*'s, was the nobler Part:
But *Titian*'s Painting look'd like *Virgil*'s Art.
Thy Genius gives thee both; where true Deſign,
Poſtures unforc'd, and lively Colours join.
Likeneſs is ever there, but ſtill the beſt,
Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language dreſs'd:
Where Light, to Shades deſcending, plays, not ſtrives,
Dies by Degrees, and by Degrees revives.
Of various Parts a perfect Whole is wrought;
Thy Pictures think, and we divine their Thought.
Our Arts are Siſters, tho' not Twins in Birth;
For Hymns were ſung in *Eden*'s happy Earth
By the firſt Pair.

But oh! the Painter Muſe, tho' laſt in Place,
Has ſeiz'd the Bleſſing firſt, like *Jacob*'s Race.
Apelles' Art an *Alexander* found;
And *Raphael* did with *Leo*'s Gold abound:
But *Homer* was with barren Laurel crown'd.
Thou had'ſt thy *Charles* a while, and ſo had I;
But paſs we that unpleaſing Image by.
Thou paint'ſt as we deſcribe; improving ſtill,
When on wild Nature we engraft our Skill:
But not creating Beauties at our Will.
But Poets are confin'd, in narr'wer Space,
To ſpeak the Language of their native Place:
The Painter widely ſtretches his Command;
Thy Pencil ſpeaks the Tongue of ev'ry Land.
But we who Life beſtow, our ſelves muſt live;
Kings cannot reign unleſs their Subjects give.
And they who pay the Taxes bear the Rule;
Thus thou ſometimes art forc'd to draw a Fool;
But ſo his Follies in thy Poſtures ſink,
The ſenſeleſs Idiot ſeems at leaſt to think.
Rich in thy ſelf, and of thy ſelf divine,
All Pilgrims come and offer at thy Shrine:
A graceful Truth thy Pencil can command;
The Fair themſelves go mended from thy Hand:
Likeneſs appears in ev'ry Lineament;
But Likeneſs in thy Work is eloquent.
Tho' Nature there her true Reſemblance bears,
A nobler Beauty in thy Piece appears.
So warm thy Work, ſo glows the gen'rous Frame,
Fleſh looks leſs living in the lovely Dame.
More cannot be by mortal Art expreſs'd;
But venerable Age ſhall add the reſt.
For Time ſhall with his ready Pencil ſtand,
Re-touch your Figures with his rip'ning Hand;
Mellow your Colours, and imbrown the Teint,
Add ev'ry Grace which Time alone can grant:
To future Ages ſhall your Fame convey, *(G. Kneller.*
And give more Beauties than he takes away. *Dryd. To Sir*

Men thought ſo much a Flame by Art was ſhown,
The Picture's ſelf would fall in Aſhes down. *Cowl.*

The Painter, who ſo long had vex'd his Cloth,
Of his Hound's Mouth to feign the raging Froth,

His

His desp'rate Pencil at the Work did dart;
His Anger reach'd that Rage which pass'd his Art.
Chance finish'd that which Art could but begin;
And he sate smiling how his Dog did grin. *Marv.*

So when the faithful Pencil has design'd
Some bright Idea of the Master's Mind,
Where a new World leaps out at his Command,
And ready Nature waits upon his Hand;
When the ripe Colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just Shade and Light:
When mellowing Years their full Perfection give,
And each bold Figure just begins to live;
The treach'rous Colours the fair Art betray,
And all the bright Creation fades away. *Pope.*

Prometheus *ill painted.*

How wretched doth *Prometheus'* State appear,
While he his second Mis'ry suffers here!
Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great *Jove*'s less than the Painter's Hands.
It would the Vulture's Cruelty out-go,
If once again his Liver thus should grow.
Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold Theft allow;
The Flames he once stole from thee, grant him now. *Cowl.*

Under a Lady's Picture.

Such *Helen* was, and who can blame the Boy
That in so bright a Flame consum'd his *Troy*?
But had like Virtue shin'd in that fair *Greek*,
Th' am'rous Shepherd had not dar'd to seek
Or hope for Pity; but with silent Moan,
And better Fate, had perished alone. *Wall.*

Womens Painting.

As Pirates all false Colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary Mariner;
So Women, to surprize us, spread
The borrow'd Flags of White and Red.
Lay Trains of amorous Intrigues
In Tow'rs, and Curls, and Periwigs;
With greater Art and Cunning rear'd,
Than *Philip N*e's Thanksgiving-Beard.
Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
Those to adore them they disdain. *Hud.*
Quoth

Quoth ſhe, if you're impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done;
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to uſe the Slight:
For when we find you're ſtill more taken
With falſe Attracts of your own making;
Swear that's a Roſe, and that's a Stone,
Like Sots, to us that laid it on;
And what we did but ſlightly prime,
Moſt ignorantly daub in Rhyme:
You force us, in our own Defences,
To copy Beams and Influences;
To lay Perfections on the Graces,
And draw Attracts upon our Faces:
And in Compliance to your Wit,
Your own falſe Jewels counterfeit;
Which when they're nobly done, and well,
The ſimple natural excel.
How fair and ſweet the planted Roſe,
Beyond the wild in Hedges grows!
For, without Art, the nobleſt Seeds
Of Flow'rs degenerate to Weeds.
How dull and rugged, 'ere 'tis ground
And poliſh'd, looks a Diamond!
Tho' Paradiſe was ere ſo fair,
It was not kept ſo without Care.
The whole World, without Art and Dreſs,
Would be but one great Wilderneſs;
And Mankind but a Savage Herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd:
This does but rough-hew and deſign,
Leaves Art to poliſh and refine. *Hud.*

PALLAS. *See* Minerva.

Pallas, mean while, her various Veil unbound,
With Flow'rs adorn'd, with Art immortal crown'd;
The radiant Robe her ſacred Fingers wove,
Floats in rich Waves, and ſpreads the Court of *Jove*;
Her Father's Arms her mighty Limbs inveſt;
Jove's Cuiraſs blazes on her ample Breaſt;
Deck'd in ſad Triumph for the mournful Field,
O'er her broad Shoulders hangs his horrid Shield;
Dire, black, tremendous! round the Margin roll'd,
A Fringe of Serpents hiſſing guards the Gold:

Here all the Terrors of grim *War* appear,
Here rages *Force*, here tremble *Flight* and *Fear*,
Here ſtorm'd *Contention*, and here *Fury* frown'd;
And the dire Orb portentous *Gorgon* crown'd.
The maſſy golden Helm ſhe next aſſumes,
That dreadful nods with four o'erſhading Plumes;
So vaſt, the broad Circumference contains
A hundred Armies on a hundred Plains.
The Goddeſs thus th' imperial Car aſcends:
Shook by her Arm the mighty Jav'lin bends,
Pond'rous and huge; that when her Fury burns, (*Hom.*
Proud Tyrants humbles, and whole Hoſts o'erturns. *Pope*

PARADISE.

The Groves of *Eden*, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
Live in Deſcription, and look green in Song. *Pope.*
So on he fares, and to the Border comes
Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her Encloſure green,
As with a rural Mound, the champain Head
Of a ſteep Wilderneſs; whoſe hairy Sides,
With Thicket over-grown, groteſque and wild,
Acceſs deny'd: And over-head up-grew
Inſuperable Height of loftieſt Shade;
Cedar, and Pine, and Fir, and branching Palm;
A ſylvan Scene! And as the Ranks aſcend
Shade above Shade, a woody Theatre,
Of ſtatelieſt View; and higher than their Tops
The verd'rous Wall of Paradiſe up-ſprung;
And higher than that Wall a circling Row
Of goodlieſt Trees, loaden with faireſt Fruit,
Bloſſoms and Fruits at once of golden Hew,
Appear'd with gay enamel'd Colours mix'd:
On which the Sun more glad impreſs'd his Beams,
Than on fair Ev'ning Cloud, or humid Bow,
When God has ſhow'r'd the Earth: So lovely ſeem'd
That Landſcape! And of pure, now purer Air
Meets his Approach, and to the Heart inſpires
Vernal Delight and Joy, able to drive
All Sadneſs, but Deſpair: Now gentle Gales,
Fanning their odoriferous Wings, diſpenſe
Native Perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy Spoils. As when to them who ſail
Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are paſt

Mozambick,

Mozambick, off at Sea North-Eaſt Winds blow
Sabæan Odours from the ſpicy Shore
Of *Arabie* the *Bleſt*: With ſuch Delay
Well-pleas'd, they ſlack their Courſe; and many a League,
Chear'd with the grateful Smell, old *Ocean* ſmiles.
So entertain'd thoſe od'rous Sweets the Fiend.

Garden of Eden.

A bliſsful Field, circled with Groves of Myrrh,
And flowing Odours, Caſſia, Nard, and Balm;
A Wilderneſs of Sweets! for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her Prime; and play'd, at Will,
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more ſweet
Wild, above Rule or Art, enormous Bliſs!
Out of this fertile Ground God caus'd to grow
All Trees of nobleſt Kind for Sight, Smell, Taſte;
And all amidſt them ſtood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming Ambroſial Fruit
Of vegetable Gold; and, next to Life,
Our Death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew faſt by.
Southward thro' *Eden* went a River large,
Nor chang'd his Courſe, but thro' the ſhaggy Hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulf'd; and thence, thro' Veins
Of porous Earth, with kindly Thirſt up-drawn,
Roſe a freſh Fountain, and, with many a Rill,
Water'd the Garden: Thence, united, fell
Down the ſteep Glade, and met the nether Flood.
But oh! what Art can tell
How from that Sapphyre Fount, the criſped Brook,
Rolling on orient Pearls, and Sands of Gold,
With many Error, under pendant Shades,
Ran Nectar; viſiting each Plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradiſe: Which not nice Art
In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuſe, on Hill, and Dale, and Plain,
Both where the Morning Sun firſt warmly ſmote
The open Field, and where the unpierc'd Shade
Imbrown'd the Noon-tide Bow'rs. Thus was this Place
A happy rural Seat, of various View:
Groves, whoſe rich Trees wept odorous Gums and Balm;
Others, whoſe Fruit, burniſh'd with golden Rind,
Hung amiable; *Heſperian* Fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious Taſte:
Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks

Grazing the tender Herb, were interpos'd;
Or palmy Hillock, or the flow'ry Lap
Of ſome irriguous Valley, ſpread her Store;
Flow'rs of all Hew, and, without Thorn, the Roſe:
Another Side, umbrageous Grots and Caves
Of cool Receſs, o'er which the mantling Vine
Lays forth her purple Grapes, and gently creeps,
Luxuriant. Mean while murm'ring Waters fall
Down the ſlope Hills, diſpers'd, or in a Lake,
That to the fringed Bank, with Myrtle crown'd,
Her cryſtal Mirrour holds, unite their Streams.
The Birds their Choir apply: Airs, vernal Airs,
Breathing the Smell of Field and Grove, attune
The trembling Leafs; while univerſal *Pan*,
Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in Dance,
Led on th' eternal Spring.

Adam *and* Eve *in Paradiſe.*

His large fair Front and Eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute Rule; his Hyacinthin Locks
Down from his parted Forelock manly hung,
Cluſt'ring, but not beneath his Shoulders broad.
She, as a Veil, down to her ſlender Waſte
Her unadorned golden Treſſes wore
Diſhevel'd, but in wanton Ringlets wav'd,
As the Vine curls her Tendrils.
Under a Tuft of Shade, that on the Green
Stood whiſp'ring ſoft, by a freſh Fountain-Side
They ſate them down.
There to their Supper-Fruits they fell,
Nectarine Fruits, which the compliant Boughs
Yielded them, ſide-long as they ſate recline
On the ſoft downy Bank, damask'd with Flow'rs.
The ſavoury Pulp they chew, and in the Rind,
Still, as they thirſted, ſcoop the brimming Stream.
About them friſking play'd
All Beaſts of th' Earth, ſince wild, and of all Chaſe
In Wood or Wilderneſs, Foreſt or Den:
Sporting the Lion ramp'd, and in his Paw
Dandled the Kid; Bears, Tigers, Ounces, Pards,
Gambol'd before 'em: Th' unwieldy Elephant,
To make them Mirth, us'd all his Might, and wreath'd
His lithe Proboſcis: Cloſe the Serpent ſly,
Inſinuating, wove with Gordian Twine

His

His breeded Train, and of his fatal Guile
Gave Proof unheeded: Others on the Graſs
Couch'd, and, now fill'd with Paſture, gazing ſate. *Milt.*

PARDON.

Forgiveneſs to the Injur'd does belong; *Cof Gran.*
But they ne'er pardon who have done the Wrong. *Dryd. Conq.*

The Laws that are inanimate,
And feel no Senſe of Love or Hate,
That have no Paſſions of their own,
Nor Pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on Criminals, as ſtrict.
But to have Power to forgive,
Is Empire and Prerogative:
And 'tis in Crowns a nobler Gem,
To grant a Pardon, than condemn. *Hud.*

PARTING.

Parting is worſe than Death; 'tis Death of Love!
The Soul and Body part not with ſuch Pain,
As I from you. *Dryd Span. Fry.*

Now I would ſpeak the laſt Farewel, but cannot;
It would be ſtill Farewel, a thouſand times;
And multiply'd in Echoes ſtill, Farewell.
I will not ſpeak, but think a thouſand thouſand:
And be thou ſilent too, my loſt *Sebaſtian!*
So let us part in the dumb Pomp of Grief. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Adieu then, O my Soul's far better Part!
Thy Image ſticks ſo cloſe,
That the Blood follows from my rending Heart.
A laſt Farewel!
For ſince a Laſt muſt come, the reſt are vain, *Cof Gran.*
Like Gaſps in Death, which but prolong our Pain. *Dry. Conq.*

I cannot, cannot tell her, we muſt part:
I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go;
And th' other ſhould not weep: But oh! *(Love.*
How many Deaths are in this Word Depart! *Dryd. All for*

Death is Parting:
'Tis the laſt ſad Adieu 'twixt Soul and Body.
But this is ſomewhat worſe! My Joy, my Comfort,
All that was left in Life fleets after thee:
My aking Sight hangs on thy parting Beauties:
So ſinks the ſetting Sun beneath the Waves,

And leaves the Traveller, in pathleſs Woods,
Benighted and forlorn: Thus, with ſad Eyes,
Weſtward he runs, to mark the Light's Decay;
Till, having loſt the laſt faint Glimpſe of Day,
Cheerleſs in Darkneſs he purſues his Way. *Rowe Tamerl.*

Like one who wanders thro' long barren Wilds,
And yet foreknows no hoſpitable Inn
Is near to ſuccour Hunger, eats his Fill
Before his painful March:
So would I feed a while my famiſh'd Eyes
Before we part: For I have far to go,
If Death be far, and never muſt return. *Dryd. All for Love.*

There's ſuch ſweet Pain in Parting,
That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,
And look away my Life into thy Eyes. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

What have we gain'd by this one Minute more?
Only to wiſh another and another,
A longer ſtruggling with the Pangs of Death.
Oh! thoſe that do not know what Parting is,
Can never learn to die.
When I but think this Sight may be our laſt,
If *Jove* ſhould ſet me in the Place of *Atlas*,
And lay the Weight of Heav'n and Gods upon me,
He could not preſs me more.

Oh! let me go, that I may know my Grief:
Grief is but gueſs'd, while thou art ſtanding by:
But I too ſoon ſhall know what Abſence is.

Why, 'tis to be no more; another Name for Death;
'Tis the Sun parting from the frozen North,
And I, methinks, ſtand on ſome icy Cliff,
To watch the laſt low Circles that he makes,
Till he ſink down from Heaven. O only *Creſſida!*
If thou depart from me I cannot live:
I have not Soul enough to laſt for Grief,
But thou ſhalt hear what Grief has done with me.

If I could live to hear it, I were falſe:
But as a fearful Traveller, who, fearing
Aſſaults of Robbers, leaves his Wealth behind,
I truſt my Heart with thee, and carry with me
Only an empty Casket.

Then I will live, that I may keep that Treaſure;
And, arm'd with this Aſſurance, let thee go;
Looſe, yet ſecure, as is the gentle Hawk,
When, whiſtled off, ſhe mounts into the Wind.

Our

Our Loves, like Mountains, hid above the Clouds,
Tho' Winds and Tempeſts beat their aged Fleet,
Their peaceful Heads, nor Storms, nor Thunder know, (*Creſſ.*
But ſcorn the threat'ning Rack that rolls below. *Dryd. Troil. &*

Since Fate divides us then, ſince I muſt loſe thee,
For Pity's Sake, for Love's, oh! ſuffer me,
Thus languiſhing, thus dying, to approach thee,
And ſigh my laſt Adieu upon thy Boſom:
Permit me thus to fold thee in my Arms,
To preſs thee to my Heart, to taſte thy Sweets;
Thus pant, and thus grow giddy with Delight;
Thus, for my laſt of Moments, gaze upon thee,
Thou beſt, thou only Joy, thou loſt *Semanthe.*
For ever I could liſten, but the Gods,
The cruel Gods, forbid, and thus they part us.
Remember, oh! remember me, *Telemachus!*
Perhaps thou wilt forget me; but no Matter:
I will be true to thee, preſerve thee ever,
The ſad Companion of this faithful Breaſt,
While Life and Thought remain: And when at laſt
I feel the icy Hand of Death prevail,
My Heart-ſtrings break, and all my Senſes fail,
I'll fix thy Image in my cloſing Eye,
Sigh thy dear Name, then lay me down and die. *Rowe Ulyſſ.*

PASSIONS.

They ſate them down to weep, nor only Tears
Rain'd at their Eyes, but high Winds worſe within
Began to riſe; high Paſſions, Anger, Hate,
Miſtruſt, Suſpicion, Diſcord; and ſhook ſore
Their inward State of Mind; calm Region once,
And full of Peace, now toſt and turbulent:
For Underſtanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her Lore, both in Subjection now
To ſenſual Appetite, who from beneath,
Uſurping over Sov'reign Reaſon, claim'd
Superior Sway. *Milt.*

Now Fear, pale Comrade of inglorious Flight,
And Heav'n-bred Horror, ———
Sate on each Face, and ſadden'd ev'ry Heart:
As, from its cloudy Dungeon iſſuing forth,
A double Tempeſt of the Weſt and North
Swells o'er the Sea, from *Thracia*'s frozen Shore,
Heapes Waves on Waves, and bids th' *Ægean* roar;

That Way and that the boiling Deeps are toſt:
Such various Paſſions urg'd the troubled Hoſt. *Pope Hom.*
Love, Anguiſh, Wrath, and Grief to Madneſs wrought,
Deſpair, and ſecret Shame, and conſcious Thought
Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppreſs'd,
Roll'd in his Eyes, and rag'd within his Breaſt. *Dryd. Virg.*
Stupid he ſate, his Eyes on Earth declin'd,
And various Cares revolving in his Mind.
Rage, boiling from the Bottom of his Breaſt,
And Sorrow, mix'd with Shame, his Soul oppreſs'd;
And conſcious Worth lay lab'ring in his Thought,
And Love, by Jealouſy to Madneſs wrought.
By ſlow Degrees his Reaſon drove away
The Miſts of Paſſion, and reſum'd her Sway. *Dryd. Virg.*
Love, Juſtice, Nature, Pity, and Revenge,
Have kindled up a Wild-fire in my Breaſt,
And I am all a Civil War within:
And, like a Veſſel ſtruggling in a Storm, *(Fry.*
Require more Hands than one to ſteer me upright. *Dryd. Span.*
Thus while he ſpoke, each Paſſion dimm'd his Face,
Thrice chang'd with pale Ire, Envy, and Deſpair,
Which marr'd his Viſage. *Milt.*
With Grief and Rage oppreſt,
His Heart ſwell'd high, and labour'd in his Breaſt:
Diſtracting Thoughts, by Turns, his Boſom rul'd;
Now fir'd by Wrath, and now by Reaſon cool'd:
That prompts his Hand to draw the deadly Sword;
This whiſpers ſoft his Vengeance to controul,
And calm the riſing Tempeſt of his Soul. *Pope Hom.*
Paſſions, like Seas, will have their Ebbs and Flows. *Lee Alex.*
To Reaſon yield the Empire o'er thy Mind,
And let Revenge no longer bear the Sway;
Command thy Paſſion, and the Gods obey. *Pope Hom.*

PATIENCE.

Patience in Cowards is tame hopeleſs Fear; *(Queen*
But in brave Minds a Scorn of what they bear. *How. Ind.*
Come what come may,
Patience and Time run thro' the rougheſt Day. *Shak. Mach.*
Men counſel, and give Comfort to that Grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but, taſting it,
Their Counſel turns to Paſſion, which before
Would give inſtructful Med'cine unto Rage,
Fetter ſtrong Madneſs in a ſilken Thread,

Charm

Charm Ach with Air, and Agony with Words:
Thus it is all Mens Office to ſpeak Patience
To thoſe that wring under the Load of Sorrow;
But no Man's Virtue nor Sufficiency
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf.
My Griefs cry louder than Advertiſement;
And there was never yet Philoſopher
That could indure the Tooth-ach patiently,
However they have writ the Style of Gods, *(about Nothing.*
And made a Piſh at Chance and Sufferance. *Shak. Much Ado*

PEACE. See *War.*

Our Armours now may ruſt, our idle Scimitars
Hang by our Sides for Ornament, not Uſe:
Children ſhall beat our Atabals and Drums;
And all the noiſy Trades of War no more
Shall wake the peaceful Morn:
Nor ſhall *Sebaſtian*'s formidable Name
Be longer us'd to lull the crying Babe. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Again the Hinds may ſing and plow,
And fear no Harm but from the Weather now;
Again may Tradeſmen love their Pain,
By knowing now for whom they gain:
The Armour now may be hung up to Sight,
And only in the Halls the Children fright. *Cowl.*

PEACOCK. See *Creation.*

PERSECUTION.

A Fury crawl'd from out her horrid Cell;
The bloodieſt Miniſter of Death and Hell.
Huge full-gorg'd Snakes on her lean Shoulders hung,
And Death's dark Courts with their loud Hiſſings rung.
Her Teeth and Claws were Iron, and her Breath,
Like ſubterranean Damps, gave preſent Death.
Flames, worſe than Hell's, ſhot from her bloody Eyes,
And Fire and Sword eternally ſhe cries.
No certain Shape, no Feature regular,
No Limbs diſtinct in th' odious Fiend appear.
Her ſquallid bloated Belly did ariſe,
Swoln with black Gore, to a prodigious Size,
Diſtended vaſtly by a mighty Flood
Of ſlaughter'd Saints, and conſtant Martyr's Blood.

Part

Part ſtood out prominent, but Part fell down,
And, in a ſwagging Heap, lay wall'wing on the Ground.
Horror, till now the ugliеſt Shape eſteem'd,
So much out-done, a harmleſs Figure ſeem'd.
Envy, and *Hate*, and *Malice*, bluſh'd to ſee
Themſelves eclips'd by ſuch Deformity.
Her fev'riſh Thirſt drinks down a Sea of Blood,
Not of the Impious, but the Juſt and Good;
'Gainſt whom ſhe burns with unextinguiſh'd Rage,
Nor can th' exhauſted World her Wrath aſſwage. *Blac.*
To ſubdue th' unconquerable Mind,
To make one Reaſon have the ſame Effect
Upon all Apprehenſions; to force this
Or this Man juſt to think as thou and I do;
Impoſſible! unleſs Souls, which differ
Like human Faces, were alike in all. *Rowe Tamerl.*

PHILOSOPHER *and* PHILOSOPHY.

Happy the Man! alone thrice happy he,
Who can thro' groſs Effects their Cauſes ſee;
Whoſe Courage from the Deeps of Knowledge ſprings;
Nor vainly fears inevitable Things:
But does his Walk of Virtue calmly go
Thro' all the Alarms of Death and Hell below. *Cowl. Virg.*
He his Study bent
To cultivate his Mind; to learn the Laws
Of Nature, and explore their hidden Cauſe. *Dryd. Ovid.*
He, tho' from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n could move
With Strength of Mind, and tread th'Abyſs above;
And penetrate, with his interior Light,
Thoſe upper Depths which Nature hid from Sight.
And what he had obſerv'd and learn'd from thence,
Lov'd, in familiar Language, to diſpence.
The Crowd with ſilent Admiration ſtand,
And heard him as they heard their God's Command.
When he diſcours'd of Heav'n's myſterious Laws,
The World's Original, and Nature's Cauſe;
And what was God, and why the fleecy Snows
In Silence fell, and ratt'ling Winds aroſe:
What ſhook the ſtedfaſt Earth, and whence begun
The Dance of Planets round the radiant Sun:
If Thunder was the Voice of angry *Jove*;
Or Clouds, with Nitre pregnant, burſt above. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Some

Some few, whoſe Lamps ſhone brighter, have been led,
From Cauſe to Cauſe, to Nature's ſecret Head:
And found that one firſt Principle muſt be:
But What, or Who, that univerſal He;
Whether ſome Soul, encompaſſing this Ball,
Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all;
Or various Atoms interfering Dance
Leap'd into Form, the noble Work of Chance;
Or this great All was from Eternity:
Not ev'n the *Stagyrite* himſelf could ſee;
And *Epicurus* gueſs'd as well as he.
As blindly grop'd they for a future State,
As raſhly judg'd of Providence and Fate.
But leaſt of all could their Endeavours find
What moſt concern'd the Good of human Kind;
For Happineſs was never to be found,
But vaniſh'd from them like enchanted Ground.
One thought Content the Good to be enjoy'd;
This, ev'ry little Accident deſtroy'd.
The wiſer Madmen did for Virtue toil;
A thorny, or, at beſt, a barren Soil:
In Pleaſure ſome their glutton Souls would ſteep;
But found their Line too ſhort, the Well too deep,
And leaky Veſſels, which no Bliſs could keep.
Thus anxious Thoughts in endleſs Circles roll,
Without a Centre where to fix the Soul.
In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end:
How can the Leſs the Greater comprehend?
Or finite Reaſon reach Infinity? *(Laici.*
For what could fathom God, were more than he. *Dryd. Rel.*

'Tis pleaſant, ſafely to behold from Shore
The rolling Ship, and hear the Tempeſt roar:
Not that another's Pain is our Delight;
But Pains unfelt produce the pleaſing Sight.
'Tis pleaſant alſo to behold from far
The moving Legions mingled in the War:
But much more ſweet, thy lab'ring Steps to guide
To Virtue's Heights, with Wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the Magazines of Learning fortify'd;
From thence to look below on human Kind,
Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind.
O wretched Man! in what a Miſt of Life,
Inclos'd with Dangers and with noiſy Strife,
He ſpends his little Span; and over-feeds

His

His cramm'd Deſires with more than Nature needs!
For Nature wiſely ſtints our Appetite,
And craves no more than undiſturb'd Delight;
Which Minds, unmix'd with Cares and Fears, obtain;
A Soul ſerene, a Body void of Pain.
But, juſt as Children are ſurpriz'd with Dread,
And tremble in the Dark; ſo riper Years,
Ev'n in broad Day-light, are poſſeſs'd with Fears,
And ſhake at Shadows, fanciful and vain
As thoſe which in the Breaſts of Children reign.
Theſe Bugbears of the Mind, this inward Hell,
No Rays of outward Sun-ſhine can diſpel;
But Nature and right Reaſon muſt diſplay *(Dryd. Lucr.*
Their Beams abroad, and bring the darkſome Soul to Day.
Oh! if the fooliſh Race of Man, who find
A Weight of Cares ſtill preſſing on their Mind,
Could find as well the Cauſe of this Unreſt,
And all this Burden lodg'd within the Breaſt;
Sure they would change their Courſe, not live as now,
Uncertain what to wiſh, or what to vow.
Uneaſy both in Country and in Town,
They ſearch a Place to lay their Burden down.
One, reſtleſs in his Palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the Load:
But ſtraight returns; for he's as reſtleſs there,
And finds there's no Relief in open Air:
Another to his *Villa* would retire,
And ſpurs as hard as if it were on Fire;
No ſooner enter'd at his Country Door,
But he begins to ſtretch, and yawn, and ſnore,
Or ſeeks the City which he left before.
Thus ev'ry Man o'erworks his weary Will,
To ſhun himſelf, and to ſhake off his Ill;
The ſhaking Fit returns, and hangs upon him ſtill.
No Proſpect of Repoſe, nor Hope of Eaſe;
The Wretch is ignorant of his Diſeaſe;
Which known, would all his fruitleſs Trouble ſpare,
For he would know the World not worth his Care:
Then would he ſearch more deeply for the Cauſe,
And ſtudy Nature well, and Nature's Laws. *Dryd. Lucr.*

Natural

Natural Philoſophy. See *Country-Life.*

In all her Mazes, *Nature*'s Face they view'd,
And, as ſhe diſappear'd, they ſtill purſu'd:
Wrapp'd in the Shades of Night the Goddeſs lies;
Yet to the Learn'd unveils her dark Diſguiſe,
But ſhuns the groſs Acceſs of vulgar Eyes.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain;
Here ſhe's too ſparing, there profuſely vain.
How ſhe unfolds the faint and dawning Striſe
Of Infant Atoms, kindling into Life;
How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
And ſlender Trains of twiſting Fibres makes;
And how the viſcous ſeeks a cloſer Tone,
By juſt Degrees to harden into Bone;
Whilſt the more looſe flow from the vital Urn,
And in full Tides of purple Streams return;
How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp ariſe,
And dart in Emanations thro' the Eyes;
How from each Sluice a gentle Torrent pours,
To ſlake a fev'riſh Heat with ambient Show'rs;
Whence their mechanick Pow'rs the Spirits claim;
How great their Force, how delicate their Frame;
How the ſame Nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt Pleaſure and the greateſt Pain;
Why bileous Juice a golden Light puts on,
And Floods of Chyle in ſilver Currents run.
How the dim Speck of Entity began
To work its brittle Being up to Man;
To how minute an Origine we owe
Young *Ammon*, *Caſar*, and the great *Naſſau*.
Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
And why chill Virgins redden into Flame;
Why Envy oft transforms with wan Diſguiſe,
And why gay Mirth ſits ſmiling in the Eyes.
All Ice why *Lucrece*; or *Sempronia* Fire;
Why *Sedley* rages to ſurvive Deſire;
Whence *Milo*'s Vigour at th' *Olimpicks* ſhown;
Whence Tropes to *Finch*, or Impudence to *Sloan*;
Why *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* ſevere;
Why *Methuen* muddy, *Montague* why clear.
Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous Cauſe to find,
How Body acts upon impaſſive Mind;

How

How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
Paſt Hopes revive, and preſent Joys inſpire;
Why our Complexions oft our Souls declare,
And how the Paſſions in the Features are;
How Touch and Harmony ariſe between
Corporeal Subſtances and Things unſeen.
With mighty Truths myſterious to deſcry,
Which in the Womb of diſtant Cauſes lie. *Gar.*

He ſung
The various Labours of the wand'ring Moon,
And whence proceed th' Eclipſes of the Sun;
Th' Original of Man and Beaſts; and whence
The Rains ariſe, and Fires their Warmth diſpenſe,
And fixt and erring Stars diſpoſe their Influence:
What ſhakes the ſolid Earth; what Cauſe delays
The Summer Nights, and ſhortens Winter Days. *Dryd. Virg.*

His noble Verſe thro' Nature's Secrets leads:
He ſung how Earth blots the Moon's gilded Wane,
While fooliſh Men beat ſounding Braſs in vain:
Why the great Waters her ſlight Horns obey;
Her changing Horns not conſtanter than they.
He ſung how grieſly Comets hang in Air;
Why Sword and Plagues attend their fatal Hair:
Why Contraries feed Thunder in the Cloud;
What Motions vex it, till it roar ſo loud:
How lambent Fires become ſo wond'rous tame,
And bear ſuch ſhining Winter in their Flame:
What radiant Pencil draws the wat'ry Bow;
What ties up Hail, and picks the fleecy Snow;
What Palſy of the Earth here ſhakes fix'd Hills
From off her Brows, and here whole Rivers ſpills. *Cowl.*

With Wonder he ſurveys the upper Air,
And the gay gilded Meteors ſporting there;
And lambent Jellies, kindling in the Night,
Shoot thro' the *Æther* in a Trail of Light:
How riſing Streams in th' azure Fluid blend,
Or fleet in Clouds, or in ſoft Show'rs deſcend;
Or, if the ſtubborn Rage of Cold prevail,
In Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail.
How Honey-Dews imbalm the fragrant Morn,
And the fair Oak with luſcious Sweets adorn.
How Heat and Moiſture mingle in a Maſs,
Or belch in Thunder, or in Light'ning blaze.

Why nimble Coruſcations ſtrike the Eye,
Or bold Tornado's bluſter in the Sky.
Why a prolifick *Aura* upward tends,
Ferments, and in a living Show'r deſcends.
How Vapours hanging on the tow'ring Hills
In Breezes ſigh, or weep in warbling Rills.
Whence infant Winds their tender Pinions try,
And River-Gods their thirſty Urns ſupply. *Gar.*

How in the Moon ſuch Change of Shapes is found,
The Moon, the changing World's eternal Bound:
What ſhakes the ſolid Earth; what ſtrong Diſeaſe
Dares trouble the fair Centre's ancient Eaſe:
What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance:
Varieties too regular for Chance!
What drives the Chariot on of Winter's Light,
And ſtops the lazy Waggon of the Night. *Cowl. Virg.*

Then ſung the Bard, how the light Vapours riſe
From the warm Earth, and cloud the ſmiling Skies.
He ſung, how ſome, chill'd in their airy Flight,
Fall ſcatter'd down in pearly Dew by Night;
How ſome, rais'd higher, ſit in ſecret Steams,
On the reflected Points of bounding Beams;
'Till, chill'd with Cold, they ſhade th'etherial Plain,
Then on the thirſty Earth deſcend in Rain,
How ſome, whoſe Parts a ſlight Contexure ſhow,
Sink, hov'ring thro' the Air in fleecy Snow.
How Part is ſtrung in ſilken Threads, and clings
Entangled in the Graſs in glewy Strings:
How others, ſtamp'd to Stones, with ruſhing Sound,
Fall from their cryſtal Quarries to the Ground.
How ſome are laid in Trains, that kindled fly
In harmleſs Fires by Night about the Sky.
How ſome on Winds blow with impetuous Force,
And carry Ruin where they bend their Courſe;
While ſome conſpire to form a gentle Breeze,
To fan the Air, and play among the Trees.
How ſome, enrag'd, grow turbulent and loud,
Pent in the Bowels of a frowning Cloud,
That cracks as if the Axis of the World (hurl'd. *Blac.*
Was broke, and Heav'n's bright Tow'rs were downwards

He was a ſhrewd Philoſopher,
And had read ev'ry Text and Gloſs over.

Whatever

Whatever Sceptick could enquire for,
For ev'ry Why he had a Wherefore.
He could reduce all Things to Acts,
And knew their Nature by Abſtracts:
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The Ghoſts of defunct Bodies, fly:
Where Truth in Perſon does appear,
Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphyſick Wit can fly. *Hud.*

PHOENIX.

Thus all receive their Birth from other Things,
But from himſelf the Phœnix only ſprings;
Self-born, begotten by the Parent Flame,
In which he burn'd, another and the ſame:
Who not by Corn or Herbs his Life ſuſtains,
But the ſweet Eſſence of Amomum drains;
And watches the rich Gums *Arabia* bears,
While yet in tender Dew they drop their Tears.
He (his five Centuries of Life fulfill'd)
His Neſt on oaken Boughs begins to build,
Or trembling Tops of Palm: And firſt he draws
The Plan with his broad Bill and crooked Claws,
Nature's Artificers; on this the Pile
Is form'd, and riſes round: Then with the Spoil
Of Caſſia, Cinnamon, and Stems of Nard,
For Softneſs ſtrew'd beneath, his fun'ral Bed is rear'd;
Fun'ral and bridal both; and all around
The Borders with corruptleſs Myrrh are crown'd.
On this incumbent, 'till ethereal Flame
Firſt catches, then conſumes, the coſtly Frame;
Conſumes him too as on the Pile he lies;
He liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.
An infant Phœnix from the former ſprings,
His Father's Heir, and from his tender Wings
Shakes off his Parent Duſt: His Method he purſues,
And the ſame Leaſe of Life on the ſame Terms renews.
When, grown to Manhood, he begins to reign,
And with ſtiff Pinions can his Flight ſuſtain,
He lightens of its Load the Tree that bore
His Father's Royal Sepulchre before,
And his own Cradle; this, with pious Care,
Plac'd on his Back, he cuts the buxom Air,

Seeks

Seeks the Sun's City, and his ſacred Church,
And decently lays down his Burden in the Porch. *Dryd. Ovid.*

PHYSICK.

Phyſick can but mend a craſy State;
Patch an old Building, not a new create. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
The firſt Phyſicians by Debauch were made;
Exceſs began, and Sloth ſuſtains the Trade. *Dryd.*
By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food;
Toil ſtrung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood:
But we, their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindled down to threeſcore Years and ten:
Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
Than fee the Doctor for a pois'nous Draught.
The Wiſe for Cure on Exerciſe depend:
God never made his Work for Man to mend. *Dryd.*
He 'ſcapes the beſt, who, Nature to repair, *(Dryd.*
Draws Phyſick from the Fields in Draughts of vital Air.

PITY.

As ſofteſt Metals are not ſlow to melt,
So Pity ſooneſt runs in gentle Minds. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
And Pity on freſh Objects only ſtays,
But with the tedious Sight of Woes decays. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*
The Rocks were mov'd to Pity with his Moan,
Trees bent their Heads to hear him ſing his Wrongs,
Fierce Tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning Tongues. *(Dryd. Virg.*
The Brave and Wiſe we pity in Misfortunes;
But when Ingratitude and Folly ſuffer,
'Tis Weakneſs to be touch'd. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

PLAGUE.

The riſing Vapours choak the wholeſome Air,
And Blaſts of noiſome Winds corrupt the Year.
The Trees devouring Caterpillers burn,
Parch'd was the Graſs, and blighted was the Corn:
Nor 'ſcape the Beaſts, for *Sirius* from on high
With peſtilential Heats infeſt the Sky. *Dryd. Virg.*
The raw Damps
With flaggy Wings fly heavily about,
Scatt'ring their peſtilential Colds and Rheums
Thro' all the lazy Air: Hence Murrains follow
On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds.

At laſt the Malady
Grew more domeſtick, and the faithful Dog
Dy'd at his Maſter's Feet; and next his Maſter:
For all thoſe Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded,
Firſt on inferiour Creatures try'd their Force,
And laſt they ſeiz'd on Man:
And then a thouſand Deaths at once advanc'd,
And ev'ry Dart took Place. All was ſo ſudden,
That ſcarce a firſt Man fell: One but began
To wonder, and ſtraight fell a Wonder too;
A Third, who ſtoop'd to raiſe his dying Friend,
Dropp'd in the pious Act. Heard you that Groan?
A Troop of Ghoſts took Flight together there.
Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more
For ſingle Stakes, but Families and Tribes.
With dead and dying Men our Streets lie cover'd;
And Earth expoſes Bodies on the Pavements
More than ſhe hides in Graves.
Between the Bride and Bridegroom have I ſeen
The nuptial Torch do common Offices
Of Marriage and of Death. Caſt round your Eyes,
Where late the Streets were ſo thick-ſown with Men,
Like *Cadmus'* Brood, they juſtled for their Paſſage;
Now look for thoſe erected Heads, and ſee them,
Like Pebbles, paving all our publick Ways. *Dryd. Oedip.*

O'er *Ethiopia*, and the Southern Sands,
A mortal Influence came,
Kindled by Heav'n's angry Beam:
Who all the Stores of Poiſon ſent,
Threat'ning at once a gen'ral Doom,
Laviſh'd out all their Hate, and meant
In future Ages to be innocent.
Thoſe *Africk* Deſarts ſtraight were double Deſarts grown:
The rav'nous Beaſts were left alone.
The rav'nous Beaſts then firſt began,
To pity their old En'my Man, (have done.
And blam'd the Plague for what they would themſelves
Nor ſtay'd the cruel Evil there;
Plagues preſently forſake
The Wilderneſs which they themſelves do make;
Away the deadly Breaths their Journey take,
Driv'n by a mighty Wind:
The loaded Wind went ſwiftly on,
And, as it paſs'd, was heard to ſigh and groan:

Thence

Thence it did *Perſia* over-run;
In ev'ry Limb a dreadful Pain they felt;
Tortur'd with ſecret Coals they melt.
The *Perſians* call'd their Sun in vain,
Their God increas'd their Pain:
They look'd up to their God no more,
But curſe the Beams they worſhipped before.
Glutted with Ruins of the *Eaſt*,
She took her Wings, and down to *Athens* paſt:
Juſt Plague! which doſt no Party take,
But *Greece* as well as *Perſia* ſack:
Without the Wall the *Spartan* Army ſate;
The *Spartan* Army came too late,
For now there was no farther Work for Fate.
They ſaw the City open lay,
An eaſy and a bootleſs Prey;
They ſaw the Ramparts empty ſtand,
The Fleet, the Walls, the Forts unmann'd:
No Need of Cruelty or Slaughter now,
The Plague had finiſh'd what they came to do.
They now might unreſiſted enter there,
Did they not the very Air
More than th' *Athenians* fear;
The Air it ſelf to them was Wall and Bulwarks too.
The Air no more was vital now,
But did a mortal Poiſon grow.
The Lungs, which us'd to fan the Heart,
Serv'd only now to fire each Part;
What ſhould refreſh, increas'd the Smart.
And now their very Breath,
The chiefeſt Sign of Life, became the Cauſe of Death.
Upon the Head firſt the Diſeaſe,
As a bold Conqu'ror does ſeize;
Blood ſtarted thro' each Eye;
The Redneſs of that Sky
Foretold a Tempeſt nigh.
The Tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted Filth and Gore:
Hoarſeneſs and Sores the Throat did fill,
And ſtopt the Paſſages of Speech and Life:
Too cruel and imperious Ill!
Which not content to kill,
With tyrannous and dreadful Pain,
Doſt take from Men the very Power to complain.

Then

Then down it went into the Breaſt,
There all the Seats and Shops of Life poſſeſs'd:
Such noiſome Smells from thence did come,
As if the Stomach were a Tomb.
No Food would there abide,
Or, if it did, turn'd to th' Enemy's Side;
The very Meat new Poiſons to the Plague ſupply'd.
Next to the Heart the Fires came,
The tainted Blood its Courſe began,
And carry'd Death where-e'er it ran:
That which before was Nature's nobleſt Art,
The Circulation from the Heart,
Was more deſtructful now,
And Nature ſpeedier did undo.
The Belly felt at laſt its Share,
And all the ſubtle Labyrinths there
Of winding Bowels did new Monſters bear.
Here ſev'n Days it rul'd and ſway'd,
And oftner kill'd, becauſe it Death ſo long delay'd:
But if thro' Strength and Heat of Age,
The Body overcame its Rage,
The vanquiſh'd Evil took from them
Who conquer'd it, ſome Part, ſome Limb;
Some all their Lives before forgot,
Their Minds were but one darker Blot:
Thoſe various Pictures in the Head,
And all the num'rous Shapes were fled;
They paſs'd the *Lethe* Lake altho' they did not die.
Whatever leſſer Maladies Men had,
Thoſe petty Tyrants fled,
And at this mighty Conqu'ror ſhrunk their Head.
Fevers, Agues, Palſies, Stone,
Gout, Cholick, and Conſumption,
And all the milder Generation,
By which Mankind is by Degrees undone,
Were quickly routed out and gone.
Phyſicians now could nought prevail,
No Aid of Herbs, or Juices Pow'r;
None of *Apollo*'s Art could cure;
But help'd the Plague the ſpeedier to devour.
Some caſt into the Pit the Urn,
And drank it dry at its Return:
Again they drew, again they drank;

They drank, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning Store.
So ſtrong the Heat, ſo ſtrong the Torments were,
They like ſome Burden bear
The lighteſt Covering of Air:
The Virgins bluſh not, yet uncloath'd appear;
The Pain and the Diſeaſe did now
Unwillingly reduce Men to
That Nakedneſs once more,
Which perfect Health and Innocence caus'd before.
Their fi'ry Eyes, like Stars, wak'd all the Night,
No Sleep, no Peace, no Reſt,
Their wand'ring and affrighted Minds poſſeſs'd.
Upon their Souls, and Eyes,
Hell and eternal Horror lies.
Sometimes they curſe, ſometimes they pray,
Sometimes they Cruelties and Fury breathe;
Not Sleep, but Waking now was Siſter unto Death.
Scatter'd in Fields the Bodies lay,
The Earth call'd to the Fowls to take the Fleſh away.
In vain ſhe call'd; they came not nigh,
Nor would their Food with their own Ruin buy:
* *Whom Tyrant Hunger preſs'd,*
And forc'd to taſte; he prov'd a wretched Gueſt;
The Price was Life: It was a coſtly Feaſt.
Here lies a Mother and her Child,
The Infant ſuck'd as yet, and ſmil'd,
But ſtraight by its own Food was kill'd.
There Parents hugg'd their Children laſt,
Here parting Lovers laſt embrac'd;
But yet not parting neither,
They both expir'd and went away together.
Here Pris'ners in the Dungeon die,
And gain a two-fold Liberty:
Here others, poyſon'd by the Scent
Which from corrupted Bodies went,
Quickly return the Death they did receive,
And Death to others give.
And ev'n after Death they all are Murd'rers here.
Up ſtarts the Soldier from his Bed,
He, tho' Death's Servant, is not freed.

They * *Theſe three Lines are in* Creech's Lucretius.

The Learned too as faſt as others die,
They from Corruption are not free,
Are mortal, tho' they give an Immortality.
They turn'd their Authors o'er to try,
What Help, what Cure, what Remedy,
All Nature's Stores againſt this Plague ſupply.
And tho' beſides they ſhunn'd it ev'ry where,
They ſearch'd it in their Books, and fain would meet it there.
There was no Number now of Death,
The Siſters ſcarce ſtood ſtill to breathe,
But, weary'd quite with cutting ſingle Threads,
Began at once to part whole Looms;
One Stroke did give whole Houſes Dooms.
But what, Great Gods! was worſt of all,
Hell forth its Magazine of Luſt did call,
Into the upper World it went;
Such Guilt, ſuch Wickedneſs,
Such Irreligion did increaſe,
That the few Good that did ſurvive,
Were angry with the Plague for ſuff'ring them to live,
More for the Living than the Dead did grieve.
Some robb'd the very Dead,
Tho' ſure to be infected e're they fled.
Some nor the Shrines nor Temples ſpar'd,
Nor Gods, nor Heavens fear'd,
Tho' ſuch Examples of their Pow'r appear'd.
Virtue was now eſteem'd an empty Name,
And Honeſty the fooliſh Voice of Fame.
For having paſs'd thoſe tort'ring Flames before,
They thought the Puniſhment already o'er;
Here having felt one Hell, they thought there was no more.
(*Biſhop of* Rocheſter's *Plague of* Athens.

PLANET.

Like ſome malignant Planet,
Foe to the Harveſt, and the healthy Year,
That ſcouls adverſe, and lours upon the World,
When all the other Stars with gentle Aſpect
Propitious ſhine, and meaning Good to Man. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Planet of Saturn.

Wide is my Courſe, nor turn I to my Place,
Till Length of Time, and move with tardy Pace.

Man

Man feels me when I preſs th' etherial Plains,
My Hand is heavy, and the Wound remains.
Mine is the Shipwreck in a wat'ry Sign,
And in an earthy, the dark Dungeon mine.
Cold ſhiv'ring Agues, melancholy Care,
And bitter blaſting Winds, and poyſon'd Air,
And wilful Death reſulting from Deſpair.
The throttling Quinſey 'tis my Star appoints,
And Rheumatiſms I ſend to rack the Joints.
When Churls rebel againſt their native Prince,
I arm their Hands, and furniſh the Pretence:
And houſing in the *Lion*'s hateful Sign,
Bought Senates, and deſerting Troops are mine.
Mine is the privy Pois'ning: I command
Unkindly Seaſons, and ungrateful Land.
By me King's Palaces are puſh'd to Ground,
And Miners cruſh'd beneath their Mines are found.
'Twas I ſlew *Sampſon*, when the pillar'd Hall
Fell down, and cruſh'd the Many with the Fall.
My Looking is the Sire of Peſtilence,
That ſweeps at once the People and the Prince.

(*& Arc. Dryd. Pa.*

PLAYER.

I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look big, and pry on ev'ry Side,
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a Straw,
Intending deep Suſpicion. Ghaſtly Looks
Are at my Service, like enforced Smiles:
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any Time to grace my Stratagems.

Shak. Rich. 3.

Is it not monſtrous that this Player here,
But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Paſſion,
Could force his Soul ſo to his whole Conceit,
That from her Working all his Viſage warm'd;
Tears in his Eyes, Diſtraction in his Aſpect,
A broken Voice, and his whole Function ſuiting
With Forms to his Conceit? And all for Nothing!
For *Hecuba!* What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weep for her? What would he do
Had he the Motive, and the Cue for Paſſion
That I have? He would drown the Stage with Tears,
And cleave the gen'ral Ear with horrid Speech:
Make mad the Guilty, and apale the Free,

Confound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very Faculty of Eyes and Ears. *Shak. Haml.*
Like a Player,
Bellowing his Paſſion till he break the Spring, *(& Creſſ.*
And his rack'd Voice jar to the Audience. *Shak. Troil.*
The purple Emp'rors, who in Buskins tread,
And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread. *Gar.*

PLEASURE.

Pleaſure never comes ſincere to Man,
But lent by Heav'n upon hard Uſury:
And while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,
Ere it can reach our Lips 'tis daſh'd with Gall
By ſome left-handed God. *Dryd. Oedip.*
The Gods will frown where-ever they do ſmile;
The Crocodile infeſts the fertile *Nile.*
Lions and Tygers on the *Lybian* Plain,
Forbid all Pleaſures to the fearful Swain.
Wild Beaſts in Foreſts do the Hunters fright,
They fear their Ruin 'mid'ſt of their Delight. *Dorſ.*
Delights, thoſe beautiful Illuſions, play
Around us; and when graſp'd, they glide away:
They ſhew themſelves, but will not with us dwell,
But, like hot Gleams, approaching Storms foretel.
Pure unmix'd Pleaſures on us never flow'd,
But ſtream, like wat'ry Sun-beams thro' a Cloud. *Blac.*
And frequent Uſe does the Delight exclude:
Pleaſure's a Toil when conſtantly purſu'd. *Cong. Juv.*
One Grain of Bad imbitters all the Beſt. *Dryd. Hom.*

PLUTO.

Pluto, the grieſly God, who never ſpares,
Who feels no Mercy, and who hears no Pray'rs,
Lives dark and dreadful in deep Hell's Abodes,
And Mortals hate him as the worſt of Gods. *Pope Hom.*

POETASTER.

He Rhymes appropriate could make,
To ev'ry Month in th' Almanack:
When Terms begin and end could tell,
With their Returns, in Doggerel.
When the Exchequer opes and ſhuts,
And Sow-gelder with Safety cuts.

When

When Men may eat and drink their Fill,
And when be temp'rate, if they will.
When uſe, and when abſtain from Vice,
Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.
In Lyricks he would write an Ode on
His Miſtreſs eating a Black-pudding.
And when impriſon'd Air eſcap'd her,
It puff'd him with poetick Rapture.
His Sonnets charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
By wide-mouth'd Mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd Gueſts,
Like *Orpheus* look'd among the Beaſts.
A Carman's Horſe could not paſs by,
But ſtood ty'd up to Poetry:
Each Window like a Pill'ry 'pears,
With Heads thruſt thro', nail'd by the Ears:
All Trades run in as to the Sight
Of Monſters, or their dear Delight
The Gallow-Tree, when cutting Purſe
Breeds Bus'neſs for Heroick Verſe:
Which none does hear, but would have hung,
T' have been the Theme of ſuch a Song. *Hud.*

POETRY *and* POETS. *See* Muſick, River, Style, Verſe.

Sometimes of humble rural Things,
Thy Muſe in middle Air with vary'd Numbers ſings;
And ſometimes her ſonorous Flight
To Heav'n ſublimely wings.
But firſt takes time with Majeſty to riſe,
Then without Pride divinely great,
She mounts her native Skies,
And Goddeſs-like retains her State,
When down again ſhe flies.
Commands, which Judgment gives, ſhe ſtill obeys,
Both to depreſs her Flight, and raiſe.
Thus *Mercury* from Heav'n deſcends,
But ſtill, deſcending, Dignity maintains;
As much a God upon our humble Plains,
As when he tow'ring re-aſcends to Heav'n.
But when thy Goddeſs takes her Flight,
With ſuch a Majeſty, to ſuch a Height,
As can alone ſuffice to prove
That ſhe deſcends from mighty *Jove*;

Gods! how thy Thoughts then riſe, and ſoar, and ſhine!
Immortal Spirit animates each Line:
Each with bright Flame that fires our Souls is crown'd,
Each has Magnificence of Sound,
And Harmony divine.
Thus the firſt Orbs in their high Rounds
With ſhining Pomp advance,
And to their own cœleſtial Sounds
Majeſtically dance.
Or with eternal Symphony they roll,
Each turn'd in its harmonious Courſe,
And each inform'd by the prodigious Force
Of an Empyreal Soul. *Dennis to Dryd.*

In your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to riſe in Senſe and ſink in Sound:
Slide without falling, without ſtraining ſoar.
Harſh Words, tho' pertinent, uncooth appear;
None pleaſe the Fancy, who offend the Ear.
In Senſe and Numbers if you would excel,
Read *Wycherly*, conſider *Dryden* well.
In one what vig'rous Turns of Fancy ſhine!
In th' other *Sirens* warble in each Line!
If *Dorſet*'s ſprightly Muſe but touch the Lyre,
The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in ſoft Deſire,
And little *Loves* confeſs their am'rous Fire.
The gentle *Iſis* claims the Ivy Crown,
To bind th' immortal Brows of *Addiſon*.
As tuneful *Congreve* tries his rural Strains,
Pan quits the Wood, the liſt'ning *Fauns* the Plains,
And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains.
When *Stepney* paints the God-like Acts of Kings,
Or what *Apollo* dictates *Prior* ſings,
The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention ſhow,
And ſilver *Sequana* forgets to flow.
Sedley has that prevailing gentle Art,
That can with a reſiſtleſs Charm impart
The looſeſt Wiſhes to the chaſteſt Heart;
Raiſe ſuch a Conflict, kindle ſuch a Fire
Between declining Virtue and Deſire,
That the poor vanquiſh'd Maid diſſolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.
Such were the Numbers, which could call
The Stones into the *Theban* Wall.

As there is Muſick uninform'd by Art,
In thoſe wild Notes, which with a merry Heart
The Birds in unfrequented Shades expreſs,
Who better taught at Home, yet pleaſe us leſs:
So in your Verſe a native Sweetneſs dwells,
Which ſhames Compoſure, and its Art excels.
Singing no more can your ſoft Numbers grace,
Than Paint add Charms unto a beauteous Face.
Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep,
Their even Calmneſs does ſuppoſe them deep;
Such is your Muſe:
So firm a Strength, and yet withal ſo ſweet,
Did never but in *Sampſon*'s Riddle meet. *Dryd. to Sir Rob. How.*
The Colours there ſo artfully are laid,
They fear no Luſtre, and they want no Shade. *Stepn. to L. Halifax.*
Not fierce, but awful in his manly Page;
Bold is his Strength, but ſober is his Rage. *Dryd. Perſ.*
We muſt admire to ſee thy well-knit Senſe,
Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
Thoſe as thy Forehead ſmooth, theſe ſparkling as thy Eye.
'Tis ſolid and 'tis manly all,
Or rather, 'tis angelical.
For, as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verſes ſee
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet; *Cowl. to Orinda.*
They are than Man more ſtrong, and more than Woman ſweet.
With conceal'd Deſign
Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers join;
And with a ſly inſinuating Grace
Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the Face:
Would raiſe a Bluſh where ſecret Vice he found,
And tickle while he gently prob'd the Wound.
With ſeeming Innocence the Crowd beguil'd,
And made the deſp'rate Paſſes when he ſmil'd. *Dryd. Perſ.*
Pindar's unnavigable Song,
Like a ſwoll'n Flood from ſome ſteep Mountain, pours along;
The Ocean meets with ſuch a Voice
From his enlarg'd Mouth, as drowns the Ocean's Noiſe.
So *Pindar* does new Words and Figures roll
Down his impetuous *Dithyrambick* Tide,
Which in no Chanel deigns t' abide;
Which neither Banks nor Dikes controul.
Whether th' immortal Gods he ſings
In no leſs immortal Strain,

Or the great Acts of God-deſcended Kings,
Who in his Numbers ſtill ſurvive and reign.
Whether at *Piſa*'s Race he pleaſe
To carve in poliſh'd Verſe the Conqu'rors Images:
Whether the Swift, the Skilful, or the Strong,
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vig'rous Song;
Whether ſome brave young Man's untimely Fate,
In Words worth dying for he celebrate.
He bids him live and grow in Fame,
Among the Stars he ſticks his Name;
The Grave can but the Droſs of him devour;
So ſmall is Death's, ſo great the Poet's Power.
Lo! how th' obſequious Wind and ſwelling Air
The *Theban* Swan do upwards bear
Into the Walks of Clouds, where he does play,
And with extended Wings opens his liquid Way.
While, alas! my tim'rous Muſe
Unambitious Tracts purſues;
Does with weak unballaſt Wings
About the moſſy Brooks and Springs,
About the Trees new-bloſſom'd Heads,
About the Gardens painted Beds,
About the Fields and flow'ry Meads;
And all inferiour beauteous Things,
Like the laborious Bee,
For little Drops of Honey flee,
And there with humble Sweets content her Induſtry. *Cowl. Hor.*

Mean as I am, yet have the *Muſes* made
Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade:
I could have once ſung down a Summer's Sun,
But now the Chime of Poetry is done;
My Voice grows hoarſe, I feel the Notes decay:
For Cares and Time
Change all Things, and untune my Soul for Rhime. *Dryd. Virg.*

POISON.

Obſerve in this ſmall Phial certain Death;
It holds a Poiſon of ſuch deadly Force,
Should *Æſculapius* drink it, in five Hours,
(For then it works) the God himſelf were Mortal:
I drew it from *Nonacris*' horrid Spring.
It ſcatters Pains,
All Sorts, and thro' all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
Ev'n with Extremity of Froſt it burns:

Drives

Drives the diſtracted Soul about her Houſe,
Who runs to all the Pores, the Doors of Life,
'Till ſhe is forc'd for Air to leave her Dwelling. *Lee Alex.*

Alex. Search there, nay probe me, ſearch my wounded Reins:
Pull, draw it out;
Oh! I am ſhot, a forked burning Arrow
Sticks croſs my Shoulders, the ſad Venom flies
Like Lightning thro' my Fleſh, my Blood, my Marrow.
Ha! what a Change of Torments I endure?
A Bolt of Ice runs hiſſing thro' my Bowels,
'Tis ſure the Arm of Death;
Cover me, for I freeze, my Teeth Chatter,
And my Knees knock together.

Perd. Heav'n bleſs the King!

Alex. Ha! who talks of Heav'n?
I am all Hell, I burn, I burn again.
My vital Spirits are quite parch'd, burnt up,
And all my ſmoky Entrails turn'd to Aſhes. *Lee Alex.*

Nothing in vain the Gods create;
This Bough was made to haſten Fate.
'Twas in Compaſſion of our Woe,
That Nature firſt made Poiſons grow;
For hopeleſs Wretches, ſuch as I,
Kindly providing Means to die.
As Mothers do their Children keep,
So Nature feeds, and makes us ſleep:
The Indiſpos'd ſhe does invite,
To go to Bed before 'tis Night.
Dead I ſhall be, as when unborn,
And then I knew nor Love, nor Scorn.
Like Slaves redeem'd, Death ſets us free
From Paſſion and from Injury.
The Living, chain'd to Fortune's Wheel,
In Triumph led, her Changes feel:
And Conquerors kept Poiſons by,
Prepar'd for her Inconſtancy.
Bays againſt Thunder might defend their Brow;
But againſt Love and Fortune here's the Bough. *Wall.*

Quick Shootings thro' my Limbs, and pricking Pains,
Qualms at my Heart, Convulſions in my Nerves,
hiv'rings of Cold, and burning of my Entrails,
Vithin my little World make medley War,
oſe and regain, beat and are beaten back,
s momentary Victors quit their Ground;

Some deadly Draught, ſome Enemy to Life
Boils in my Bowels, and works out my Soul. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

POLYPHEMUS and his DEN.

The Cave, tho' large, was dark: The diſmal Floor
Was pav'd with mangled Limbs and putrid Gore.
The monſtrous Hoſt, of more than human Size,
Erects his Head, and ſtares within the Skies.
Bell'wing his Voice, and horrid is his Hiew.
The Joints of ſlaughter'd Wretches are his Food,
And for his Wine he quaffs the ſtreaming Blood.
Theſe Eyes beheld, when with his ſpacious Hand
He ſeiz'd two Captives of the *Grecian* Band;
Stretch'd on his Back, he daſh'd againſt the Stones
Their broken Bodies, and their crackling Bones:
With ſpouting Blood the purple Pavement ſwims,
While the dire Glutton grinds the trembling Limbs.
Thus gorg'd with Fleſh, and drunk with human Wine,
While faſt aſleep the Giant lay ſupine,
Snoring aloud, and belching from his Maw
His indigeſted Foam and Morſels raw;
We ſurround
The monſtrous Body ſtretch'd along the Ground:
Each, as he could approach him, lends a Hand
To bore his Eye-ball with a flaming Brand.
Beneath his frowning Forehead lay his Eye:
For only one did the vaſt Frame ſupply;
But that a Globe ſo large, his Front it fill'd,
Like the Sun's Diſk, or like a *Grecian* Shield.
The Stroke ſucceeds, and down the Pupil bends.
Such, and ſo vaſt as *Polypheme* appears,
A hundred more this hated Iſland bears:
Like him, in Caves they ſhut their woolly Sheep,
Like him, their Herds on Tops of Mountains keep,
Like him, with mighty Strides they ſtalk from Steep to Steep.
I oft from Rocks a dreadful Proſpect ſee
Of the huge *Cyclops*, like a walking Tree:
From far I hear his thund'ring Voice reſound,
And trampling Feet that ſhake the ſolid Ground.
Scarce had he ſaid, when on the Mountain's Brow
We ſaw the Giant-Shepherd ſtalk before
His foll'wing Flock, and leading to the Shore.
A monſtrous Bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of Sight:
His Staff a Trunk of Pine, to guide his Steps aright.

His pond'rous Whiſtle from his Neck deſcends ;
His woolly Care their penſive Lord attends ;
This only Solace his hard Fortune ſends.
Soon as he reach'd the Shore, and touch'd the Waves ;
From his gor'd Eye the gutt'ring Blood he laves :
He gnaſh'd his Teeth, and groan'd ; thro' Seas he ſtrides,
And ſcarce the topmoſt Billows touch'd his Sides.
Seiz'd with a ſudden Fear, we run to Sea ;
And buckling to the Work, our Oars divide the Main.
The Giant hearken'd to the daſhing Sound ;
But when our Veſſel out of Reach he found,
He ſtrided downward, and in vain eſſay'd
Th' *Ionian* Deep, and durſt no farther wade.
With that, he roar'd aloud ; the dreadful Cry
Shakes Earth, and Air, and Seas : The Billows fly,
Before the bell'wing Noiſe to diſtant *Italy*.
The neighb'ring *Ætna* trembling all around,
The winding Caverns echo to the Sound.
His Brother *Cyclops* hear the yelling Roar ;
And, ruſhing down the Mountains, croud the Shore.
We ſaw their ſtern diſtorted Looks from far,
And one-ey'd Glance, that vainly threaten'd War.
A dreadful Council, with their Heads on high,
The miſty Clouds about their Foreheads fly ;
Not yielding to the tow'ring Tree of *Jove*,
Or talleſt Cypreſs of Diana's Grove. *Dryd. Virg.*

POPLAR.

So falls a Poplar, that in wat'ry Ground
Rais'd high the Head, with ſtately Branches crown'd,
(Fell'd by ſome Artiſt with his ſhining Steel,
To ſhape the Circle of the bending Wheel)
Cut down it lies, tall, ſmooth, and largely ſpread,
With all its beauteous Honours on its Head ;
There left a Subject to the Wind and Rain,
And ſcorch'd by Suns, it withers on the Plain. *Pope Hom.*

POPULACE.

The Vulgar, a ſcarce animated Clod, (*Auren.*
Ne'er pleas'd with ought above 'em, Prince or God. *Dryd.*
That hot-mouth'd Beaſt that bears againſt the Curb :
Hard to be broken ev'n by lawful Kings,
But harder by Uſurpers.

Almighty

Almighty Croud! thou ſhorten'ſt all Diſpute,
Pow'r is thy Eſſence, Wit thy Attribute:
Nor Faith nor Reaſon makes thee at a Stay, (*Dryd. Med.*
Thou leap'ſt o'er all eternal Truths in thy *Pindarick* Way.

Baſe mongril Souls! fleſh 'em but once with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to Death:
But if ſome crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
They'll run, and yelp, and clap their Tails (*of Guiſe.*
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy. *Lee D.*

Diſſenſious Rogues,
That rubbing the poor Itch of your Opinions,
Make your ſelves Scabs.
That like not Peace nor War: The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud.

Who deſerves Greatneſs,
Deſerves your Hate. Your Affections are
A ſick Man's Appetite, who deſires moſt that
Which would increaſe his Evil. He that depends
Upon your Favours, ſwims with Fins of Lead. *Shak. Coriol.*

The Scum
That riſes upmoſt when the Nation boils. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

The Rabble gather round the Man of News,
And liſten with their Mouths.
Some tell, ſome hear, ſome judge of News, ſome make it,
And he that lyes moſt loud, is moſt believ'd. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

The Streets are thicker in this Noon of Night,
Than at the Mid-day Sun: A drowſy Horrour
Sits on their Eyes, like Fear not well awake:
All crowd in Heaps, as at a Night-Alarm,
The Bees drive out upon each others Backs,
T' imboſs their Hives in Cluſters: All ask News;
Their buſy Captain runs the weary Round,
To whiſper Orders; and, commanding Silence, (*Don Seb.*
Makes not Noiſe ceaſe, but deafens it to Murmurs. *Dryd.*

The Common-wealth is ſick of her own Choice;
Her over-greedy Love has ſurfeited:
A Habitation giddy and unſure
Has he that builds upon the vulgar Hearts.
O thou fond Many! with what loud Applauſe,
Did'ſt thou beat Heav'n with bleſſing *Bullingbrook*,
Before he was what thou would'ſt have him be?
But being trim'd up in thy own Deſires,
Thou beaſtly Feeder art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thy ſelf to caſt him up.

So,

So, ſo, thou common Dog, did'ſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton Boſom of the Royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead Vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What Truſt is in theſe Times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd of his Grave:
Thou that threw'ſt Duſt upon his goodly Head,
When thro' proud *London* he came ſighing on,
After th' admir'd Heels of *Bullingbrook*,
Cry'ſt now, O Earth! yield us that King again,
And take thou this. *Shak. 2 Part Hen. 4.*

The Genius of your *Moors* is Mutiny:
They ſcarcely want a Guide to move their Madneſs:
Prompt to rebel on ev'ry weak Pretence,
Bluſt'ring when courted, crouching when oppreſs'd;
Wiſe to themſelves, and Fools to all the World:
Reſtleſs in Change, and perjur'd to a Proverb.
They love Religion, ſweeten'd to the Senſe;
A good luxurious palatable Faith.
Thus Vice and Godlineſs, prepoſterous Pair,
Ride Cheek by Jowl! but Churchmen hold the Reins:
And when'ere Kings would lower Clergy Greatneſs,
They'll learn too late what Pow'r the Preachers have,
And whoſe the Subjects are. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

By Heav'n, 'twas never well ſince ſawcy Prieſts
Grew to be Maſters of the liſt'ning Herd,
And into Mitres cleft the Regal Crown. *Shak. Troil. & Creſſ.*

Empire, thou poor and deſpicable Thing,
When ſuch as theſe unmake or make a King! *Dryd. Conq. of (Gran.*

Obſerve the Mountain Billows of the Main,
Blown by the Winds into a raging Storm:
Bruſh off thoſe Winds, and the high Waves return
Into their quiet firſt created Calm:
Such is the Rage of buſy bluſt'ring Crouds,
Tormented by th' Ambition of the Great:
Cut off the Cauſes, and th' Effects will ceaſe,
And all the moving Madneſs fall in Peace. *Dryd. Cleom.*

I have no Taſte
Of popular Applauſe, the noiſy Praiſe
Of giddy Crouds, as changeable as Winds;
Still vehement, and ſtill without a Cauſe:
Servants to Chance, and blowing in the Tide
Of ſwoln Succeſs, but veering with its Ebb,
It leaves the Chanel dry. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

As when in Tumults riſe th' ignoble Croud,
Mad are their Motions, and their Tongues are loud;
And Stones and Brands in rattling Vollies fly,
And all the ruſtick Arms that Fury can ſupply:
If then ſome grave and pious Man appear,
They huſh their Noiſe and lend a liſt'ning Ear;
He ſooths with ſober Words their angry Mood,
And quenches their innate Deſire of Blood. *Dryd. Virg.*

The giddy Vulgar, as their Fancies guide,
With Noiſe ſay Nothing, and in Parts divide. *Dryd. Virg.*

In Tumults People reign, and Kings obey. *Dryd Conq. of Gran.*

The People like a headlong Torrent go,
And ev'ry Dam they break or overflow:
But unoppos'd they either loſe their Force, *(Gran.*
Or wind in Volumes to their former Courſe. *Dryd. Conq. of*

Their Fright to no Perſwaſions will give Ear, *(Gran.*
There's a deaf Madneſs in a People's Fear. *Dryd. Conq. of*

POPULAR.

Th' admiring Croud are dazled with Surprize,
And on his goodly Perſon feed their Eyes;
His Joy conceal'd, he ſets himſelf to Show,
On each Side bowing popularly low:
His Looks, his Geſtures, and his Words he frames,
And with familiar Eaſe repeats their Names.

Thus form'd by Nature, furniſh'd out with Arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret Hearts;
Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star,
And Shouts of Joy ſalute him from afar.
Each Houſe receives him as a Guardian-God,
And conſecrates the Place of his Abode. *Dryd. Abſ. & Achit.*

The People rend the Skies with loud Applauſe,
And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours;
The thronging Crouds preſs on you as you paſs,
And with their eager Joy make Triumph ſlow. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Thou art thy longing Country's Darling and Deſire,
Their cloudy Pillar, and their Guardian Fire:
Their ſecond *Moſes*, whoſe extended Wand
Divides the Seas, and ſhews the promis'd Land:
Whoſe dawning Day, in ev'ry diſtant Age,
Has exercis'd the ſacred Prophet's Rage;
The People's Pray'r, the glad Deviner's Theme,
The young Mens Viſion, and the old Mens Dream.
Thee Saviour, thee the Nation's Vows confeſs;
And, never ſatisfy'd with ſeeing, bleſs. *Swift,*

Swift, unbeſpoken Pomps thy Steps proclaim, *(& Achit.*
And ſtamm'ring Babes are taught to liſp thy Name. *Dryd. Abſ.*
All Tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared Sights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your pratling Nurſe
Into a Rapture lets her Baby cry,
While ſhe chats him. The Kitchen Malkin pins
Her richeſt Lockram 'bout her reeky Neck,
Clamb'ring the Walls to ſee him:
Stalls, Bulks, Windows are ſmother'd up,
Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd.
I've ſeen the dumb Men throng to ſee him,
And the blind to hear him ſpeak. The Nobles bended
As to *Jove*'s Statue; and the Commons made
A Show'r and Thunder with their Caps and Shouts. *Shak. Cori.*

PRAYER.

The Gods, (the only great and only wiſe)
Are mov'd by Off'rings, Vows, and Sacrifice:
Offending Man their high Compaſſion wins,
And daily Pray'rs atone for daily Sins.
Pray'rs are *Jove*'s Daughters, of celeſtial Race,
Lame are their Feet, and wrinkled is their Face;
With humble Mein and with dejected Eyes,
Conſtant they follow where *Injuſtice* flies:
Injuſtice ſwift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide Earth, and tramples o'er Mankind,
While *Pray'rs*, to heal her Wrongs, move ſlow behind.
Who hears theſe Daughters of Almighty *Jove*,
For him they mediate to the Throne above:
When Man rejects the humble Suit they make,
The Sire revenges for the Daughter's Sake.
From *Jove* commiſſion'd, fierce *Injuſtice* then
Deſcends to puniſh unrelenting Man. *Pope Hom.*

PREDESTINATION and FREE-WILL. *See* Fate.

But here the Doctors eagerly diſpute,
Some hold Predeſtination abſolute:
Some Clerks maintain, that Heav'n at firſt foreſees,
And in the Virtue of Foreſight decrees.
If this be ſo, then Preſcience binds the Will;
And Mortals are not free to Good or Ill;
For what he firſt foreſaw, he muſt ordain,
Or his eternal Preſcience may be vain.

As

As bad for us if Preſcience had not been:
For firſt, or laſt, he's Author of the Sin.
And who ſays that, let the blaſpheming Man
Say worſe, ev'n of the Devil, if he can.
For how can that eternal Pow'r be juſt
To puniſh Man, who ſins becauſe he muſt?
Or, how can he reward a virtuous Deed,
Which is not done by us, but firſt decreed?
I cannot boult this Matter to the Bran,
As *Bradwardin* and holy *Auſtin* can:
If Preſcience can determine Actions ſo,
That we muſt do, becauſe he did foreknow:
Or that foreknowing, yet our Choice is free,
Not forc'd to ſin by ſtrict Neceſſity.
This ſtrict Neceſſity they ſimple call,
Another Sort there is conditional.
The firſt ſo binds the Will, that Things foreknown,
By Spontaneity, not Choice, are done.
Thus Galley-Slaves tug willing at their Oar,
Content to work in Proſpect of the Shore;
But would not work at all, if not conſtrain'd before.
That other does not Liberty reſtrain;
But Man may either act, or may refrain:
Heav'n made us Agents free to Good or Ill,
And forc'd it not, tho' he foreſaw the Will.
Freedom was firſt beſtow'd on human Race,
And Preſcience only held the ſecond Place.
If he could make ſuch Agents wholly free,
I'll not diſpute, the Point's too high for me:
For Heav'n's unfathom'd Pow'r what Man can ſound,
Or put to his Omnipotence a Bound?
He made us to his Image; all agree,
That Image is the Soul, and that muſt be,
Or not the Maker's Image, or be free.
But whether it were better Man had been
By Nature bound to Good, not free to Sin,
I wave, for fear of ſplitting on a Rock. *Dryd. The Cock (and the Fox.*

The Prieſthood groſly cheat us with Free-will;
Will to do what, but what Heav'n firſt decreed?
Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
Since from eternal Cauſes they proceed.
Our Paſſions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
Mere ſenſeleſs Engines, that are mov'd by Fate:

Like

Like Ships on ſtormy Seas without a Guide,
Toſt by the Winds, and driven by the Tide. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Hard State of Life! ſince Heav'n foreknows my Will,
Why am I not ty'd up from doing Ill?
Why am I truſted with my ſelf at large,
When he's more able to ſuſtain the Charge?
Since Angels fell, whoſe Strength was more than mine,
'Twould ſhew more Grace my Frailty to confine.
For knowing the Succeſs, to leave me free,
Excuſes him, and yet ſupports not me. *Dryd. State of Inn.*

PRIEST.

A Pariſh Prieſt was of the Pilgrim-Train:
An awful, rev'rend, and religious Man.
His Eyes diffus'd a venerable Grace,
And Charity it ſelf was in his Face.
Rich was his Soul, tho' his Attire was poor,
As God had cloath'd his own Embaſſador:
For ſuch, on Earth, his bleſt Redeemer bore.
Refin'd himſelf to Soul, to curb the Senſe,
And made almoſt a Sin of Abſtinence.
Yet had his Aſpect nothing of ſevere,
But ſuch a Face as promis'd him ſincere.
Nothing reſerv'd or ſullen was to ſee;
But ſweet Regards, and pleaſing Sanctity:
Mild was his Accent, and his Action free.
With Eloquence innate his Soul was arm'd;
Tho' harſh the Precept, yet the Preacher charm'd.
He bore his great Commiſſion in his Look:
But ſweetly temper'd Awe, and ſoften'd all he ſpoke.
He taught the Goſpel rather than the Law;
And forc'd himſelf to drive; but lov'd to draw.
For Fear but freezes Minds; but Love, like Heat,
Exhales the Soul ſublime to ſeek her native Seat.
The Tithes, his Pariſh freely paid, he took;
But never ſu'd, or curs'd with Bell and Book.
With Patience bearing Wrong, but off'ring none,
Since ev'ry Man is free to loſe his own.
Yet of his Little he had ſome to ſpare,
To feed the Famiſh'd, and to clothe the Bare.
For mortify'd he was to that Degree,
A poorer than himſelf he could not ſee:
True Prieſts, he ſaid, and Preachers of the Word
Were only Stewards of their Sov'reign Lord:

Nothing

Nothing was theirs; but all the publick Store,
Intruſted Riches to relieve the Poor,
Who, ſhould they ſteal for Want of his Relief,
He judg'd himſelf Accomplice with the Thief.
And ſtill he was at Hand, without Requeſt,
To ſerve the Sick, to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd.
He duly watch'd his Flock by Night and Day;
And from the prowling Wolf redeem'd the Prey,
But hungry ſent the wily Fox away.
The Proud he tam'd, the Penitent he chear'd,
Nor to reprove the rich Offender fear'd:
His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought,
(A living Sermon of the Truth he taught.)
For this, by Rules ſevere, his Life he ſquar'd,
That all might ſee the Doctrine which they heard:
For Prieſts, he ſaid, are Patterns for the reſt,
The Gold of Heav'n, who bear the God impreſs'd:
But when the precious Coin is kept unclean,
The Sov'reign's Image is no longer ſeen:
If they be foul, on whom the People truſt,
Well may the baſer Braſs contract a Ruſt.
With what he begg'd, his Brethren he reliev'd,
And gave the Charities himſelf receiv'd:
Gave, while he taught, and edify'd the more,
Becauſe he ſhew'd by Proof 'twas eaſy to be poor. *Dryd.*

Quoth *Ralpho*, you miſtake the Matter,
For in all Scruples of this Nature,
No Man includes himſelf, nor turns
The Point upon his own Concerns.
As no Man of his own ſelf catches
The Itch, or amorous *French* Aches;
So no Man does himſelf convince
By his own Doctrine of his Sins.
And 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
In Love and Preaching that muſt ſway: *Hud.*

Prieſthood, that makes a Merchandize of Heav'n:
Prieſthood, that ſells ev'n to their Pray'rs and Bleſſings,
And forces us to pay for our own Coz'nage:
Nay, cheats Heav'n too with Entrails and with Offals,
Gives it the Garbage of a Sacrifice,
And keeps the beſt for private Luxury. *Dryd. Troil. & Creſ.*

The Gods are theirs, not ours; and when we pray
For happy Omens, we their Price muſt pay:
In vain at Shrines th' ungiving Suppliant ſtands;
In vain we make our Vows with empty Hands. *Fa*

Fat Off'rings are the Prieſthoods only Care;
They take the Money, and Heav'n hears the Pray'r:
Without a Bribe their Oracles are mute,
And their inſtructed Gods refuſe the Suit. *Dryd. Cleom.*

The pious Prieſthood the fat Gooſe receive,
And they once brib'd, the Godhead muſt forgive. *Dryd. Juv.*

For Gain has wonderful Effects,
T' improve the Factory of Sects;
The Rule of Faith in all Profeſſions,
And Great *Diana* of th' *Epheſians*. *Hud.*

For Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame:
Of whatſoe'er Deſcent their Godhead be,
Stone, Stock, or other homely Pedegree;
In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten Gold:
For 'tis their Duty, all the Learned think, *(& Achit.*
T' eſpouſe his Cauſe by whom they eat and drink. *Dryd. Abſ.*

I tell thee, *Mufti*, if the World were wiſe,
They would not wag one Finger in your Quarrels:
Your Heav'n you promiſe, but our Earth you covet;
The *Phaetons* of Mankind, who fire that World,
Which you were ſent by Preaching but to warm. *Dryd. Don.*

For whether King or People ſeek Extremes, *(Seb.*
Still Conſcience and Religion are the Themes.
And whatſoever Change the State invades,
The Pulpit either forces, or perſwades.
Others may give the Fuel or the Fire,
But Prieſts, the Breath, that makes the Flame, inſpire. *Den. Soph.*

We know their Thoughts of us; that Lay-men are
Lag Souls, and Rubbiſh of remaining Clay,
Which Heav'n, grown Weary of more perfect Work,
Set upward with a little Puff of Breath,
And bid us paſs for Men. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

We know their holy Jugglings,
Things that would ſtartle Faith, and make us deem
Not this, or that, but all Religions falſe. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

You want to lead
My Reaſon blindfold, like a hamper'd Lion,
Check'd of its noble Vigour: Then, when baited
Down to obedient Tameneſs, make it couch,
And ſhew ſtrange Tricks, which you call Signs of Faith:
So ſilly Souls are gull'd, and you get Money. *Otw. Ven. Preſ.*

If we muſt pray,
Rear in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,
Let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice; And

And not a grey-beard forging Prieſt come there,
To prie into the Bowels of the Victim,
And with their Dotage mad the gaping World. *Lee Oedip.*

Why ſeek we Truth from Prieſts?
The Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots Tears,
The Tradeſmens Oath, and Mourning of an Heir,
Are Truths to what Prieſts tell:
Oh! why has Prieſthood Privilege to lye,
And yet to be believ'd? *Lee Oedip.*

Is not the Care of Souls a Load ſufficient?
Are not your holy Stipends paid for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly Noiſe,
To ſtudy Souls, their Cures, and their Diſeaſes?
The Province of the Soul is large enough
To fill up ev'ry Cranny of your Time,
And leave you much to anſwer, if one Wretch
Be damn'd by your Neglect.
Why then theſe foreign Thoughts of State-Employments,
Abhorrent to your Function and your Breeding?
Poor droning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,
Bred in the Fellowſhip of bearded Boys;
What Wonder is it if you know not Men?
Yet there you live demure, with down-caſt Eyes,
And humble as your Diſcipline requires:
But when let looſe from thence, to live at large,
Your little Tincture of Devotion dies:
Then Luxury ſucceeds; and, ſet agog
With a new Scene of yet untaſted Joys,
You fall with greedy Hunger to the Feaſt;
Of all your College Virtues nothing now
But your original Ignorance remains. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Triumphant Plenty, with a cheerful Grace,
Baſks in their Eyes, and ſparkles in their Face:
How ſleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
When big they ſtrut behind a double Chin?
Each Faculty in Blandiſhments they lull,
Aſpiring to be venerably dull.
No learn'd Debates moleſt their downy Trance,
Or diſcompoſe their pompous Ignorance.
But undiſturb'd they loiter Life away,
So wither green, and bloſſom in Decay.
Deep ſunk in Down, they by Sloth's gentle Care,
Avoid th' Inclemencies of Morning Air;
And leave to tatter'd Crape the Drudgery of Prayer.

But bloated with Ambition, Pride, and Avarice,
You ſwell to counſel Kings and govern Kingdoms.
Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,
And let this little hanging Ball alone;
For give you but a Foot of Conſcience there,
And you, like *Archimedes*, toſs the Globe. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Your Saviour came not with a gawdy Show,
Nor was his Kingdom of the World below:
Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind,
Theſe Marks of Church and Churchmen he deſign'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn,
In Purple he was crucify'd, not born:
They who contend for Place and high Degree,
Are not his Sons, but thoſe of *Zebedee*. *Dryd.*

Yet Churchmen, tho' they itch to govern all,
Are ſilly, woful, awkard Politicians:
They make lame Miſchief, tho' they meant it well.
Their Int'reſt is not finely drawn and hid,
But Seams are coarſly bungled up and ſeen. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Sure 'tis an Orthodox Opinion,
That Grace is founded in Dominion.
Great Piety conſiſts in Pride;
To rule, is to be ſanctify'd.
To domineer and to controul,
Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
Is the moſt perfect Diſcipline
Of Church Rule, and by Right Divine.
Bel and the *Dragon*'s Chaplains were
More moderate than theſe by far;
For they, poor Knaves, were glad to cheat,
To get their Wives and Children Meat:
But theſe will not be fobb'd off ſo,
They muſt have Wealth and Power too;
Or elſe with Blood and Deſolation,
They'll tear it out o'th' Heart o'th' Nation.
Sure theſe themſelves from Primitive
And Heathen Prieſthood do derive:
When Butchers were the only Clerks,
Elders, and Presbyters of Kirks:
Whoſe Directory was to kill,
And ſome believe that 'tis ſo ſtill.
The only Diff'rence is, that then,
They ſlaughter'd only Beaſts, now Men.

For

For then to ſacrifice a Bullock,
Or now and then a Child to *Moloch*,
They count a vile Abomination,
But not to ſlaughter a whole Nation. *Hud.*

Chaplain.

My Time is ſpent pleaſantly;
My Lord is neither haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimſical: He has good Nature,
And I have good Manners.
His Sons too are civil to me, becauſe
I do not pretend to be wiſer than they are;
I meddle with no Man's Buſineſs but my own.
I riſe in a Morning early, ſtudy moderately,
Eat and drink cheerfully, live ſoberly,
Take my innocent Pleaſures freely; *Otw. Orph.*
So meet with Reſpect, and am not the Jeſt of the Family.

PROMISE.

Promiſes once made are paſt Debate;
And Truth's of more Neceſſity than Fate. *Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

It is no Scandal nor Aſperſion
Upon a Great and Noble Perſon,
To ſay, he nat'rally abhor'd
Th' old-faſhion'd Trick to keep his Word:
Tho' 'tis Perfidiouſneſs, and Shame,
In meaner Men to do the ſame:
For to be able to forget,
Is found more uſeful to the Great,
Than Gout, or Deafneſs, or bad Eyes,
To make 'em paſs for wondrous wiſe. *Hud.*

PROTEUS.

In the *Carpathian* Bottom makes Abode
The Shepherd of the Seas, a Prophet and a God:
High o'er the Main in wat'ry Pomp he rides,
His azure Car and finny Courſers guides:
Proteus his Name.
Him not alone the River-Gods adore,
But aged *Nereus* hearkens to his Lore.
With ſure Foreſight, and with unerring Doom,
He ſees what is, and was, and is to come:
This *Neptune* gave him, when he gave to keep
His ſcaly Flocks, that graze the wat'ry Deep.

When

When weary with his Toil and ſcorch'd with Heat,
The wayward Sire frequents his cool Retreat;
His Eyes with heavy Slumber overcaſt,
With Force invade his Limbs, and bind him faſt:
For unconſtrain'd he nothing tells for nought,
Nor is with Pray'rs, or Bribes, or Flatt'ry bought.
The ſlipp'ry God will try to looſe his Hold,
And various Forms aſſume to cheat thy Sight,
And with vain Images of Beaſts affright.
With foamy Tusks will ſeem a briſtly Boar,
Or imitate the Lion's angry Roar;
Break out in crackling Flames to ſhun thy Snares,
Or hiſs a Dragon, or a Tiger ſtares.
Or, with a Wile thy Caution to betray,
In fleeting Streams attempt to ſlide away;
Will weary all his Miracles of Lyes,
'Till having ſhifted ev'ry Form to 'ſcape,
Convinc'd of Conqueſt he reſumes his Shape.

Proteus's *Cave.*

Within a Mountain's hollow Womb there lies
A large Receſs, conceal'd from human Eyes:
Where Heaps of Billows, driv'n by Wind and Tide,
In Form of War their wat'ry Ranks divide,
And there, like Centries ſet, without the Mouth abide.
A Station ſafe for Ships, when Tempeſts roar,
A ſilent Harbour and a cover'd Shore.
Secure within reſides the various God,
And draws a Rock upon his dark Abode.
His finny Flocks about their Shepherd play,
And rolling round him ſpirt the bitter Sea.
Unwieldily they wallow firſt in Ooze,
Then in the ſhady Covert ſeek Repoſe.
Himſelf their Herdſman, on the middle Mount,
Takes of his muſter'd Flocks a juſt Account:
So, ſeated on a Rock, a Shepherd's Groom,
Surveys his Ev'ning Flocks returning Home;
When lowing Calves, and bleating Lambs from far,
Provoke the prowling Wolf to nightly War. *Dryd. Virg.*

PROVIDENCE.

The holy Pow'r, that cloathes the ſenſeleſs Earth
With Woods, with Fruits, with Flow'rs, and verdant Graſs,
Whoſe bounteous Hand feeds the whole brute Creation, (Pen
Knows all our Wants, and has enough to give us. *Rowe Fair*

PRU-

PRUDENCE. *See* Wiſdom.

Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art ſought,
And, with Age purchas'd, art too dearly bought:
We're paſt the Uſe of Wit, for which we toil:
Late Fruit, and planted into too cold a Soil. *Dryd. Auren.*

PYGMY.

So when the *Pygmys*, marſhal'd on the Plains,
Wage puny War againſt th' invading Cranes,
The Poppets to their Bodkin-Spears repair,
And ſcatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air.
But ſoon as ere th' imperial Bird of *Jove*,
Stoops on his ſounding Pinions from Above,
Among the Brakes the Fairy Nation crouds,
And the *Strymonan* Squadron ſeeks the Clouds. *Gar.*

When Cranes invade, his little Sword and Shield
The *Pygmy* takes, and ſtraight attends the Field;
And not one Soldier is a Foot in Height:
The Fight's ſoon o'er; the Cranes deſcend and bear
The ſprawling Warriors thro' the liquid Air. *Cre. Juv.*

PYTHAGOREAN Philoſophy. See Tranſmigration of Souls.

Know firſt, that Heav'n and Earth's compacted Frame,
And flowing Waters, and the ſtarry Flame,
And both the radiant Lights, one common Soul
Inſpires; and feeds, and animates the Whole.
This active Mind, infus'd thro' all the Space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty Maſs:
Hence Men and Beaſts the Breath of Life obtain;
And Birds of Air, and Monſters of the Main.
Th' etherial Vigour is in all the ſame,
And ev'ry Soul is fill'd with equal Flame;
As much as earthy Limbs, and groſs Allay
Of mortal Members, ſubject to Decay,
Blunt not the Beams of Heav'n, and Edge of Day.
From this coarſe Mixture of terreſtrial Parts,
Deſire, and Fear, by turns, poſſeſs their Hearts;
And Grief and Joy: Nor can the grov'ling Mind,
In the dark Dungeon of the Limbs confin'd,
Aſſert the native Skies, or own it's heav'nly Kind.
Nor Death it ſelf can wholly waſh their Stains;
But long-contracted Filth, ev'n in the Soul, remains.
The Reliques of invet'rate Vice they wear;
And Spots of Sin obſcene in ev'ry Face appear.

For this are various Penances enjoin'd;
And ſome are hung to bleach upon the Wind;
Some plung'd in Waters, others purg'd in Fires,
'Till all the Dregs are drain'd, and all the Ruſt expires,
All have their *Manes*, and thoſe *Manes* bear:
The few, ſo cleans'd, to bleſs'd Abodes repair,
And breathe in ample Fields the ſoft *Elyſian* Air.
Then are they happy, when by Length of Time,
The Scurf is worn away of each committed Crime.
No Speck is left of their habitual Stains;
But the pure Æther of the Soul remains.
But when a thouſand rolling Years are paſt,
(So long their Puniſhments and Penance laſt)
Whole Droves of Minds are, by the driving God,
Compell'd to drink the deep *Lethæan* Flood:
In large forgetful Draughts to ſteep the Cares
Of their paſt Labours, and their irkſome Years;
That unrememb'ring of its former Pain,
The Soul may ſuffer mortal Fleſh again. *Dryd. Virg.*

He firſt the Taſte of Fleſh from Tables drove,
And argu'd well, if Arguments could move.
O Mortals! from your Fellows Blood abſtain,
Nor taint your Bodies with a Food profane:
While Corn and Pulſe by Nature are beſtow'd,
And planted Orchards bend their willing Load;
While labour'd Gardens wholeſome Herbs produce,
And teeming Vines afford their gen'rous Juice:
Nor tardier Fruits of cruder Kind are loſt,
But tam'd with Fire, or mellow'd by the Froſt:
While Kine to Pails diſtended Udders bring,
And Bees their Honey, redolent of Spring:
While Earth not only can your Needs ſupply,
But, laviſh of her Store, provides for Luxury:
A guiltleſs Feaſt adminiſters with Eaſe,
And without Blood is prodigal to pleaſe.
Wild Beaſts their Maws with their ſlain Brethren fill;
And yet not all; for ſome refuſe to kill:
Sheep, Goats, and Oxen, and the nobler Steed,
In Browze, and Corn, and flow'ry Meadows feed.
Bears, Tygers, Wolves, the Lion's angry Brood,
Whom Heav'n endu'd with Principles of Blood,
Re wiſely ſunder'd from the reſt, to yell
In Foreſts, and in lonely Caves to dwell,
Where ſtronger Beaſts oppoſe the Weak by Might,
And all in Prey and purple Feaſts delight.

O impious Uſe! to Nature's Law oppos'd,
Where Bowels are in other Bowels clos'd:
Where fatten'd by their Fellows Fat they thrive,
Maintain'd by Murder, and by Death they live.
'Tis then for nought that Mother-Earth provides
The Stores of all ſhe ſhews, and all ſhe hides,
If Men with fleſhy Morſels muſt be fed,
And chaw with bloody Teeth the breathing Bread.
What elſe is this, but to devour our Gueſts,
And barb'rouſly renew *Cyclopean* Feaſts?
We, by deſtroying Life, our Life ſuſtain,
And gorge th' ungodly Maw with Meats obſcene.

Not ſo the golden Age, who fed on Fruit,
Nor durſt with bloody Meals their Mouths pollute.
Then Birds in airy Space might ſafely move,
And tim'rous Hares on Heaths ſecurely rove:
Nor needed Fiſh the guileful Hooks to fear;
For all was peaceful; and that Peace ſincere.
Whoever was the Wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envy'd firſt our Food's Simplicity;
Th' Eſſay of bloody Feaſts on Brutes began,
And after forg'd the Sword to murder Man;
Had he the ſharpen'd Steel alone employ'd
On Beaſts of Prey, that other Beaſts deſtroy'd,
Or Man invaded with their Fangs and Paws,
This had been juſtify'd by Nature's Laws,
And Self-Defence: But who did Feaſts begin
Of Fleſh, he ſtretch'd Neceſſity to Sin:
To kill Man-Killers Man has lawful Pow'r;
Not the extended Licenſe to devour.

The Sow, with her broad Snout for rooting up
Th' intruſted Seed, was judg'd to ſpoil the Crop,
And intercept the ſweating Farmer's Hope.
The cov'tous Churl, of unforgiving Kind,
Th' Offender to the bloody Prieſt reſign'd:
Her Hunger was no Plea; for that ſhe dy'd.
The Goat came next in order to be try'd:
The Goat had cropt the Tendrils of the Vine:
In Vengeance Laity and Clergy join,
Where one had loſt his Profit, one his Wine.
Here was at leaſt ſome Shadow of Offence:
The Sheep was ſacrific'd on no Pretence,
But meek and unreſiſting Innocence.

A patient, uſeful Creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly Fleece, that cloath'd her Murderer;
And daily to give down the Milk ſhe bred,
A Tribute for the Graſs on which ſhe fed.
Living, both Food and Raiment ſhe ſupplies,
And is of leaſt Advantage when ſhe dies.
How did the toiling Ox his Death deſerve,
A downright ſimple Drudge, and born to ſerve?
O Tyrant! with what Juſtice canſt thou hope
The Promiſe of the Year, a plenteous Crop;
When thou deſtroy'd thy lab'ring Steer, who till'd
And plough'd with Pains thy elſe ungrateful Field?
From his yet-reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
That Neck, with which the ſurly Clods he broke;
And to the Hatchet yield thy Husbandman,
Who finiſh'd Autumn, and the Spring began.
From whence, O mortal Men, this Guſt of Blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted Food?
Be taught by me this dire Delight to ſhun,
Warn'd by my Precepts, by my Practice won:
And when you eat the well-deſerving Beaſt,
Think on the Lab'rer of your Field you feaſt.
Beſides, whatever lies
In Earth, or flits in Air, or fills the Skies,
All ſuffer Change; and we, that are of Soul
And Body mix'd, are Members of the whole:
Then, when our Sires or Grandſires ſhall forſake
The Forms of Men, and brutal Figures take;
Thus hous'd, ſecurely let their Spirits reſt,
Nor violate thy Father in the Beaſt;
Thy Friend, thy Brother, any of thy Kin;
If none of thoſe, yet there's a Man within.
O ſpare to make a *Thyeſtæan* Meal,
T'encloſe his Body, and his Soul expel.
And let not Piety be put to Flight,
To pleaſe the Taſte of Glutton-Appetite;
But ſuffer innate Souls ſecure to dwell,
Leſt from their Seats your Parents you expel:
With rapid Hunger feed upon your Kind,
Or from a Beaſt diſlodge a Brother's Mind.
What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin,
So near Perfection, who with Blood begin?
Deaf to the Calf, that lies beneath the Knife,
Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life:

Deaf to the harmleſs Kid, that, 'ere he dies,
All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,
And imitates, in vain, thy Children's Cries.
Where will he ſtop, who feeds with Houſhold Bread,
Then eats the Poultry, which before he fed?
Let plough thy Steers, that, when they loſe their Breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their Death.
Let Goats for Food their loaded Udders lend,
And Sheep from Winter Cold thy Sides defend;
But neither Springes, Nets, nor Snares employ,
And be no more ingenious to deſtroy.
Free as in Air, let Birds on Earth remain,
Nor let inſidious Glue their Wings conſtrain:
Nor op'ning Hounds the trembling Stag affright,
Nor purple Feathers intercept his Flight:
Nor Hooks, conceal'd in Baits, for Fiſh prepare,
Nor Lines, to heave them twinkling up in Air.
Take not away the Life you cannot give;
For all Things have an equal Right to live.
Kill noxious Creatures, where 'tis Sin to ſave;
This only juſt Prerogative we have:
But nouriſh Life with vegetable Food,
And ſhun the ſacrilegious Taſte of Blood. *Dryd. Ovid.*

QUIET.

In Storms, when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the boldeſt there,
That does not wiſh for Quiet here.
For Quiet, Friend! the Soldier fights,
Bears weary Marches, ſleepleſs Nights;
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold. *Otw. Hor.*

RACE.

To their appointed Baſe the rival Runners went;
With beating Hearts th' expected Sign receive,
And, ſtarting all at once, the Barrier leave.
Spread out, as on the Wings of Winds they flew,
And ſeiz'd the diſtant Goal with greedy View.
Shot from the Crowd, ſwift *Niſus* all o'erpaſs'd,
Nor Storms, nor Thunder equal half his Haſte:
The next, but, tho' the next, yet far disjoin'd,
Came *Salius*, and *Euryalus* behind;

Then

Then *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
Step after Step, and almoſt Side by Side:
His Shoulders preſſing, and in longer Space
Had won, or left, at leaſt, a dubious Race.
Now ſpent, the Goal they almoſt reach at laſt,
When eager *Niſus*, hapleſs in his Haſte,
Slipp'd firſt, and, ſlipping, fell upon the Plain,
Soak'd with the Blood of Oxen newly ſlain.
The careleſs Victor had not mark'd his Way,
But, treading where the treach'rous Puddle lay,
His Heels flew up, and on the graſſy Floor
He fell, beſmear'd with Filth and holy Gore.
Not mindleſs then, *Euryalus*, of thee,
Nor of the ſacred Bonds of Amity,
He ſtrove th' immediate Rival's Hope to croſs,
And caught the Foot of *Salius* as he roſe.
So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain,
Euryalus ſprings out the Prize to gain,
And leaves the Crowd: Applauding Peals attend *(Virg.*
The Victor to the Goal, who vanquiſh'd by his Friend. *Dryd.*

RAGE. See *Anger.*

Rage is the ſhorteſt Paſſion of our Souls:
Like narrow Brooks, that riſe with ſudden Show'rs,
It ſwells in haſte, and falls again as ſoon.
Still as it ebbs the ſofter Thoughts flow in,
And the Deceiver Love ſupplies its Place. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

His Breaſt with Fury burn'd, his Eyes with Fire,
Mad with Deſpair, impatient with Deſire. *Dryd.*

In his black Thoughts Revenge and Slaughter roul;
And Scenes of Blood riſe dreadful in his Soul. *Pope Hom.*

Reſtleſs his Feet, diſtracted was his Walk,
Mad were his Motions, and confus'd his Talk;
Mad as the vanquiſh'd Bull, when forc'd to yield
His lovely Miſtreſs, and forſake the Field. *Dryd. Ovid.*

He found his Veins with Indignation ſwell,
And felt within the Fire and Rage of Hell.
Legions of ſpleenful Spirits fill'd his Breaſt,
And dire Revenge his troubled Soul poſſeſs'd.
As the vaſt Rage of vanquiſh'd *Lucifer*,
When dreadful Thunder charg'd his flying Rear,
When by th' Almighty's conqu'ring Squadrons driv'n
O'er the blue Plains, and from the Brow of Heav'n,

Ruſh'd into Hell, he ſaw his ruin'd Hoſt
Plung'd in hot Vengeance, and for ever loſt. *Blac.*

Tempeſts and Whirlwinds thro' his Boſom move,
Heave up, and madly mount the Soul above
The Reach of Pity, or the Bounds of Love. *Dryd. Cleom.*

At firſt her Rage was dumb, and wanted Words;
But when the Storm found Way, 'twas wild and loud:
Mad as the Prieſteſs of the *Delphick* God,
Enthuſiaſtick Paſſion ſwell'd her Breaſt,
Enlarg'd her Voice, and ruffled all her Form. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Think you beheld him like a raging Lion,
Pacing the Earth, and tearing up his Steps;
Fate in his Eyes, and roaring with the Pain
Of burning Fury. *Otw. Orph.*

My Mind, and its Intents, are ſavage, wild,
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

Oh give me Daggers, Fire, or Water!
How I could bleed! how burn! how drown! the Waves
Hizzing and booming round my ſinking Head,
Till I deſcended to the peaceful Bottom.
Oh there all's quiet; here all Rage and Fury:
The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak Brain;
I long for thick ſubſtantial Sleep: Hell! Hell!
Burſt from the Centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half ſo hot, ſo mad, as I am. *Otw. Ven. Preſ.*

Patience! Oh I've none!
Go bid the moving Plains of Sand lie ſtill,
And ſtir not when the ſtormy South blows high:
From Top to Bottom thou haſt toſs'd my Soul,
And now 'tis in the Madneſs of the Whirl,
Requir'ſt a ſudden Stop. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Patience! Preach it to the Winds,
To roaring Seas, or raging Fires: The Knaves,
That teach it, laugh at you when you believe 'em. *Otw. Orph.*

Madneſs! Confuſion! let the Storm come on:
Let the tumultuous Roar drive all upon me;
Daſh my devoted Bark, ye Surges break it;
'Tis for my Ruin that the Tempeſt riſes. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Away! be gone! and give a Whirlwind Room!
Or I will blow you up like Duſt! Avaunt!
Madneſs but meanly repreſents my Toil!
Eternal Diſcord,
Fury, Revenge, Diſdain, and Indignation,

Tear

Tear my ſwoll'n Breaſt; make Way for Fire and Tempeſt:
My Brain is burſt; Debate and Reaſon quench'd.
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack; while Paſſions, like the Winds,
Riſe up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars. *Lee Alex.*

Rage has no Bounds in ſlighted Womankind. *Dryd. Cleom.*

Oppoſe not Rage, while Rage is in its Force;
But give it Way a while, and let it waſte:
The riſing Deluge is not ſtopp'd with Dams;
Thoſe it o'erbears, and drowns the Hope of Harveſt:
But, wiſely manag'd, its divided Strength
Is ſluic'd in Chanels, and ſecurely drain'd.
And, when its Force is ſpent and unſupply'd,
The Reſidue with Mounds may be reſtrain'd, *(Creſſ.*
And dry-ſhod we may paſs the naked Ford. *Shak. Troil. &*

RAINBOW.

Jove's wond'rous Bow, of three celeſtial Dyes,
Plac'd as a Sign to Man amidſt the Skies. *Pope Hom.*

Thus oft the Lord of Nature, in the Air
Hangs Evening Clouds, his ſable Canvaſs, where
His Pencil, dipp'd in heav'nly Colours, made
Of intercepted Beams, mix'd with the Shade
Of temper'd Æther, and refracted Light,
Paints his fair Rainbow charming to the Sight. *Blac.*

RAPE.

Force is the laſt Relief which Lovers find;
And 'tis the beſt Excuſe of Womankind:
It is Reſiſtance that inflames Deſire,
Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire:
Love is diſarm'd that meets with too much Eaſe;
He languiſhes, and does not care to pleaſe:
And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit you guard
With ſo much Care, to make Poſſeſſion hard. *Dryd. Aureng.*

Who'd be that ſordid, fooliſh Thing, call'd Man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleaſure,
Which Beaſts enjoy ſo very much above him?
The luſty Bull ranges thro' all the Field,
And from the Herd ſingling his Female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will.
It ſhall be ſo! I'll yet poſſeſs my Love,
Wait on, and watch her looſe unguarded Hours;
Then, when her roving Thoughts have been abroad,

And brought in wanton Wiſhes to her Heart,
I' th' very Minute when her Virtue nods,
I'll uſh upon her in a Storm of Love,
Beat down her Guard of Honour all before me,
And ſurfeit upon Joys, till ev'n Deſire grows ſick. *Otw. Orph.*

'Tis nobler, like a Lion, to invade
Where Appetite directs, and ſeize my Prey,
Than to wait tamely, like a begging Dog,
Till dull Conſent throws out the Scraps of Love.
I'll plunge into a Sea of my Deſires;
I'll tear up Pleaſure by the Roots,
And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame. *Roch. Val.*

To what a Height did Infant *Rome*,
By raviſhing of Women, come?
When Men upon their Spouſes ſeiz'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd.
They ne'er forſwore themſelves, nor ly'd,
Nor, in the Minds they were in, dy'd:
Nor took the Pains t'addreſs and ſue;
Nor plaid the Maſquerade to woo.
Diſdain'd to ſtay for Friends Conſents,
Nor juggled about Settlements:
Did need no Licenſe, nor no Prieſt,
No Friends, nor Kindred, to aſſiſt;
Nor Lawyers, to join Land and Money,
In th'holy State of Matrimony;
Nor would endure to ſtay until
They'd got the very Bride's good Will:
But took a wiſe and ſhorter Courſe
To win the Ladies, down-right Force:
And when they had 'em at their Pleaſure,
They talk'd of Love and Flames at Leiſure.
For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that beſt Way of Application,
Prov'd nobler Wives than e'er were known
By Suit or Treaty to be won;
And ſuch as all Poſterity
Could never equal, or come nigh.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*; ſoft Fire,
They ſay, does make ſweet Malt, good Squire:
The Quirks and Cavils thou doſt make
Are falſe, and built upon Miſtake. *Hud.*

Force never yet a generous Heart did gain:
We yield on Parley, but are ſtorm'd in vain.

Con-

Conſtraint in all Things makes the Pleaſure leſs;
Sweet is the Love which comes with Willingneſs. *Dry. Auren.*

REASON. See *Man.*

Dim as the borrow'd Beams of Moon and Stars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring Travellers,
Is Reaſon to the Soul: And as on high,
Thoſe rolling Fires diſcover but the Sky,
Nor light us here; ſo Reaſon's glimm'ring Ray
Was lent, not to aſſure our doubtful Way,
But guide us upward to a better Day.
And as thoſe nightly Tapers diſappear,
When Day's bright Lord aſcends our Hemiſphere,
So pale grows Reaſon at Religion's Sight;
So dies, and ſo diſſolves in ſupernat'ral Light. *Dryd. Rel. Laici.*

For Reaſon is a Guide we muſt reſign,
When the Authority's Divine. *Cowl.*

Reaſon, the Pow'r to gueſs at Right and Wrong!
The twinkling Lamp
Of wand'ring Life, that wakes and winks by Turns; (*Bride.*
Fooling the Follower betwixt Shade and Shining. *Cong. Mourn.*

Reaſon was giv'n to curb our headſtrong Will,
And yet but ſhews a weak Phyſician's Skill;
Gives nothing while the raging Fit does laſt,
But ſtays to cure it when the worſt is paſt:
Reaſon's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone;
But Youth is ſtrong enough to walk alone. *Dryd. Conq. of Gra.*

Our Paſſions, gone, and Reaſon in her Throne,
Amaz'd we ſee the Miſchiefs we have done:
After a Tempeſt, when the Winds are laid,
The calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made. *Wall.*

Oh, why did Heaven leave Man ſo weak Defence,
To truſt frail Reaſon with the Rule of Senſe?
'Tis overpois'd, and kick'd up in the Air;
While Senſe weighs down the Scale, and keeps it there:
Or, like a captive King, 'tis borne away,
And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebels Sway.

O no! our Reaſon was not vainly lent,
Nor is a Slave, but by its own Conſent:
If Reaſon on his Subjects Triumph wait,
An eaſy King deſerves no better Fate. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

RELIGION.

The common Cry is ever Religion's Teſt;
The *Turk*'s is at *Conſtantinople* beſt;
Idol's in *India*, Popery at *Rome*;
And our own Worſhip only true at Home:
And true but for the Time; 'tis hard to know
How long we pleaſe it ſhall continue ſo.
This Side To-day, and that To-morrow burns;
So all are God A'mighties in their Turns. *Dryd.*

Turning of Religion's made
The Means to turn and wind a Trade:
And tho' ſome change it for a worſe,
They put themſelves into a Courſe.
For all Religions flock together,
Like tame and wild Fowl of a feather.
Hence 'tis, Hypocriſy as well
Will ſerve t' improve a Church, as Zeal:
As Perſecution or Promotion
Do equally advance Devotion. *Hud.*

To prove Religion true,
If either Wit or Suff'rings could ſuffice,
All Faiths afford the Conſtant and the Wiſe.
And yet, ev'n they, by Education ſway'd,
In Age defend what Infancy obey'd. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

All Faiths are to their own Believers juſt;
For none believe, becauſe they will, but muſt. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

By Education moſt have been miſ-led;
So they believe, becauſe they were ſo bred.
The Prieſt continues what the Nurſe began,
And thus the Child impoſes on the Man. *Dry. Hind and Panth.*

Look round, how Providence beſtows alike
Sun-ſhine and Rain, to bleſs the fruitful Year,
On diff'rent Nations, all of diff'rent Faiths:
And (tho' by ſeveral Names and Titles worſhipp'd)
Heav'n takes the various Tribute of their Praiſe;
Since all agree to own, at leaſt to mean,
One beſt, one greateſt, only Lord of All. *Rowe Tamerl.*

All under various Names adore and love
One Pow'r immenſe, which ever rules Above. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

If you've Religion, keep it to your ſelf;
Atheiſts will elſe make Uſe of Toleration,
And laugh you out on't. Never ſhew Religion,

Unleſs

Unleſs you mean to paſs for Knaves of Conſcience,
And cheat believing Fools that think you honeſt. *Otw. Orph.*

REPENTANCE. See *Nunnery.*

Theſe Books teach holy Sorrow, and Contrition,
And Penitence. Is it become an Art then?
A Trick that lazy, dull, luxurious Gown-Men
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't.
I have more real Anguiſh in my Heart,
Than all their Pedant Diſcipline e'er knew. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Thoughts cannot form themſelves in Words ſo horrid,
As can expreſs my Guilt. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Let that Night,
That guilty Night be blotted from the Year;
Let not the Voice of Mirth or Muſick know it:
Let it be dark and deſolate; no Stars
To glitter o'er it: Let it wiſh for Light,
Yet want it ſtill, and vainly wait the Dawn:
For 'twas the Night that gave me up to Shame. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

This fatal Form, that drew on my Undoing,
Faſting, and Tears, and Hardſhip, ſhall deſtroy;
Nor Light, nor Food, nor Comfort will I know,
Nor ought that may continue hated Life.
Then, when you ſee me meagre, wan, and chang'd,
Stretch'd at my Length, and dying in my Cave,
On that cold Earth I mean ſhall be my Grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and ſighing ſay,
At length her Tears have waſh'd her Stains away;
At length 'tis Time her Puniſhment ſhould ceaſe: *(Pen.*
Die then, poor ſuff'ring Wretch, and be at Peace. *Rowe Fair*

Let Wretches, loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,
Bow with the Weight, and groan beneath the Burden,
Creep, with the Remnant of the Strength they've left, *(Preſ.*
Before the Footſtool of the Heav'n they've injur'd. *Otw. Ven.*

Oh my Offence is rank! it ſmells to Heav'n;
It has the primal eldeſt Curſe upon it,
A Brother's Murder! Pray I cannot;
Tho' Inclination be as ſharp as Will,
My ſtronger Guilt defeats my ſtrong Intent;
And, like a Man, to double Buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in Pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed Hand
Were thicker than it ſelf with Brother's Blood,
Is there not Rain enough in the ſweet Heav'ns

To waſh it white as Snow? Whereto ſerves Mercy,
But to confront the Viſage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer but this twofold Force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My Fault is paſt: But oh! what Form of Prayer
Can ſerve my Turn? Forgive me my foul Murder!
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe Effects for which I did the Murder!
My Crown, my own Ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' Offence? *Shak. Haml.*

No! while our former Flames remain within,
Repentance is but Want of Pow'r to ſin. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

In the corrupted Currents of this World,
Offence's gilded Hand may ſhove by Juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked Prize it ſelf
Buys out the Law: But 'tis not ſo Above;
There is no Shuffling, there the Action lies
In its true Nature; and we our ſelves compell'd,
Ev'n to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults,
To give in Evidence. What then? What reſts?
Try what Repentance can! What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched State! O Boſom black as Death!
O limed Soul! that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd. Help, Angels! make Eſſay!
Bow ſtubborn Knees, and Heart with Strings of Steel,
Be ſoft as Sinews of the new-born Babe:
All may be well. *Shak. Haml.*

For true Repentance never comes too late;
As ſoon as born, ſhe makes her ſelf a Shroud,
The weeping Mantle of a fleecy Cloud:
And, ſwift as Thought, her airy Journey takes,
Her Hand Heav'n's azure Gate with Trembling ſtrikes;
The Stars do with Amazement on her look,
She tells her Story in ſo ſad a Tone, *(Par.*
That Angels ſtart from Bliſs, and give a Groan. *Lee Maſſ. of*

So cheers ſome pious Saint a dying Sinner,
Who trembled at the Thoughts of Pains to come,
With Heav'n's Forgiveneſs, and the Hopes of Mercy.
At length, the Tumult of his Soul appeas'd,
And every Doubt and anxious Scruple eas'd,

Boldly

Boldly he proves the dark uncertain Road;
The Peace his holy Comforter beſtow'd,
Guides and protects him like a Guardian God. *Rowe Tamerl.*

REPUTATION.

Good Name in Man or Woman,
Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls.
Who ſteals my Purſe, ſteals Traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to Thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Shak. Othel.*

RESURRECTION.

Th' Arch-Angel's Trumpet ſhakes the trembling Ground;
The ſtartled Dead awaken at the Sound:
The Grave reſigns her ancient Spoils, and all
Death's adamantine Priſons burſt and fall:
The Souls that did their forc'd Departure mourn,
To the ſame Bodies with ſwift Flight return.
The crouding Atoms re-unite apace,
All without Tumult know and take their Place.
Th' aſſembled Bones leap quick into their Frame,
And the warm Blood renews a brighter Flame.
The quicken'd Duſt feels freſh and youthful Heats,
While its old Task the beating Heart repeats.
The Eyes, enliven'd with new vital Light,
Open, admiring whence they had their Sight.
The Veins too twine their bloody Arms around
The Limbs, and with red leaping Life abound.
Hard-twiſted Nerves new-brace, and faſter bind
The cloſe-knit Joints, no more to be disjoin'd.
Strong new-ſpun Threads immortal Muſcles make,
That, juſtly fix'd, their ancient Figure take.
Briſk Spirits take their upper Seats, and dart
Thro' their known Chanels, thence to ev'ry Part.
The Men now draw their long-forgotten Breath,
And ſtriving, break th' unweildy Chains of Death.
Victorious Life to ev'ry Grave reſorts,
And rifles Death's inhoſpitable Courts:
Its Vigour, thro' thoſe dark Dominions ſpread,
From all their gloomy Manſions frees the Dead.
Now ripe Conceptions thro' the Earth abound,
And new-ſprung Men ſtand thick on all the Ground.

The

The Sepulchres are quick, and ev'ry Tomb
Labours with Life, and grows a fruitful Womb. *Blac.*
Whom Thunder's diſmal Noiſe,
And all that Prophets and Apoſtles louder ſpake,
And all the Creatures plain conſpiring Voice,
Could not, whilſt they liv'd, awake;
This mightier Sound ſhall make,
When dead, ariſe:
And open Tombs, and open Eyes,
To the long Sluggards of five thouſand Years;
This mightier Sound ſhall make its Hearers Ears.
Then ſhall the ſcatter'd Atoms crouding come
Back to their ancient Home;
Some from Birds, from Fiſhes ſome,
Some from Earth, and ſome from Seas,
Some from Beaſts, and ſome from Trees;
Some deſcend from Clouds on high,
Some from Metals upward fly;
And where th' attending Soul naked and ſhiv'ring ſtands,
Meet, ſalute, and join their Hands;
As diſpers'd Soldiers, at the Trumpet's Call,
Haſte to their Colours all;
Unhappy moſt, like tortur'd Men,
Their Joints new-ſet, to be new-rack'd agen.
To Mountains they for Shelter pray,
TheMountains ſhake,and run about,no leſs confus'd than they.
Cowl.

RETREAT.

As compaſs'd with a Wood of Spears around,
The lordly Lion ſtill maintains his Ground;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again,
Threats his diſtended Paws, and ſhakes his Mane;
He loſes, while in vain he preſſes on,
Nor will his Courage let him dare to run:
So *Turnus* fares, and unreſolv'd of Flight,
Moves tardy back, and juſt recedes from Flight:
Diſdains to yield,
And with ſlow Paces meaſures back the Field,
And inches to the Walls. *Dryd. Virg.*

O'er his broad Back his moony Shield he threw,
And glaring round by tardy Steps withdrew:
Thus the grim Lion his Retreat maintains,
Beſet with watchful Dogs and ſhouting Swains;
Repuls'd

Repuls'd by Numbers from the nightly Stalls,
Tho' Rage impels him, and tho' Hunger calls,
Long ſtands the ſhow'ring Darts, and miſſile Fires;
Then ſowrly ſlow th' indignant Beaſt retires:
So turn'd ſtern *Ajax*, by whole Hoſts repell'd,
While his ſwoln Heart at ev'ry Step rebell'd.
As the ſlow Beaſt, with heavy Strength indu'd,
In ſome wide Field by Troops of Boys perſu'd,
Tho' round his Sides a wooden Tempeſt rain,
Crops the tall Harveſt, and lays waſte the Plain;
Thick on his Hide the hollow Blows reſound,
The patient Animal maintains his Ground;
Scarce from the Field with all their Efforts chas'd,
And ſtirs but ſlowly when he ſtirs at laſt.
On *Ajax* thus a Weight of *Trojans* hung;
The Strokes redoubled on his Buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky Strength he ſtands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding Bands;
Now ſtiff recedes, yet hardly ſeems to fly,
And threats his Followers with retorted Eye. *Pope Hom.*

REVENGE.

Exalted *Socrates!* divinely brave!
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave:
He drank the pois'nous Draught
With Mind ſerene, and could not wiſh to ſee
His vile Accuſer drink as deep as he.
Too noble for Revenge! which ſtill we find
The weakeſt Frailty of a feeble Mind.
Degenerous Paſſion, and for Man too baſe,
It ſeats its Empire in the Female Race;
There rages, and to make its Blow ſecure,
Puts Flatt'ry on until its Aim be ſure. *Creech Juv.*

What tho' his mighty Soul his Grief contains?
He meditates Revenge, who leaſt complains;
And like a Lion, ſlumb'ring in his Way,
Or Sleep diſſembling while he waits his Prey,
His fearleſs Foes within his Diſtance draws,
Conſtrains his Roaring, and contracts his Paws;
Till at the laſt, his Time for Fury found,
He ſhoots with ſudden Vengeance from the Ground;
The proſtrate Vulgar paſſes o'er and ſpares,
But with a lordly Rage his Hunters tears. *Dryd. Abſ. & Achit.*

Revenge is but a Frailty incident
To craz'd and ſickly Minds; the poor Content
Of little Souls, unable to ſurmount
An Injury, too weak to bear Affront. *Oldh.*

Now might I do it, now he is praying:
And now I'll do it, and ſo he goes to Heav'n!
And ſo am I reveng'd? That would be ſcann'd.
A Villain kills my Father, and for that
I his foul Son do this ſame Villain ſend
To Heav'n! O this is Hire and Salary, not Revenge.
He took my Father groſsly, full of Bread,
With all his Crimes broad blown, and freſh as *May*;
And how his Audit ſtands, who knows, ſave Heav'n?
But in our Circumſtance and Courſe of Thought,
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the Purging of his Soul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his Paſſage?
No! up Sword, and know thou a more horrid Bent:
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his Rage,
Or in th' inceſtuous Pleaſure of his Bed,
At Gaming, Swearing, or about ſome Act
That has no Reliſh of Salvation in it;
Then trip him that his Heels may kick at Heav'n,
And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black
As Hell, whereto it goes. Then I with Wings as ſwift
As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love,
Will ſweep to my Revenge. *Shak. Hamlet.*

A baſe Revenge is Vengeance on my ſelf. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Revenge, at firſt tho' ſweet,
Bitter ere-long, back on it ſelf recoils. *Milt.*

When Heav'n's Revenge is ſlow,
Jove but prepares to ſtrike the fiercer Blow. *Pope Hom.*

The Gods take Aim before they ſtrike their Blow;
Tho' ſure their Vengeance, yet the Stroke is ſlow. *Cree. Juv.*

RHETORICIAN.

For Rhetorick, he cou'd not ope
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope:
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his Speech, or cough,
He'ad hard Words ready to ſhew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by.
Elſe when with greateſt Art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.

For

For all a Rhetorician's Rules
Teach nothing but to name his Tools. *Hud.*

RHYME.

Rhyme the Rudder is of Verſes,
With which, like Ships, they ſteer their Courſes. *Hud.*
And thoſe who write in Rhyme, ſtill make
The one Verſe for the other's Sake;
For one for Senſe, and one for Rhyme,
I think's ſufficient for one Time. *Hud.*

RICHES.

Greatneſs of Mind and Fortune too,
Both their ſeveral Parts muſt do
In the noble Chace of Fame;
This without that is blind, that without this is lame
Nor is fair Virtue's Picture ſeen aright,
But in Fortune's golden Light.
Riches alone are of uncertain Date;
And on ſhort Man long cannot wait.
The Virtuous make of them the beſt,
And put them out to Fame for Intereſt;
With a frail Good they wiſely buy
The ſolid Purchaſe of Eternity. *Cowl. Pind.*
'Tis Madneſs ſure Treaſures to hoard,
And make them uſeleſs as in Mines remain,
To loſe th' Occaſion Fortune does afford,
Fame and publick Love to gain. *Cowl. Pind.*
Of all the Vows the firſt and chief Requeſt
Of each, is to be richer than the reſt:
And yet no Doubts the poor Man's Draught controul,
He dreads no Poiſon in his homely Bowl:
Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems divine
Enchaſe the Cup, and ſparkle in the Wine.
The fearful Paſſenger who travels late,
Charg'd with the Carriage of a paultry Plate,
Shakes at the Moon-ſhine Shadow of a Ruſh,
And ſees a Red-coat riſe from ev'ry Buſh.
The Beggar ſings, ev'n when he ſees the Place
Beſet with Thieves, and never mends his Pace. *Dryd. Juv.*
Fond Men, by Paſſions wilfully betray'd,
Adore thoſe Idols which their Fancy made;
Purchaſing Riches with our Time and Care,
We loſe our Freedom in a gilded Snare:

And

And having all, all to our ſelves refuſe,
Oppreſs'd with Bleſſings which we fear to loſe.
In vain our Fields and Flocks increaſe our Store,
If our Abundance makes us wiſh for more. *Roſcom.*

A RIDING.

Firſt, he that led the Cavalcade,
Wore a Sow-Gelders Flagellet,
On which he blew as ſtrong a Levet,
As well-fee'd Lawyer on his Breviate,
When over one another's Heads
They charge, three Ranks at once, like *Swedes.*
Next, Pans and Kettles of all Keys,
From Trebles down to double Baſe:
And after them, upon a Nag
That might paſs for a fore-hand Stag,
A Cornet rode, and on a Staff
A Smock diſplay'd did proudly wave.
Then Bag-pipes of the loudeſt Drones,
With ſnuffling broken-winded Tones,
Whoſe Blaſts of Air in Pockets ſhut,
Look filthier than that from Gut;
And make a viler Noiſe than Swine,
In windy Weather when they whine.
Next, one upon a Pair of Panniers,
Full fraught with that which for good Manners
Shall here be nameleſs, mix'd with Grains,
Which he diſpens'd among the Swains:
Then mounted on a horned Horſe,
One bore a Gauntlet and gilt Spurs,
Ty'd to the Pummel of a long Sword,
He held revers'd, the Point turn'd downward.
Next after, on a raw-bon'd Steed
The Conqu'ror's Standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the Champion
A Petticoat diſplay'd and rampant.
Next whom, the *Amazon* triumphant
Beſtrid her Beaſt, and on the Rump on't
Sate Face to Tail, and Bum to Bum,
The Warriour whilom overcome;
Arm'd with a Spindle and a Diſtaff,
Which as he rode ſhe made him twiſt off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder
Chaſtis'd the Reformado Soldier.

Befor

Before the Dame, and round about,
March'd Whiffiers and Staffiers on Foot,
With Lacqueys, Grooms, Valets, and Pages,
In fit and proper Equipages;
Of whom ſome Torches bore, ſome Links,
Before the proud Virago Minx,
That was both Madam and a Don,
Like *Nero's Sporus*, or Pope *Joan*:
And at fit Periods the whole Rout
Set up their Throats with clam'rous Shout. *Hud.*
But *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
On ſuch Sights with judicious Wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His Animadverſions, for his Heart:
Quoth he, in all my Life till now
I ne'er ſaw ſo profane a Show:
It is a paganiſh Invention,
Which Heathen Writers often mention;
And he who made it had read *Goodwin*,
I warrant him, and underſtood him;
With all the *Grecian Speeds* and *Stows*,
That beſt deſcribe thoſe ancient Shows. *Hud.*

RIVAL.

O Love! thou ſternly doſt thy Pow'r maintain,
And wilt not bear a Rival in thy Reign;
Tyrants and thou all Fellowſhip diſdain. *Dry. Pal. & Arc.*

Love and a Crown no Rivalſhip can bear;
All preciousThings are ſtill poſſeſs'd with Fear. *Dryd. Auren.*

Lovers, like Miſers, cannot bear the Stealth
Of the leaſt Trifle from their endleſs Wealth. *Sed. Ant. & Cle.*

Great was their Strife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal Hate his Rival view'd;
Now Friends no more, nor walking Hand in Hand,
But when they met they made a ſurly ſtand;
And glar'd like angry Lions as they paſs'd,
And wiſh'd that ev'ry Look might be their laſt. *Dry. Pal. & Arc.*

Roxana then enjoys my perjur'd Love!
Roxana claſps my Monarch in her Arms!
Doats on my Conqu'ror, my dear Lord, my King!
Devours his Lips, eats him with hungry Kiſſes!
She graſps him all! She, the curs'd happy She!
By Heav'n, I cannot bear it; 'tis too much!

I'll

I'll die, or rid me of this burning Torture.
I will have Remedy, I will, I will,
Or grow diſtracted: Madneſs may throw off
This mighty Load, and drown the flaming Paſſion. *Lee Alex.*

O! I ſhall find *Roxana* in his Arms,
And taſte her Kiſſes left upon his Lips:
Her curs'd Embraces have defil'd his Body,
Nor ſhall I meet the wonted Sweetneſs there,
But artificial Smells and aking Odours. *Lee Alex.*

My Life! my Soul! my All! *Octavia* has him!
O fatal Name to *Cleopatra*'s Love!
My Kiſſes, my Embraces now are hers. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Methinks I ſee her yonder! Oh the Torment!
Buſy for Bliſs, and full of Expectation,
Sh' adorns her Head, and gives her Eyes new Luſtre;
Languiſhes in her Glaſs, tries all her Looks;
Steps to the Door, and liſtens for his Coming;
Runs to the Bed, and kneels, and weeps, and wiſhes;
Then lays the Pillow eaſy for his Head,
Warms it with Sighs, and moulds it with her Kiſſes.
O I am loſt! torn with Imagination!
Kill me, *Caſſander*, kill me inſtantly,
That I may haunt her with a thouſand Devils. *Lee Alex.*

RIVER. *See* Creation, Garden of *Eden.*

Thames, the moſt lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons
By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs;
Haſting to pay his Tribute to the Sea,
Like mortal Life to meet Eternity.
Tho' with thoſe Streams he no Reſemblance hold,
Whoſe Foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;
His genuine and leſs guilty Wealth t'explore:
Search not the Bottom, but ſurvey his Shore:
O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious Wing,
And hatches Plenty for th' enſuing Spring;
Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a Stay,
Like Mothers who their Children overlay:
Nor with a ſudden and impetuous Wave,
Like profuſe Kings, reſumes the Wealth he gave:
No unexpected Inundations ſpoil
The Mower's Hopes, nor mock the Ploughman's Toil;
But, God-like, his unweary'd Bounty flows,
Firſt loves to do, then loves the Good he does.

Nor are his Bleſſings to his Banks confin'd,
But free and common, as the Sea or Wind;
When he, to boaſt or to diſpenſe his Stores,
Full of the Tribute of his grateful Shores,
Viſits the World, and, in his flying Tow'rs,
Brings Home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
My great Example, as it is my Theme!
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without Rage; without Oe'rflowing, full.
Heav'n her *Eridanus* no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe Fame's in thine, like leſſer Currents, loſt:
Thy nobler Streams ſhall viſit *Jove*'s Abodes,
To ſhine among the Stars, and bathe the Gods. *Denh.*

The fair *Medvaga*, that with wanton Pride
Forms Silver Mazes with her crooked Tide. *Blac.*

Its wanton Tide in wreathing Volumes flows,
Still forming reedy Iſlands as it goes. *Blac.*

The fair *Neella* rolls her noble Tide,
And o'er the Meads unfolds her Silver Pride. *Blac.*

A River here he view'd, ſo lovely bright,
It ſhew'd the Bottom in a fairer Light,
Nor kept a Sand conceal'd from human Sight.
The Stream produc'd nor ſlimy Ooze, nor Weeds,
Nor miry Ruſhes, nor the ſpiky Reeds;
But dealt enriching Moiſture all around,
The fruitful Banks with chearful Verdure crown'd,
And kept the Spring eternal on the Ground. *Add. Ovid.*

Fair *Ligor*, the *Armoric* Region's Pride,
Does thro' the Vale in ſmooth Meanders glide,
And rolls her Silver Volumes by its Side. *Blac.*

Then rolling down the Steep, *Timavus* raves,
And thro' nine Chanels diſembogues his Waves. *Dryd. Virg.*

And *Lycus*, ſwallow'd up, is ſeen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another Door.
Thus *Eraſinus* dives, and, blind in Earth,
Runs on, and gropes his Way to ſecond Birth;
Starts up in *Argos*' Meads, and ſhakes his Locks
Around the Fields, and fattens all the Flocks. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Large *Amenane*, impure with yellow Sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often ſtands:
And here he threats the drunken Fields to drown,
And there his Dugs deny to give their Liquor down. *Dry. Ovid.*

There *Po* firſt iſſues from his dark Abodes,
And awful, in his Cradle, rules the Floods.
Two golden Horns on his large Front he wears,
And his grim Face a Bull's Reſemblance bears.
With rapid Courſe he ſeeks the ſacred Main,
And fattens as he runs the fruitful Plain. *Dryd. Virg.*

Oft in her Glaſs the muſing Shepherd ſpies
The headlong Mountains and the downward Skies,
The watry Landſkip of the pendant Woods,
And abſent Trees that tremble in the Floods;
In the clear azure Gleam the Flocks are ſeen,
And floating Foreſts paint the Waves with Green:
Thro' the fair Scene roul ſlow the ling'ring Streams,
Then foaming pour along, and ruſh into the Flames. *Pope.*

There *Tyber* rouls majeſtick to the Main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fair Campain. *Garth Ovid.*

Betwixt the Trees the *Tyber* took its Courſe;
With Whirlpools dimpled, and with downward Force,
That drove the Sand along, he took his Way,
And roll'd his yellow Billows to the Sea.
About him, and above, and round the Wood,
The Birds that haunt the Borders of his Flood,
That bath'd within, or baſk'd upon his Side,
To tuneful Songs their narrow Throats apply'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus in Meanders to the neighb'ring Main,
The liquid Serpent drew its Silver Train. *Blac.*

When a calm River, rais'd with ſudden Rains,
Or Snows diſſolv'd, o'er-flows th' adjoining Plains,
The Huſbandmen with high-rais'd Banks ſecure
Their greedy Hopes; and this he can endure:
But if with Bays and Dams they ſtrive to force
His Chanel to a new or narrow Courſe,
No longer then within his Banks he dwells,
Firſt to a Torrent, then a Deluge, ſwells:
Stronger and fiercer by Reſtraint he roars,
And knows no Bound, but makes his Pow'r his Shores. *Denh.*

Thus riſing in his Might, the King of Floods
Ruſh'd thro' the Foreſts, tore the lofty Woods;
And rolling onward with a ſweepy Sway,
Bore Houſes, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away. *Dryd. Virg.*

ROCK.

A pointed flinty Rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the Mountain's Back:

Owls

Owls, Ravens, all ill Omens of the Night,
Here built their Neſts, and hither wing'd their Flight.
The leaning Head hung threatning o'er the Flood. *Dryd. Virg.*

Far in the Sea, againſt the foaming Shore,
There ſtands a Rock: The raging Billows roar
Above his Head in Storms; but when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy Backs, and at his Foot appear.
In Peace below the gentle Waters run,
The Cormorants above lye baſking in the Sun. *Dryd. Virg.*

A Rock that braves
The raging Tempeſts and the riſing Waves:
Propp'd on himſelf he ſtands, his ſolid Sides
Waſh off the Sea-weeds and the ſounding Tides. *Dryd. Virg.*

See, from afar, yon Rock that mates the Sky,
About whoſe Feet ſuch Heaps of Rubbiſh lie,
Such indigeſted Ruin: Bleak and bare,
How deſart now it ſtands, expos'd in Air. *Dryd. Virg.*

He, like a ſolid Rock, by Seas inclos'd,
To raging Winds and roaring Waves oppos'd,
From his proud Summit looking down, diſdains
Their empty Menace, and unmov'd remains. *Dryd. Virg.*

ROSE. *See* Bluſh.

Go, lovely Roſe,
Tell her that waſtes her Time and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.
Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her Graces ſpy'd,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In Deſarts where no Men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.
Then die, that ſhe
The common Fate of all Things rare
May read in thee,
How ſmall a Part of Time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair.

ROWING.

Far in the Sea, againſt the foaming Shore,
There ſtands a Rock:
On this the Hero fix'd an Oak in Sight,
The Mark to guide the Mariners aright.
To bear with this the Seamen ſtretch their Oars,
Then round the Rock they ſteer, and ſeek the former Shores.

Four

Four Gallies firſt, which equal Rowers bear,
Advancing in the watry Liſts appear;
Three *Trojans* tug at ev'ry lab'ring Oar;
The Banks in three Degrees the Sailors bore;
Beneath their ſturdy Strokes the Billows roar.
The common Crew with Wreaths of Poplar Boughs
Their Temples crown, and ſhade their ſweaty Brows.
Beſmear'd with Oil their naked Shoulders ſhine;
All take their Seats, and wait the ſounding Sign.
They gripe their Oars, and ev'ry panting Breaſt
Is rais'd by Turns with Hope, by Turns with Fear depreſs'd.
The Clangor of the Trumpet gives the Sign,
At once they ſtart, advancing in a Line:
With Shouts the Sailors rend the ſtarry Skies;
Laſh'd with their Oars, the ſmoky Billows riſe,
Sparkles the briny Main, and the vex'd Ocean fries.
Exact in Time with equal Strokes they row;
At once the bruſhing Oars and brazen Prow
Daſh up the ſandy Waves, and ope the Depths below.
Gyas out-ſtripp'd the reſt, and ſprung before;
Cleanthus, better mann'd, perſu'd him faſt,
But his o'er-maſter'd Galley check'd his Haſte.
The *Centaur* and the *Dolphin* bruſh'd the Brine,
With equal Oars advancing in a Line.
And now the mighty *Centaur* ſeems to lead,
And now the ſpeedy *Dolphin* gets a-Head:
Now Board to Board the rival Veſſels row;
The Billows lave the Skies, the Ocean groans below.
They reach the Mark; proud *Gyas* and his Train
In Triumph rode the Victors of the Main.
But ſteering round, he charg'd his Pilot ſtand
More cloſe to Shore, and ſkim along the Sand:
Let others bear to Sea. The Pilot hear'd,
But ſecret Shelves too cautiouſly he fear'd,
And, fearing, ſought the Deep, and ſtill aloof he ſteer'd.
With louder Cries the Captain calls again,
Bear to the rocky Shore, and ſhun the Main.
He ſpoke; and, ſpeaking, at his Stern he ſaw
The bold *Cleanthus* near the Shelvings draw;
Betwixt the Mark and him the *Scylla* ſtood,
And in a cloſer Compaſs plough'd the Flood.
He paſs'd the Mark, and wheeling got before;
Gyas blaſphem'd the Gods, devoutly ſwore;
The trembling Dotard over-board he threw,

Then ſeiz'd the Helm himſelf, his Fellows cheer'd,
Turn'd ſhort upon the Shelves, and madly ſteer'd.
The following *Centaur* and the *Dolphin*'s Crew
Their vaniſh'd Hopes of Victory renew;
While *Gyas* lags, they kindle in the Race
To reach the Mark, *Sergeſthus* takes the Place:
Mneſtheus purſues, and while around they wind,
Comes up not half his Galley's Length behind.
His Crew exert their Vigour, tug the Oar,
Stretch to their Strokes.
Now one and all they tug amain, they row
At the full Stretch, and ſhake the brazen Prow.
The Sea beneath 'em ſinks, their lab'ring Sides
Are ſwell'd, and Sweat runs gurt'ring down in Tides.
Chance aids their Daring with unhop'd Succeſs;
Sergeſthus, eager with his Beak to preſs
Betwixt the rival Galley and the Rock,
Shuts up th' unwieldy *Centaur* in the Lock.
The Veſſel ſtruck, and with the dreadful Shock
Her Oars ſhe ſhiver'd, and her Head ſhe broke;
The trembling Rowers from their Banks ariſe,
And anxious for themſelves, renounce the Prize.
With Iron Poles they heave her off the Shores,
And gather from the Sea their floating Oars.
The Crew of *Mneſtheus* with elated Minds
Urge their Succeſs, and call the willing Winds:
They ply their Oars, and cut their liquid Way
In larger Compaſs on the roomy Sea:
Sergeſthus in the *Centaur* ſoon he paſs'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky Shoals, and ſticking faſt,
In vain the Victor he with Cries implores,
And practiſes to row with ſhatter'd Oars.
Then *Mneſtheus* bears with *Gyas*, and out-flies;
The Ship, without a Pilot, yields the Prize.
Unvanquiſh'd *Scylla* now alone remains,
Her he purſues, and all his Vigour ſtrains.
Reſolv'd to hold their own, they mend their Pace,
All obſtinate to die, or gain the Race.
Rais'd with Succeſs, the *Dolphin* ſwiftly ran;
(For they can conquer who believe they can:)
Both urge their Oars, and Fortune both ſupplies,
And both perhaps had ſhar'd an equal Prize;
But old *Portunus* with his Breadth of Hand,
Puſh'd on, and ſped the *Scylla* to the Land:

Swift as a Shaft, or winged Wind, ſhe flies,
And darting to the Port, obtains the Prize. *Dryd. Virg.*
So the Boat's brawny Crew the Current ſtem,
And, ſlow advancing, ſtruggle with the Stream;
But if they ſlack their Hands, or ceaſe to ſtrive,
Then down the Flood with headlong Haſte they drive. *Dryd. Virg.*

RUMOUR.

Rumour is a Pipe
Blown by Surmiſes, Jealouſies, Conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a Stop,
That the blind Monſter with uncounted Heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wav'ring Multitude,
Can play upon't. *Shak. Hen. 4. p. 3.*

RUNAWAY.

Diſguis'd in all the Maſks of Night,
We left our Champion on his Flight;
In equal Fear of Night and Day:
He never was in greater Need,
Nor leſs Capacity of Speed:
Diſabled both in Man and Beaſt,
To fly, and run away his beſt:
To keep th'Enemy and Fear
From equal Falling on his Rear.
And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
The farther and the nearer Side;
As Seamen ride with all their Force,
And tug, as if they row'd the Horſe;
And when the Hackney ſails moſt ſwift,
Believe they lag or run adrift:
So, tho' he poſted e'er ſo faſt,
His Fear was greater than his Haſte.
For Fear, tho' fleeter than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind. *Hud.*
But timely Running's no ſmall Part
Of Conduct in the martial Art.
By that ſome glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens by Breaking thrive.
It ſaves th'Expence of Time and Pains,
And dang'rous beating out of Brains:
For they that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.
And they who run from th'Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the Flight's become a Chace,
They win the Day that win the Race. *Hud.*

SACRIFICES. See *Necromancer.*

We, Heav'n it ſelf to bribe,
Do recompenſe with Death their Creatures Toil,
Then call the Bleſs'd Above to ſhare the Spoil:
The faireſt Victim muſt the Pow'rs appeaſe;
So fatal 'tis ſometimes too much to pleaſe!
A purple Fillet his broad Brows adorns,
With flow'ry Garlands crown'd, and gilded Horns:
He hears the murd'rous Pray'r the Prieſt prefers,
But underſtands not 'tis his Doom he hears;
Beholds the Meal betwixt his Temples caſt,
(The Fruit and Product of his Labours paſt)
And in the Water views perhaps the Knife
Up-lifted, to deprive him of his Life;
Then broken up alive, his Entrails ſees,
Torn out for Prieſts t' inſpect the Gods Decrees. *Dryd. Ovid.*

So when ſome brawny Sacrificer knocks,
Before an Altar led, an offer'd Ox,
His Eye-balls rooted out, are thrown to Ground,
His Noſe diſmantled in his Mouth is found, *Ovid.*
His Jaws, Cheeks, Front, one undiſtinguiſh'd Wound. *Dryd.*

The next, with ſober Grace,
Their Gifts around the well-built Altar place:
Then waſh'd, and took the Cakes; while *Chryſes* ſtood
With Hands up-lifted, and invok'd his God.
And when the ſolemn Rites of Pray'r were paſt,
Their ſalted Cakes on crackling Flames they caſt:
Then turning back, the Sacrifice they ſped,
The fatted Oxen ſlew, and flea'd the Dead;
Chop'd off their nervous Thighs, and next prepar'd
T' involve the Lean in Cauls, and mend with Lard.
Sweet-breads and Collops were with Skewers prick'd
About the Sides, imbibing what they deck'd.
The Prieſt with holy Hands was ſeen to tine
The cloven Wood, and pour the ruddy Wine.
The firſt Libations to the Gods they pour,
And then with Songs indulge the genial Hour.
Holy Debauch! till Day to Night they bring,
With Songs and *Paeans* to the bowyer King. *Dryd. Hom.*

With perfect Hecatombs the God they grac'd,
Whoſe offer'd Entrails in the Main were caſt.
Black Bulls and bearded Goats on Altars lie,
And Clouds of ſav'ry Stench involve the Sky. *Dryd. Hom.*

The ſable Fumes in curling Spires ariſe,
And waft their grateful Odours to the Skies. *Pope Hom.*

A choſen Ewe of two Years old they pay
To *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and the God of Day:
The beauteous Queen before her Altar ſtands,
And holds the golden Goblet in her Hands:
A Milk-white Heifer ſhe with Flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy Wine betwixt her Horns;
And, while the Prieſts with Pray'r the Gods invoke,
She feeds their Altars with *Sabæan* Smoke;
With hourly Care the Sacrifice renews,
And anxiouſly the panting Entrails views. *Dryd. Virg.*

He pour'd to *Bacchus*, on the hollow'd Ground,
Two Bowls of ſparkling Wine; of Milk two more,
And two from offer'd Bulls of purple Gore:
With Roſes then the Sepulchre he ſtrew'd.
Five Sheep, according to the Rites, he ſlew;
As many Swine, and Steers of ſable Hiew:
New gen'rous Wine he from the Goblets pour'd,
And call'd his Father's Ghoſt, from Hell reſtor'd.
The glad Attendants in long Order come,
Off'ring their Gifts at great *Anchiſes'* Tomb:
Some add more Oxen, ſome divide the Spoil,
Some place the Chargers on the graſſy Soil;
Some blow the Fires, and offer'd Entrails broil. *Dryd. Virg.*

Haſte the Sacrifice;
Sev'n Bullocks, yet unyok'd, for *Phœbus* chuſe,
And for *Diana* ſev'n unſpotted Ewes. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thick Clouds of rolling Smoke involve the Skies,
And Fat of Entrails on the Altar fries. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Victim Beaſts are ſlain before the Fire;
The trembling Entrails, from their Bodies torn,
Are to the fatten'd Flames in Charges borne. *Dryd. Virg.*

SAILING. See *Paradiſe.*

Our Anchors weigh'd, and Top-ſails loos'd; a Gale
Sprung up, and ſwell'd the Womb of ev'ry Sail;
Old Ocean, pleas'd, our bounding Veſſels laves,
Which with ſharp Keels cut through the foaming Waves. *Blac.*

The Wind ſuffic'd the Sail;
The bellying Canvas ſtrutted with the Gale:
The Waves indignant roar with ſurly Pride,
And preſs againſt the Sides, and beaten off, divide.
They cut the ſoamy Way. *Dryd. Hom.*

En-

Ent'ring with chearful Shours the wat'ry Reign,
And ploughing frothy Furrows in the Main. *Dryd. Virg.*
The howling Sailors all their Anchors weigh'd,
And the tall Ships their ſpacious Wings diſplay'd:
They ſpoom'd away before the ſhoving Wind,
And left retreating Cliffs and Rocks behind. *Blac.*
The *Phæacian* Train
Spread their broad Sails, and launch into the Main;
At once they bend and ſtrike their equal Oars,
And leave the ſinking Hills, and leſs'ning Shores,
As firy Courſers in the rapid Race,
Urg'd by fierce Drivers thro' the duſty Space,
Toſs their high Heads, and ſcour along the Plain;
So mounts the bounding Veſſel o'er the Main:
Back to the Stern the parted Billows flow,
And the black Ocean foams and roars below.
Thus with ſpread Sails the winged Gally flies;
Leſs ſwift an Eagle cuts the liquid Skies. *Pope Hom.*
They ſtretch their Canvas, and they ply their Oars,
All Hands aloft, for *Creet*, for *Creet*, they cry,
And ſwiftly through the foamy Billows fly. *Dryd. Virg.*
They launch, and hoiſt the Maſt: Indulgent Gales,
Supply'd by *Phœbus*, fill the ſwelling Sails;
The milk-white Canvas, bellying as they blow,
The parted Ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding Billows ſwift they flew. *Pope Hom.*
Now Seas and Skies their Proſpect only bound,
An empty Space above, a floating Field around. *Dryd. Virg.*
There roſe a gentle Breeze,
That curl'd the Smoothneſs of the glaſſy Seas:
The riſing Winds a ruffling Gale afford,
And call the merry Mariners aboard:
They ſlip their Haulſers.
Freſh Gales ariſe; with equal Strokes they vie, *Virg.*
And bruſh the buxom Seas, and o'er the Billows fly. *Dryd.*
The threaden Sails,
Borne with th'inviſible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottom thro' the furrow'd Seas,
Breaſting the lofty Surge. *Shak. Hen. 5.*
The floating Caſtles dance upon the Tide,
And on its foamy Ridge triumphant ride. *Blac.*
Stand to your Tackle, Mates, and ſtretch your Oars,
Contract your ſwelling Sails, and luff to Wind.
Now ſhift your Sails:

Tack to the Larboard, and ſtand off to Sea:
Veer Starboard Sea and Land.

Before the Wind

They ſkud amain, and make the Port aſſign'd. *Dryd. Virg.*
Their Anchors dropp'd, his Crew the Veſſel moor;
They turn their Heads to Sea, their Sterns to Shore. *Dry. Virg.*
Far on the Beach they haul their Bark to Land,
The crooked Keel divides the yellow Sand. *Pope Hom.*
The Sails they furl'd, then laſh'd the Maſt aſide,
And drop'd their Anchors, and the Pinnace ty'd. *Pope Hom.*

Sure he who the firſt Paſſage try'd,
In harden'd Oak his Heart did hide,
And Ribs of Iron arm'd his Side:
Or his at leaſt in hollow Wood,
Who tempted firſt the briny Flood:
Nor fear'd the Winds contending Roar,
Nor Billows beating on the Shore:
Nor *Hyades*, portending Rain,
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
What Form of Death could him affright,
Who, unconcern'd with ſtedfaſt Sight,
Cou'd view the Surges Mountain-ſteep,
And Monſters rolling in the Deep?
Cou'd through the Ranks of Ruin go,
With Storms above, and Rocks below?
In vain did Nature's wiſe Command
Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men profane,
Invade th'inviolable Main,
Th'eternal Fences over-leap,
And paſs, at Will, the boundleſs Deep.
No Toil, no Hardſhips can reſtrain
Ambitious Man, inur'd to Pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden Quarry flies. *Dryd. Hor.*

A Fleet under Sail.

The wanton Zephyrs with the Pendants play,
Which looſe in Air their waving Pride diſplay.
The Streamers gay, Defiance ſpread on high,
At once adorn and terrify the Sky;
Th'unweildy Ships were on the Billows toſs'd,
And all the Blaſts the Winds could blow, engroſs'd.

The

The longeſt breath'd, and the moſt vig'rous Gales,
Are all employ'd to ſwell the ſpacious Sails:
The lofty Firs, which pregnant Canvas wear,
Bear, thro' the floating Floods, the floating War.
Oaks, which by Land did fierceſt Winds diſdain,
Become obedient to them on the Main.
The lab'ring Gales with Pain the Navy ſhove,
And o'er the Billows heave the bounding Grove.
Stript of their Boughs, the naked Pines advance,
And to the Muſick of the Trumpet dance.
They paſs in long Proceſſion o'er the Deep,
And with their Flags contiguous Æther ſweep.
Their gilded Sides and Sterns improve the Day,
And with augmented Glory Heav'n repay.
His Rays recoil'd ſo bright, th'aſtoniſh'd Sun
Started, unmindful that they were his own. *Blac.*

SALMONEUS.

Salmoneus ſuff'ring cruel Pains I found,
For emulating *Jove*; the rattling Sound
Of mimick Thunder, and the glitt'ring Blaze
Of pointed Lightning, and their forked Rays:
Thro' *Elis* and the *Grecian* Towns he flew;
Th'audacious Wretch four fiery Courſers drew:
He wav'd a Torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought God-like Worſhip from a ſervile Train.
Ambitious Fool! with horny Hoofs to paſs
O'er hollow Arches of reſounding Braſs;
To rival Thunder in its rapid Courſe,
And imitate inimitable Force.
But he, the King of Heav'n, obſcure on high,
Bar'd his right Arm, and launching from the Sky
His writhen Bolt, not ſhaking empty Smoke,
Down to the deep Abyſs the flaming Felon ſtrook. *Dryd. Virg.*

SCANDAL.

There is a Luſt in Man no Charm can tame,
Of loudly publiſhing his Neighbour's Shame:
On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,
While virtuous Actions are but born and die. *Harv. Juv.*
Slander, the worſt of Poiſons, ever finds
An eaſy Entrance in ignoble Minds. *Harv. Juv.*

SCHOOL-MAN.

In School-Divinity as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable*:
Profound in all the nominal
And real Ways beyond them all;
And with as delicate a Hand
Could twiſt as tough a Rope of Sand,
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Skull
That's empty when the Moon's at Full;
Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be let unfurniſhed.
He could raiſe Scruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve 'em in a trice,
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, on purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And ſtab her ſelf with Doubts profound,
Only to ſhew with how ſmall Pain
The Sores of Faith are cur'd again;
Altho', by woful Proof, we find
They always leave a Scar behind.
He knew the Seat of Paradiſe,
Could tell in what Degree it lies;
And, as he was diſpos'd, could prove it
Below the Moon, or elſe above it:
What *Adam* dreamt of, when his Bride
Came from her Cloſet in his Side:
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High-Dutch* Interpreter.
If either of them had a Navel;
Who firſt made Muſick malleable.
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
Had cloven Feet, or none at all.
All this, without a Gloſs or Comment,
He could unriddle in a Moment;
In proper Terms, ſuch as Men ſmatter,
When they throw out, and miſs the Matter. *Hud.*

SCORN.

Who Pride and Scorn do undergo,
In Tempeſts and rough Seas Love's Galleys row:
They pant, and groan, and ſigh, but find
Their Sighs increaſe the angry Wind. *Cowl.*

As

As Water fluid is till it do grow
Solid and fix'd by Snow;
So in warm Seaſons Love does looſely flow:
Froſt only can it hold.
A Woman's Rigour and Diſdain
Does its ſwift Courſe reſtrain;
But when kind Beams appear,
It melts, and glides apace into the Sea,
And loſes it ſelf there:
So the Sun's am'rous Play
Kiſſes the Ice away. *Cowl.*

Thus ſome, the harſher and hide-bounder
The Damſels prove, become the fonder;
For what mad Lover ever dy'd
To gain a ſoft and gentle Bride?
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In purling Streams or Hemp departed?
But for ſome croſs ill-natur'd Dame,
Th' amorous Fly burnt in his Flame. *Hud.*

SCULPTURE. See *Statues.*

Some carve the Trunks, and breathing Shapes beſtow,
Giving the Trees more Life than when they grow. *Cowl.*

In midſt a Table of rich Iv'ry ſtands,
By three fierce Tygers and three Lions borne,
Which grin, and fearfully the Place adorn:
Widely they gape, and to the Eyes they roar,
As if they hunger'd for the Food they bore. *Cowl.*

SCYLLA and *CHARIBDIS.*

In the Straits,
Where proud *Pelorus* opes a wider Way,
Far on the Right, her Dogs foul *Scylla* hides;
Charibdis roaring on the Left preſides,
And in her greedy Whirlpool ſucks the Tides:
Then ſpouts them from below; with Fury driv'n,
The Waves mount up, and waſh the Face of Heav'n:
But *Scylla* from her Den, with open Jaws,
The ſinking Veſſels in her Eddy draws:
Then daſhes on the Rocks: A human Face,
And Virgin's Boſom, hide her Tail's Diſgrace;
Her Parts obſcene below the Waves deſcend,
With Dogs inclos'd, and in a Dolphin end. *Dryd. Virg.*

SEA. See *Creation*, *Jealouſy*, *Rowing*, *Sailing*, *Storm*, *Tempeſt*.

Outrageous as a Sea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the Bottom torn with furious Winds,
And ſurging Waves, as Mountains to aſſault
Heaven's Height, and with the Centre mix the Pole. *Milt.*

The Sea it ſelf ſmooths his rough Face a while,
Flatt'ring the greedy Merchant with a Smile;
But he whoſe ſhipwreck'd Bark it drank before,
Sees the Deceit, and knows it would have more. *Cowl.*

SEA, *divided for a Paſſage to the* Iſraelites.

Commanded by thy Breath, th' obſequious Main
Stood ſtill, and gather'd up its flowing Train.
Th'Almighty did the Sea divide,
And, as he rends the Hills, he ſplit the Tide:
Benumb'd with Fear, the Waves erected ſtood,
O'erlooking all the diſtant Flood.
Mountains of craggy Billows did ariſe,
And Rocks of ſtiffen'd Waters reach'd the Skies.
Remoter Waves came rolling on to ſee
The ſtrange transforming Myſtery.
But they, approaching near
Where the high cryſtal Ridges did appear,
Felt the divine Contagion's Force,
Mov'd ſlothfully awhile, and then quite ſtopp'd their Courſe
Th'*Ægpptians* cry'd, Let us purſue the flying Slaves,
We'll bathe the cryſtal with a purple Flood,
And heal its gaping Wounds with *Hebrew* Blood. *Blac.*

SERPENT. See *Creation*, *Paradiſe*, *Snake*.

With ſpeckled Pride
A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide:
His hugy Bulk on ſeven high Volumes roll'd,
Blue was his Breadth of Back, but ſtreak'd with ſcaly Gold.
Thus riding on his Curls, he ſeem'd to paſs
A rolling Fire along, and ſinge the Graſs:
More various Colours thro' his Body run,
Than *Iris*, when her Bow imbibes the Sun. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Altars heav'd; and from the trembling Ground
A mighty Dragon ſhot, of dire Portent:
From *Jove* himſelf the dreadful Sign was ſent.

Strait

Strait to the Tree his ſanguine Spires he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding Fold.
The topmoſt Branch a Mother-Bird poſſeſs'd;
Eight callow Infants fill'd the moſſy Neſt;
Her ſelf the ninth: The Serpent, as he hung,
Stretch'd his black Jaws, and craſh'd the crying Young;
While hov'ring near, with miſerable Moan,
The drooping Mother wail'd her Children, gone;
The Mother laſt, as round the Neſt ſhe flew,
Seiz'd by the beating Wing, the Monſter ſlew. *Pope Hom.*

Two Serpents rank'd abreaſt, the Seas divide,
And ſmoothly ſweep along the ſwelling Tide:
Their flaming Creſts above the Waves they ſhow;
Their Bellies ſeem to burn the Seas below:
Their ſpeckled Tails advance to ſteer their Courſe,
And on the ſounding Shore the flying Billows force.
And now the Strand, and now the Plain they held;
Their ardent Eyes with bloody Streaks were fill'd;
Their nimble Tongues they brandiſh'd as they came,
And lick'd their hiſſing Jaws, that ſputter'd Flame. *Dry. Virg.*

Serpent tempting EVE.

The Serpent, ſleeping faſt, the Devil found
In Labyrinth of many a Round ſelf-roll'd,
His Head the midſt, well ſtor'd with ſubtle Wiles;
Nor yet in horrid Shade or diſmal Den,
Nor nocent yet; but on the graſſy Herb
Fearleſs, unfear'd he ſlept: In at his Mouth
He enter'd, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*
Addreſs'd his Way, not with indented Wave,
Prone on the Ground, as ſince; but on his Rear,
Circular Baſe of riſing Folds, that tow'r'd
Fold above Fold, a ſurging Maze: His Head
Creſted aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;
With burniſh'd Neck of verdant Gold, erect
Amidſt his circling Spires, that on the Graſs
Floated redundant:
Then with Track oblique,
At firſt, as one who ſought Acceſs, but fear'd
To interrupt, ſide-long he works his Way.
As when a Ship by skilful Steerſmen wrought
Nigh River's Mouth, or Foreland; where the Wind
Veers oft, as oft ſo ſteers and ſhifts her Sail;
So vary'd he, and of his tortuous Train

Curl'd many a wanton Wreath in Sight of *Eve*,
To lure her Eye:
Then as in Gaze admiring, oft he bow'd
His turret Creſt, and ſleek enamel'd Neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the Ground whereon ſhe trod.
Lead on, ſaid *Eve*; he leading ſwiftly roll'd
In Tangles, and made intricate ſeem ſtraight,
To Miſchief ſwift: Hope elevates, and Joy
Brightens his Creſt. *Milt.*

Hercules *killing the Serpents.*

The big-limb'd Babe in his huge Cradle lay,
Too weighty to be rock'd by Nurſes Hands:
When lo! by jealous *Juno*'s fierce Commands,
Two dreadful Serpents come,
Rolling and hiſſing loud, into the Room.
To the bold Babe they trace their bidden Way,
Forth from their flaming Eyes dread Lightnings went,
Their gaping Mouths fork'd Tongues, like Thunderbolts pre-
The mighty Infant ſmil'd, and ſeem'd well pleas'd (ſent.
At his gay gilded Foes;
And as their ſpotted Necks up to the Cradle roſe,
With his young warlike Hands on both he ſeiz'd;
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiſs'd,
In vain their armed Tails they twiſt,
And angry Circles caſt about, (*Cowl. Pind.*
Black Blood, and fi'ry Breath, and pois'nous Soul he ſqueezes
(out.

SHADE.

Behold *Alexis*, ſee this gloomy Shade,
Which ſeems alone for Sorrow's Shelter made;
Where the glad Beams of Light can never play,
But Night ſucceeding Night, excludes the Day:
Where never Birds with Harmony repair,
And lightſome Notes to cheer the duſky Air;
To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewel,
By Morning Lark, or Evening *Philomel!*
No Vi'let here or Daſy e'er was ſeen,
No ſweetly-budding Flow'r, nor ſpringing Green:
For fragrant Myrtle and the bluſhing Roſe,
Here baleful Yew with deadly Cypreſs grows. *Cong.*
Here higheſt Woods, impenetrable
To Sun or Starlight, ſpread their Umbrage broad,
And brown as Evening. *Milt.*

So black the Shade, ſo thick the ſtagnant Air,
That no reviving Sun-beams enter'd there:
Nothing but here and there a ſtraggling Ray,
That loſt it ſelf in wand'ring from the Day:
Which ſerv'd not to refreſh, but to affright,
Not to diſpel, but to diſcloſe the Night. *Blac.*

A Green-wood Shade, for long Religion known,
Incompaſs'd round with gloomy Hills above,
Which added holy Horrour to the Grove. *Dryd. Virg.*

SHIP. *See* Deluge. Serpent.

Guyomar. As far as I could caſt my Eyes
Upon the Sea, ſomething methought did riſe,
Like blewiſh Miſts, which ſtill appearing more,
Took dreadful Shapes, and thus mov'd tow'rds the Shore:
The Object I could firſt diſtinctly view,
Was tall ſtraight Trees, which on the Waters flew:
Wings on their Sides inſtead of Leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the Breath the Winds could blow;
And at their Roots grew floating Palaces,
Whoſe out-blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas.

Montezuma. What divine Monſters, O ye Gods! are theſe,
That float in Air, and fly upon the Seas!
Came they alive or dead upon the Shore?

Guyom. Alas! they liv'd too ſure, I heard 'em roar:
All turn'd their Sides, and to each other ſpoke,
I ſaw their Words break out in Fire and Smoke.
Sure 'tis their Voice that thunders from on high,
And theſe the younger Brothers of the Sky.
Deaf with the Noiſe, I took my haſty Flight,
No mortal Courage can ſupport the Fright. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

Behold a ſtately Ship
Proud of her gawdy Trim, comes this Way ſailing,
With all her Brav'ry on, and Tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and Streamers waving,
Courted by all the Winds that hold them Play. *Milt.*

This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the Wind:
Sometimes he nodded down his Head a while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon:
He clamb'ring to the Top of all the Billows;
And then again he curt'ſy'd down ſo low,
I could not ſee him; till at laſt, all Sidelong
With a great Crack, his Belly burſt in Pieces. *Shak. Temp.*

Thus

Thus as a Ship, which Winds and Waves aſſail,
Now with the Current drives, now with the Gale,
Both oppoſite, and neither long prevail:
She feels a double Force; by Turns obeys
Th' imperious Tempeſt and impetuous Seas. *Dryd. Ovid.*

SICKNESS. *See* Diſeaſes.

Mean while the Health of *Arcite* ſtill impairs,
From bad proceeds to worſe, and mocks the Leeches Cares:
Swol'n is his Breaſt, his inward Pains increaſe;
All Means are us'd, and all without Succeſs.
The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in Spite of Art:
Nor breathing Veins, nor Cupping will prevail,
Alſ outward Remedies and inward fail:
The Mould of Nature's Fabrick is deſtroy'd,
Her Veſſels diſcompos'd, her Virtue void:
The Bellows of his Lungs begins to ſwell,
All out of Frame is ev'ry ſecret Cell;
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
Thoſe breathing Organs, thus within oppreſs'd,
With Venom ſoon diſtend the Sinews of his Breaſt;
Nought profits him to ſave abandon'd Life,
Nor Vomits upward Aid, nor downward Laxatife.
The midmoſt Region batter'd and deſtroy'd, (& *Arc.*
When Nature cannot work, th'Effect of Art is void. *Dryd. Pa.*
Phyſicians had forſaken his Cure:
All ſcorch'd without, and all parch'd up within,
The Moiſture that maintain'd conſuming Nature
Lick'd up, and in a Fever fry'd away. *Dryd. Riv. Lad.*
He had a Fever when he was in *Spain*,
And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'Tis true, this God did ſhake!
His Coward Lips did from their Colour fly,
And that ſame Eye, whoſe Bend does awe the World,
Did loſe his Luſtre. I did hear him groan;
I, and that Tongue of his that bade the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
Alas! it cry'd, give me ſome Drink, *Titinius*;
As a ſick Girl. *Shak. Jul. Cæſ. Spoken of Cæſa.*
And thus the Wretch, whoſe Fever-weaken'd Joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs Hinges, buckle under Life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a Fire,
Out of his Keeper's Arms. *Shak. Hen. 4. Part*

As he who in a Fever burning lies,
Firſt of his Friends does for a Drop implore,
Which taſted once, unable to give o'er,
Knows 'tis his Bane, yet ſtill thirſts after more. *Otw. Don Carl.*
Her waſted Spirits now begin to faint,
Yet Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint,
And in her Heart, as in a Fort remains;
But yields at laſt to her reſiſtleſs Pains.
Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his Prey,
Thro' all her Veins makes his delightful Way;
Her Fate's like *Semele's*: The Flames deſtroy
That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,
Pale grow the Roſes, and the Lillies fade;
Her Skin has loſt that Luſtre, which ſurpaſs'd
The Sun's, and did deſerve as long to laſt.
Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmeſt Hearts,
Are now diſarm'd of all their Flames and Darts.
Thoſe Stars now heavily and ſlowly move,
And Sickneſs triumphs in the Throne of *Love*. *Norm.*

Ah! lovely *Amoret*, the Care
Of all that know what's good or fair!
Is Heav'n become our Rival too?
With ſuch a Grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch Contempt on Pain,
That languiſhing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So Lightnings, which in Storms appear,
Scorch more than when the Skies are clear;
And as pale Sickneſs does invade
Your frailer Part, the Breaches made
In that fair Lodging, ſtill more clear
Make the bright Gueſt, your Soul, appear.
So Nymphs o'er pathleſs Mountains borne,
Their light Robes by the Brambles torn,
From their fair Limbs expoſing new
And unknown Beauties to the View
Of following Gods, increaſe their Flame,
And haſte to catch the flying Game. *Wall.*

SIGH. *See* Tears.

He rais'd a Sigh ſo hideous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his Bulk,
And end his Being. *Shak. Haml.*

She

She drew a Length of Sighs. *Dryd. Virg.*
Sigh'd from her inward Soul. *Dryd. Virg.*
All around
A gen'ral Sigh diffus'd a mournful Sound. *Cong. Hom.*
Sighs following Sighs, his inward Fears confeſs'd. *Pope Hom.*
Then ſuch deep Sighs heav'd from his woful Heart,
As if his ſorrowful Soul
Had crack'd the Strings of Life, and burſt away. *Lee Oedip.*
He knock'd his aged Breaſt, and inward groan'd,
Like ſome ſad Prophet, who foreſaw the Doom (*Sch.*
Of thoſe whom beſt he lov'd, and could not ſave. *Dryd. Don.*
All the vital Air that Life draws in,
Is render'd back in Sighs. *Rowe Tamer.*
Nor Womens Sighs, nor Tears are true,
Thoſe idly blow, theſe idly fall;
Nothing like to ours at all;
But Sighs and Tears have Sexes too. *Conl.*
Keep down, ye riſing Sighs!
And murmur in the Hollow of my Breaſt;
Run to my Heart, and gather more ſad Wind;
That when the Voice of Fate ſhall call you forth,
You may at once ruſh from the Seat of Life,
Blow the Blood out, and burſt me like a Bladder. *Lee Alex.*

SILENCE.

Silence, the Midnight God appears:
In all its downy Pomp array'd,
Behold the rev'rend Shade.
An ancient Sigh he ſits upon,
Whoſe Memory of Sound is long ſince gone,
And purpoſely annihilated for his Throne.
Beneath, two ſoft tranſparent Clouds do meet,
In which he ſeems to ſink his ſofter Feet:
A melancholy Thought, condens'd to Air,
Stoll'n from a Lover in Deſpair,
Like a thin Mantle, ſerves to wrap
In fluid Folds his viſionary Shape;
A Wreath of Darkneſs round his Head he wears,
Where curling Miſts ſupply the Want of Hairs.
While the ſtill Vapours, which from Poppies riſe,
Bedew his hoary Head, and lull his Eyes. *Cr.*
Silence, more dreadful than ſevereſt Sounds!
Would ſhe but ſpeak, tho' Death, eternal Exile,

Hung at her Lips, yet while her Tongue pronounces,
There would be Muſick ev'n in my Undoing. *Lee Alex.*

Far from my Lips, within my Breaſt I'll keep it,
Nor breathe it ſoftly to my ſelf alone,
Leſt ſome officious murm'ring Wind ſhould tell it,
And babbling Echoes catch the feeble Sound. *Rowe Ulyſſ.*

No, to what Purpoſe ſhould I ſpeak?
No, wretched Heart, ſwell 'till you break!
No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear,
As ſilent as they will be there:
I will not aſk her, 'tis a milder Fate
To fall by her not Loving, than her Hate. *Cowl.*

Mean while the Knight had no ſmall Taſk,
To compaſs what he durſt not aſk:
He loves, but dares not make the Motion;
Her Ignorance is his Devotion.
Like Caitiff vile, that for Miſdeed,
Rides with his Face to Rump of Steed;
Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,
Look one Way, and another move;
Or as a Tumbler that does play
His Game, and look another Way,
Until he ſeize upon the Coney;
Juſt ſo does he by Matrimony. *Hud.*

Silent as the ecſtatick Bliſs
Of Souls, that by Intelligence converſe. *Otw. Orph.*
Still as the Boſom of the deſart Night,
As fatal Planets, or deep plotting Friends. *Lee Alex.*
Still as the peaceful Walks of ancient Night;
Silent as are the Lamps that burn in Tombs. *Shak. K. Lear.*
Silent as Dews that fall in Dead of Night. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

SILENUS.

Two *Satyrs* on the Ground,
Stretch'd at his Eaſe, their Sire *Silenus* found:
Doz'd with his Fumes, and heavy with his Load,
They found him ſnoring in his dark Abode;
And ſeiz'd with youthful Arms the drunken God.
His roſy Wreath was dropp'd not long before,
Borne by the Tide of Wine, and floating on the Floor.
His empty Can, with Ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boaſt the Triumph of the Day. *Dryd. Virg.*

SING-

SINGING. See *Enthuſiaſm*, *Muſick*.

Behold and liſten, while the Fair
Breaks in ſweet Sounds the willing Air;
And with her own Breath fans the Fire,
Which her bright Eyes do firſt inſpire.
What Reaſon can that Love controul,
Which more than one Way courts the Soul?
So when a Flaſh of Lightning falls
On our Abodes, the Danger calls
For human Aid, which hopes the Flame
To conquer, tho' from Heav'n it came:
But if the Winds with that conſpire,
Men ſtrive not, but deplore the Fire. *Wal*

She rais'd her Voice ſo high, and ſung ſo clear,
The *Fauns* came ſkudding from the Groves to hear,
And all the bending Foreſt lent an Ear.
At ev'ry Cloſe ſhe made, th'attending Throng
Reply'd, and bore the Burthen of the Song:
So juſt, ſo ſmall, yet in ſo ſweet a Note, *(the Le*
It ſeem'd the Muſick melted in the Throat. *Dryd. The Flower a*

She ſung, and carol'd out ſo clear,
That Men and Angels might rejoice to hear:
Ev'n wond'ring *Philomel* forgot to ſing, *(& A*
And learn'd from her to welcome in the Spring. *Dryd. P*

Whene'er ſhe ſung, ſo melting were her Strains,
The Flocks unfed ſeem'd liſt'ning on the Plains;
The Rivers would ſtand ſtill, the Cedars bend;
And Birds neglect their Pinions, to attend;
The ſavage Kind in Foreſt-Wilds grow tame. *Garth Ov*

He rais'd his Voice, and ſoon a num'rous Throng
Of tripping *Satyrs* crowded to the Song;
And ſylvan *Fauns* and ſavage Beaſts advanc'd,
And nodding Foreſts to the Numbers danc'd.
Not by *Hæmonian* Hills the *Thracian* Bard,
Nor awful *Phœbus* was on *Pindus* heard,
With deeper Silence, or with more Regard. *Dryd. Virg.*

Amphion ſung not ſweeter to his Herd,
When ſummon'd Stones the *Theban* Turrets rear'd. *Dryd. V*

Unweary'd he purſues the tuneful Strain,
'Till unperceiv'd the Heav'ns with Stars were hung,
And ſudden Night ſurpriz'd the yet unfiniſh'd Song. *Dryd.*

A Song that would have charm'd th'infernal Gods,
And baniſh'd Horrour from the dark Abodes.

Had *Orpheus* ſung it to the nether Sphere,
So much the Hymn had pleas'd the Tyrant's Ear,
The Wife had been detain'd to keep the Huſband there.
Dryd. Chauc. The Cock and the Fox.

While I liſten to thy Voice,
Chloris! I feel my Life decay:
That pow'rful Noiſe
Calls my flitting Soul away.
Oh! ſuppreſs the magick Sound,
Which deſtroys without a Wound.
Peace, *Chloris!* Peace! or ſinging, die,
That together you and I
To Heav'n may go:
For all we know
Of what the Bleſſed do above,
Is that they ſing, and that they love. *Wall.*
Chloe! your ſelf you ſo excel,
While you vouchſafe to breathe my Thought;
That like a Spirit, with this Spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.
That Eagle's Fate and mine are one,
Who, on the Shaft that made him die,
Eſpy'd a Feather of his own,
With which he wont to ſoar ſo high:
Had Echo with ſo ſweet a Grace
Narciſſus' loud Complaints return'd,
Not for Reflexion of his Face,
But of his Voice the Boy had burn'd.
[*Wall. To a* Lady *that ſung a* Song *of his Compoſing.*]

SIREN.

Thus as a Mariner, that ſails along,
With Pleaſure hears th'enticing *Siren's* Song;
Unable quite his ſtrong Deſires to bound,
Boldly leaps in, tho' certain to be drown'd. *Otw. Don Carl.*

SLEEP.

Near the *Cimmerians*, in his dark Abode,
Deep in a Cavern dwells the drowſy God;
Who rules the Night by Viſions with a Nod.
Whoſe gloomy Manſion, nor the riſing Sun,
Nor ſetting viſits, nor the lightſome Moon;
But lazy Vapours round the Region fly,
Perpetual Twilight, and a doubtful Sky.

No

No crowing Cock does there his Wings diſplay,
Nor with his horny Bill provoke the Day:
No watchful Dogs, nor the more wakeful Geeſe,
Diſturb with nightly Noiſe the ſacred Peace.
No Beaſt of Nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor Trees with Tempeſts rock'd, nor human Cry.
But ſafe Repoſe, without an Air of Breath,
Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.
An Arm of *Lethe* with a gentle Flow
Ariſing upwards from the Rock below,
The Palace moats, and o'er the Pebbles creeps,
And with ſoft Murmurs calls the coming Sleeps.
Around its Entry nodding Poppies grow,
And all cool Simples that ſweet Reſt beſtow.
Night from the Plants their ſleepy Virtue drains,
And paſſing, ſheds it on the ſilent Plains:
No Door there was, th'unguarded Houſe to keep,
Or creaking Hinges turn'd to break his Sleep.
But in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed,
Stuff'd with black Plumes, and on an Ebon Sted;
Black was the Cov'ring too where lay the God,
And ſlept ſupine, his Limbs diſplay'd Abroad:
About his Head fantaſtick Viſions fly,
Which various Images of Things ſupply,
And mock their Forms; the Leafs on Trees not more,
Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the Shore. *Dry. Vir.*

O ſacred Reſt!
Sweet pleaſing Sleep! of all the Pow'rs the beſt!
O Peace of Mind! Repairer of Decay,
Whoſe Balms renew the Limbs to Labours of the Day;
Care ſhuns thy ſoft Approach, and ſullen flies away. *Dry. Vir.*

The weary World's beſt Med'cine, Sleep!
It ſhuts thoſe Wounds where injur'd Lovers weep,
And flies Oppreſſors to relieve th'Oppreſt.
It loves the Cottage, and from Court abſtains:
It ſtills the Seamen, tho' the Storm be high:
Frees the griev'd Captive in his cloſeſt Chains; (*Gu*
Stops Want's loud Mouth, and blinds the treach'rous Spy. *D*

Sleep, that locks up the Senſes from their Care;
The Death of each Day's Life: Tir'd Nature's Bath!
Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's ſecond Courſe,
Death's Counterfeit.
Chief Nouriſher in Life's Feaſt. *Shak. M*

Son

Somnus, the humble God that dwells
In Cottages and ſmoaky Cells;
Hates gilded Roofs, and Beds of Down,
And tho' he fears no Prince's Frown,
Flies from the Circle of a Crown.
Nature, alas! why art thou ſo
Oblig'd unto thy greateſt Foe?
Sleep, that is thy beſt Repaſt,
Yet of Death it bears a Taſte,
And both are the ſame Thing at laſt. *Denh. Soph.*

O Sleep, O gentle Sleep!
Nature's beſt Nurſe! how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine Eye-lids down,
And ſteep my Senſes in Forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky Cribs,
Upon uneaſy Pallads ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing Night, fly'ſt to thy Slumber;
Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great,
Under the Canopies of coſtly State,
And lull'd with Sounds of ſweeteſt Melody?
O thou dull God! why ly'ſt thou with the vile
In loathſom Beds, and leav'ſt the kingly Couch?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy Maſt
Seal up the Ship-Boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the Viſitation of the Winds?
Can'ſt thou, O partial Sleep! give thy Repoſe
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an Hour ſo rude,
And in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt Night
Deny it to a King? *Shak. Hen. 4.*

So ſleeps the Sea-Boy on the cloudy Maſt,
Safe as a drowſy *Triton*, rock'd with Storms,
While toſſing Princes wake on Beds of Down. *Lee Mithrid.*

Sleep is a God, too proud to wait in Palaces,
And yet ſo humble too, as not to ſcorn
The meaneſt Country Cottages!
His Poppy grows among the Corn.
The Halcyon Sleep will never build his Neſt
In any ſtormy Breaſt.
'Tis not enough, that he does find
Clouds and Darkneſs in the Mind;
Darkneſs but half his Work will do,
'Tis not enough, he muſt find Quiet too. *Cowl. Hor.*

In

In vain, thou drowſy God, I thee invoke,
For thou, who doſt from Fumes ariſe,
Thou, who Man's Soul doſt over-ſhade
With a thick Cloud, by Vapours made,
Canſt have no Pow'r to ſhut his Eyes,
Or Paſſage of his Spirits to choke,
Whoſe Flame's ſo pure, that it ſends up no Smoke.
Thou who doſt Men, as Nights to Colours do,
Bring all to an Equality;
Come, thou juſt God, and equal me
A while to my diſdainful She:
In that Condition let me lie,
Till Love does the Favour ſhew;
Love equals all a better Way than thou.
Thou never more ſhalt be invok'd by me:
Watchful as Spirits and Gods I'll prove,
Let her but grant, and then will I
Thee and thy Kinſman Death defy:
For betwixt thee, and them that love,
Never will an Agreement be;
Thou ſcorn'ſt the Unhappy, and the Happy thee. *Cowl.*

Falling aſleep.

The timely Dew of Sleep
Now falling, with ſoft ſlumb'rous Weight inclines
My Eye-Lids. *Mil.*
Then gentle Sleep, with ſoft Oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drowſed Senſe. *Mil.*
Thick Miſts ariſe,
And with their ſilken Cords tie down his Eyes. *Ga.*
They ſtop the Senſe, and cloſe the conquer'd Eyes. *Cowl. Ho.*

God of SLOTH.

This Place ſo fit for undiſturb'd Repoſe,
The God of Sloth for his Aſylum choſe.
Upon a Couch of Down in theſe Abodes,
Supine with folded Arms he thoughtleſs nods:
Indulging Dreams his Godhead lull to Eaſe,
With Murmurs of ſoft Rills, and whiſp'ring Trees.
The Poppy, and each numming Plant diſpenſe
Their drowſy Virtue and dull Indolence.
A careleſs Deity!

No Paſſions interrupt his eaſy Reign,
No Problems puzzle his lethargick Brain:
But dull Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed;
And lazy Fogs bedew his gracious Head.
Thus at full Length the pamper'd Monarch lay,
Batt'ning in Eaſe, and ſlumb'ring Life away. *Gar.*
The ſlumb'ring God, amaz'd at this new Din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down agen:
Liſtleſs he ſtretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his Eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs. *Gar.*

SMILE.

She ſpoke it with a Smile,
That ſeem'd at once to pity and revile. *Cowl.*
A Smile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſy Red, Love's proper Hiew. *Milt.*
He ſkrew'd his Face into a harden'd Smile. *Dryd. Don Seb.*
From his bent Brow a gloomy Smile aroſe. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*
The Terror of their Brows ſo rough e'er while
Sunk down into the Dimples of a Smile. *Cowl.*
What Charms has Sorrow in that Face?
Sorrow ſeems pleas'd to dwell with ſo much Sweetneſs;
Yet now and then a melancholy Smile
Breaks out, like Lightning in a Winter's Night,
And ſhews a Moment's Day. *Dryd. All for Love.*

SMITH. *See* Cyclops.

The Smith prepares his Hammer for the Stroke,
While the lung'd Bellows hiſſing Fire provoke. *Dryd. Juv.*
One ſtirs the Fire, and one the Bellows blows:
The hiſſing Steel is in the Smithy drown'd;
The Grot with beaten Anvils groans around:
By Turns their Arms advance in equal Time,
By Turns their Hands deſcend, and Hammers chime;
They turn the glowing Maſs with crooked Tongs,
The fiery Work proceeds with ruſtick Songs. *Dryd. Virg.*
As when the *Cyclops*, at th' Almighty Nod,
New Thunder haſten for their angry God;
Subdu'd in Fire, the ſtubborn Metal lies;
One brawny Smith the puffing Bellows plies,
And draws and blows reciprocating Air;
Others to quench the hiſſing Maſs prepare;

With

With lifted Arms they order ev'ry Blow,
And chime their ſounding Hammers in a Row:
With labour'd Anvils *Ætna* groans below.
Strongly they ſtrike, huge Flakes of Flame expire; (*Virg.*
With Tongs they turn the Steel, and vex it in the Fire. *Dryd.*

SMOKE.

In duſky Wreaths the Smoke began to roll. *Milt.*
The Smoke in cloudy Vapours flies,
Cov'ring the Plain, and curling to the Skies. *Dryd. Virg.*
Black ſmould'ring Smoke from the green Wood expires,
The Light of Heav'n is chok'd, and the new Day retires. *Dry.*
Feebly the Flames on clumſy Wings aſpire, (*Virg.*
And ſmoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire. *Gar.*

SNAKE. *See* Serpent.

In fair *Calabria*'s Wood a Snake is bred,
With curling Creſt, and with advancing Head:
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding Track;
His Belly ſpotted, burniſh'd is his Back.
While Springs are broken, while the ſouthern Air,
And dropping Heav'ns the moiſten'd Earth repair,
He lives on ſtanding Lakes and trembling Bogs,
And fills his Maw with Fiſh, or with loquacious Frogs.
But when in muddy Pools the Water ſinks,
And the chapt Earth is furrow'd o'er with Chinks,
He leaves the Fens, and leaps upon the Ground,
And, hiſſing, rolls his glaring Eyes around:
With Thirſt inflam'd, impatient of the Heats,
He rages in the Fields, and wide Deſtruction threats.
Oh! let not Sleep my cloſing Eyes invade,
In open Plains, or in the ſecret Shade,
When he, renew'd in all the ſpeckled Pride
Of pompous Youth, has caſt his Slough aſide;
And in his Summer Livery rolls along
Erect, and brandiſhing his forky Tongue,
Leaving his Neſt, and his imperfect Young:
And thoughtleſs of his Eggs, forgets to rear
The Hopes of Poiſon for the following Year. *Dryd. V.*
So when the Spring's warm Breath, and chearing Ray,
Calls from his Cave th' awaken'd Snake, that lay
Folded to Reſt, while Winter's Snow conceal'd
The Mountains Heads, and Froſts the Lakes congeal'd;

The ſloughy Spoils from his ſleek Back depos'd,
And the gay Pride of his new Skin diſclos'd:
He views himſelf, with youthful Beauties crown'd,
Elated, caſts his haughty Eyes around,
And rolls his ſpeckled Spires along the Ground.
Freſh Colours dy his Sides, and thro' his Veins,
Turgid with Life, reviving Vigour reigns.
The ſprightly Breaſt unfolds upon the Plain
The gloſſy Honours of his Summer Train:
His Creſt erected high, and forky Tongue
Shot out, he hiſſes, bounds, and leaps along. *Blac.*

So ſhines, renew'd in Youth, the creſted Snake,
Who ſlept the Winter in a thorny Brake;
And caſting off his Slough, when Spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new Glory burns:
Reſtor'd with pois'nous Herbs, his ardent Sides
Reflect the Sun, and rais'd on Spires he rides:
High o'er the Graſs he hiſſing rolls along,
And brandiſhes by Fits his forky Tongue. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a Snake, ſurpriz'd upon the Road,
Is cruſh'd athwart her Body by the Load
Of heavy Wheels; or with a mortal Wound
Her Belly bruis'd, or trodden to the Ground:
In vain with looſen'd Curls ſhe crawls along,
Yet fierce above, ſhe brandiſhes her Tongue,
Glares with her Eyes, and briſtles with her Scales,
But grov'ling in the Duſt, her Part unſound ſhe trails. *Dry. Virg.*

So when the wriggling Snake is ſnatch'd on high,
In Eagles Claws, and hiſſes in the Sky;
Around the Foe his twirling Tail he flings,
And twiſts her Legs, and writhes about her Wings. *Add. Ovid.*

A Snake of Size immenſe aſcends a Tree,
And in the leafy Summit ſpy'd a Neſt,
Which o'er her callow Young a Sparrow preſs'd,
Light were the Birds unfledg'd: The Mother flew
And hover'd round her Care, but ſtill in View,
Till the fierce Reptile firſt devour'd the Brood, *(Ovid.*
Then ſeiz'd the flutt'ring Dam, and drank her Blood. *Dryd.*

Of a Lady *playing with a* Snake.

'Tis Innocence and Youth which makes
In *Chloris'* Fancy ſuch Miſtakes,
To ſtart at Love, and play with Snakes.

Thrice happy Snake, that in her Sleeve
May'ſt boldly creep; we dare not give
Our Thoughts ſo unconfin'd a Leave.
Contented in that Neſt of Snow
He lies, as he his Bliſs did know,
And to the Wood no more would go.
Take heed, fair *Eve*, you do not make
Another Tempter of this Snake;
A Marble one, ſo warm'd, would ſpeak. *Wall.*

SNOW.

A Shower of ſoft and fleecy Rain
Falls, to new-clothe the Earth again:
Behold the Mountains Tops around,
As if with Fur of Ermin crown'd:
And lo! how by Degrees,
The univerſal Mantle hides the Trees,
In hoary Flakes which downward fly,
As if it were the Autumn of the Sky,
Whoſe Fall of Leaf would theirs ſupply.
Trembling the Groves ſuſtain the Weight, and bow
Like aged Limbs, which feebly go,
Beneath a venerable Head of Snow. *Cong.*

As when high *Jove* his ſharp Artill'ry forms,
And opes his cloudy Magazine of Storms;
In Winter's bleak, uncomfortable Rain,
A ſnowy Inundation hides the Plain:
He ſtills the Winds, and bids the Skies to ſleep,
Then pours the ſilent Tempeſt, thick and deep:
And firſt the Mountain-Tops are cover'd o'er;
Then the green Fields, and then the ſandy Shore:
Bent with the Weight the nodding Woods are ſeen,
And one bright Waſte hides all the Works of Men:
The circling Seas alone abſorbing all,
Drink the diſſolving Fleeces as they fall. *Pope Hom.*

SOLDIER. See *Mars*, *Storm*, and *Shipwreck*.

A Leader ſeem'd
Each Warriour ſingle as in Chief, expert
When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the Sway
Of Battle; open when, and when to cloſe
The Ridges of grim War: No Thought of Flight,
None of Retreat: No unbecoming Deed

That

That argu'd Fear; each on himſelf rely'd,
As only in his Arm the Moment lay
Of Victory. *Milt.*

Full fifty Years, harneſs'd in rugged Steel,
I have endur'd the biting Winter's Blaſt,
And the ſeverer Heats of parching Summer;
While they who loll'd at Home on lazy Couches,
Were, at my Coſt, ſecure in Luxury. *Rowe Amb. Step.*

The Tyrant, Cuſtom,
Has made the flinty and ſteel Couch of War
My thrice driven Bed of Down. *Shak. Othel.*

Let Honour
Call for my Blood, and ſluice it into Streams:
Turn Fortune looſe again to my Purſuit,
And let me hunt her thro' embattel'd Foes,
In duſty Plains amidſt the Cannons Roar;
There will I be the firſt. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Rude am I in my Speech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft Phraſe of Peace:
For ſince theſe Arms of mine had ſeven Years Pith,
Till now ſome nine Moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt Action in the tented Field:
And little of this great World can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to Feats of Broils and Battel. *Shak. Othel.*

Black was his Beard, and manly was his Face;
The Balls of his broad Eyes roll'd in his Head,
And glar'd betwixt a Yellow and a Red:
He look'd a Lion with a gloomy Stare,
And o'er his Eye-brows hung his matted Hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of Limbs, with Sinews ſtrong,
Broad-ſhoulder'd, and his Arms were round and long:
Upright he ſtood, and bore aloft his Shield,
Conſpicuous from afar, and overlook'd the Field.
His Surcoat was a Bear's Skin on his Back;
His Hair hung long behind, and gloſſy Raven-black:
Whene'er he ſpoke, his Voice was heard around,
Loud as a Trumpet with a ſilver Sound. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Fierce on his rattling Chariot *Hector* came,
His Eyes, like *Gorgon*, ſhot a ſanguin Flame
That wither'd all their Hoſt: Like *Mars* he ſtood,
Dire as the Monſter, dreadful as the God. *Pope Hom.*

Raviſh'd with Wars, and Danger's horrid Charms,
He with impetuous Ardour flew to Arms:

Soon as the rang'd Battalions came in Sight,
He felt fierce Joy, and terrible Delight,
And ſhudder'd with his Eagerneſs to fight.
What Flames flew from his Eyes, when he from far
View'd the four Brows and murdering Jaws of War! *Blac.*

Rough in Battel
As the firſt *Romans*, when they went to War;
Yet after Victory more pitiful *(Love.*
Than all their praying Virgins left at Home. *Dryd. All for*

Hadſt thou once ſeen him, like the God of War,
While griefly Terrour perch'd upon his Plume,
Severely ſhining in his dreadful Helmet,
And thund'ring thro' the Tempeſt of the Field. *Den. Rin. &*

When the young Hero, yet unfledg'd in Arms, *(Arm.*
Made the tough Age of bold *Rimarez* bend,
He fought like *Mars* deſcending from the Skies, *(Trium.*
And look'd like *Venus* riſing from the Waves. *Dryd. Lov*

How nobly he becomes the great Battalion!
See how he ſhines in Arms, and ſuns the Field!
Moves, ſpeaks, and fights, and is himſelf a War. *Lee D. of Guiſ.*

Adorn'd with Sweat, and painted gay with Blood,
He hews down all, and deals his Deaths around. *Cowl.*

Thro' all the Mazes of the bloody Field
I hunted his ſacred Life. I ſought him
Where Ranks fell thickeſt; 'twas indeed the Place
To ſeek *Sebaſtian*; thro' a Track of Death
I follow'd him by Groans of dying Men.
But ſtill I came too late; for he was flown,
Like Lightning, ſwift before me, to new Slaughter.
I mow'd acroſs, and made irregular Harveſt,
Defac'd the Pomp of Battel, but in vain;
For he was ſtill ſupplying Death elſewhere. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

As for *Sebaſtian*, we muſt ſearch the Field,
And where we ſee a Mountain of the Slain,
Send one to climb, and looking down below;
There ſhall he find him at his manly Length,
With his Face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument
Which his true Sword has digg'd. *Dryd. Don Se*

He in the Battel had a thirſty Sword,
And well 'twas glutted there. *Dryd. Don Se*

Succeſs attended ſtill his brandiſh'd Sword,
And, like the Grave, the glutt'nous Blade devour'd:
Slaughter upon its Point in Triumph ſate,
And ſcatter'd Death as quick and wide as Fate.

Twel

Twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief: By painful Journeys
I led them, patient of both Heat and Hunger:
'Twill do you Good to ſee their Sun-burnt Faces,
Their ſcarr'd Cheeks, and chopt Hands; there's Virtue in them:
They'll ſell thoſe mangled Limbs at dearer Rates
Than yon trim Bands can buy. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Impatient of the tedious Night, in Arms
Watchful they ſtood, expecting opening Day;
And now are hardly by their Leaders held,
From darting on the Foe: Like a hot Courſer,
That bounding paws the mould'ring Soil, diſdaining
The Rein that checks him, eager for the Race. *Rowe Tamerl.*

Could all our Care elude the gloomy Grave,
Which claims no leſs the Fearful than the Brave;
For Luſt of Fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting Fields, nor urge thy Soul to War:
But ſince, alas! ignoble Age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and Death's inexorable Doom;
The Life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to Fame what we to Nature owe:
Brave, tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us Glory gain, or Glory give. *Pope Hom.*

Oh thou haſt fir'd me! my Soul is up in Arms,
And mans each Part about me: Once again
That noble Eagerneſs of Fight has ſeiz'd me,
That Eagerneſs, with which I darted upward
To *Caſſius'* Camp. In vain the ſteepy Hill
Oppos'd my Way; in vain a War of Spears
Sung round my Head, and planted all my Shield:
I won the Trenches, while my foremoſt Men
Lagg'd on the Plain below. Come on, my Soldier,
Our Hearts and Arms are ſtill the ſame: I long
Once more to meet our Foes, that thou and I
Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
May taſte Fate to 'em, mow 'em out a Paſſage,
And entring where the foremoſt Squadrons yield,
Begin the nobleſt Harveſt of the Field. *Dryd. All for Love.*

SOLITUDE.

O Solitude! firſt State of human Kind,
Which bleſs'd remain'd, till Man did find
Ev'n his own Helper's Company!
As ſoon as two, alas! together join'd,
The Serpent made up three.

Thee God himſelf thro' countleſs Ages, thee
His ſole Companion choſe to be!
Thee, ſacred Solitude! alone,
Before the branchy Head of Numbers three
Sprung from the Trunk of one.
Ah! wretched and too ſolitary He,
Who loves not his own Country!
He'll feel the Weight of 't ev'ry Day,
Unleſs he call in Sin or Vanity,
To help to bear 't away. *Cowl.*
For Solitude ſometimes is beſt Society. *Milt.*
In Solitude
What Happineſs? Who can enjoy alone?
Or all enjoying, what Contentment find?

SORROW. See *Deſpair, Funeral, Grief, Tears, Weeping.*

He at the News
Heart-ſtruck, with chilling Gripe of Sorrow ſtood,
That all his Senſes bound. *Milt.*
Some ſecret Anguiſh rolls within his Breaſt,
That ſhakes him, like an Earthquake, which he preſſes,
And will not give it Vent.
He bluſhes, and would ſpeak, and wants a Voice,
And ſtares, and gapes like a forbidden Ghoſt. *Dryd. Cleom.*
Darkneſs, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all th' inſeparable Train of Grief,
Attend my Steps for ever. *Dryd. Amphit.*
Misfortunes on Misfortunes preſs upon me,
Swell o'er my Head like Waves, and daſh me down.
Sorrow, Remorſe, and Shame have torn my Soul,
And blaſt the Spring and Promiſe of my Year;
They hang like Winter on my youthful Hopes:
So Flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a Grave,
To loſe their Freſhneſs among Bones and Rottenneſs,
And have their Odours ſtifled in the Duſt. *Rowe Fair Pen.*
All Ages, all Degrees unſluice their Eyes; (Cries.
And Heav'n and Earth reſound with Murmurs, Groans, and
Matrons and Maidens beat their Breaſts, and tear
Their Habits, and root up their ſcatter'd Hair. *Dryd. Ovid.*
Confuſion, Fear, Diſtraction, and Diſgrace,
And ſilent Shame are ſeen on ev'ry Face. *Dryd. Virg.*
Diſtracted with ungovernable Woe,
All mingle Tears: their Cries together flow,
And form a hideous Harmony of Woe. *Blac.*

The

The wretched Parent, with a pious Haſte,
Came running, and his lifeleſs Limbs embrac'd;
Accuſing all the Gods, and ev'ry Star. *Dryd. Virg.*

The wretched Father, Father now no more,
With Sorrow ſunk, lies proſtrate on the Floor;
Deforms his hoary Locks with Duſt obſcene, *(Ovid.*
And curſes Age, and loaths a Life prolong'd with Pain. *Dryd.*

Had I a hundred Tongues, a Wit ſo large,
As could their hundred Offices diſcharge;
Had *Thœbus* all his *Helicon* beſtow'd,
In all the Streams, inſpiring all the God;
Thoſe Tongues, that Wit, thoſe Streams, that God, in vain
Would offer to deſcribe his Siſter's Pain.
They beat their Breaſts with many a bruiſing Blow,
'Till they turn'd livid, and corrupt the Snow:
The Corps they cheriſh'd, while the Corps remains,
And exerciſe and rub with fuitleſs Pains.
And when to fun'ral Flames 'tis borne away,
They kiſs the Bed on which the Body lay.
And when thoſe Fun'ral Flames no longer burn,
(The Duſt compos'd within a pious Urn)
Ev'n in that Urn their Brother they confeſs, *(Ovid.*
And hug it in their Arms, and to their Boſoms preſs. *Dryd.*

Mean Time no ſqualid Grief his Look defiles,
He gilds his ſadder Fate with nobler Smiles:
Thus the World's Eye, with reconciled Streams
Shines in his Showers, as if he wept his Beams. *Cleav.*

SPIRITS.

Spirits, that live throughout,
Vital in ev'ry Part, not as frail Man,
In Entrails, Head or Heart, Liver or Reins,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die;
Nor in their liquid Texture mortal Wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid Air:
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Ear,
All Intellect, all Senſe; and, as they pleaſe,
They limb themſelves; and Colour, Shape, or Size
Aſſume, as likes them beſt, condenſe or rare. *Milt.*

For Spirits, when they pleaſe,
Can either Sex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
And uncompounded is their Eſſence pure,
Not ty'd or manacled with Joint or Limb,
Nor founded on the brittle Strength of Bones,

Like cumbrous Fleſh; but in what Shape they chuſe,
Dilated or conden's'd, bright or obſcure,
Can execute their airy Purpoſes,
And Works of Love or Enmity fulfil. *Milt.*

The SPRING. See *Venus*, *Year.*

When with his golden Horns, with full Career,
The *Bull* beats down the Barriers of the Year; (*Virg.*
And *Argos* and the *Dog* forſake the Northern Sphere. *Dryd.*

Now, turning from the wintry Signs, the Sun
His Courſe exalted thro' the *Ram* had run;
And, whirling up the Skies, his Chariot drove
Thro' *Taurus*, and the lightſome Realms of *Love*;
When *Venus* from her Orb deſcends in Show'rs,
To glad the Ground, and paint the Fields with Flow'rs:
When firſt the tender Blades of Graſs appear,
And Buds that yet the Blaſts of *Eurus* fear,
Stand at the Door of Life, and doubt to cloath the Year;
'Till gentle Heat, and ſoft repeated Rains,
Make the green Blood to dance within their Veins;
Then, at their Call embolden'd, out they come,
And ſwell the Gems, and burſt the narrow Room:
Broader and broader yet their Blooms diſplay;
Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the Day.
Then from their breathing Souls their Sweets repair,
To ſcent the Skies, and purge th'unwholeſome Air.
Joy ſpreads the Heart, and with a gen'ral Song (*and the Leaf.*
Spring iſſues out, and leads the jolly Months along. *Dryd. Flow.*

The Spring adorns the Woods, renews the Leaves,
The Womb of Earth the genial Seed receives;
For then Almighty *Jove* deſcends, and pours
Into his buxom Bride his fruitful Show'rs;
And mixing his large Limbs with hers, he feeds
Her Births with timely Juice, and foſters teeming Seeds.
Then joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,
And Beaſts, by Nature ſtung, renew their Love.
Then Fields the Blades of bury'd Corn diſcloſe,
And while the balmy Weſtern Spirit blows,
Earth to the Breath her Boſom dares expoſe.
With kindly Moiſture then the Plants abound,
The Graſs ſecurely ſprings above the Ground:
The tender Twig ſhoots upward to the Skies,
And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.

The

The ſwerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,
Unhurt by Southern Show'rs, or Northern Hail;
They ſpread their Gems, the genial Warmth to ſhare,
And boldly truſt their Buds in open Air.
In this ſoft Seaſon (let me dare to ſing)
The World was hatch'd by Heav'n's Imperial King,
In Prime of all the Year, and Holidays of Spring.
Then did the new Creation firſt appear,
Nor other was the Tenour of the Year;
When laughing Heav'n did the great Birth attend,
And Eaſtern Winds their wintry Breath ſuſpend.
Then Sheep firſt ſaw the Sun in open Fields,
And ſavage Beaſts were ſent to ſtock the Wilds;
And golden Stars flew up to light the Skies,
And Man's relentleſs Race from ſtony Quarries riſe.
Nor could the tender new Creation bear
Th'exceſſive Heats or Coldneſs of the Year;
But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,
The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd:
When Warmth and Moiſture did at once abound,
And Heav'n's Indulgence brooded on the Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

When Spring makes equal Day,
When Weſtern Winds on curling Waters play;
When painted Meads produce their flow'ry Crops,
And Swallows twitter on the Chimney-Tops. *Dryd Virg.*

Now laviſh Nature has adorn'd the Year;
Now the pale Primroſe, and blue Vi'let ſpring, *(and the Fox.*
And Birds eſſay their Throats, diſus'd to ſing. *Dryd. the Cock*

See on the Shore inhabits purple Spring,
Where Nightingales their love-ſick Ditties ſing;
See Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs the Ground,
The Grotto's cool with ſhady Poplars crown'd,
And creeping Vines on Arbours ſwerv'd around. *Dryd. Virg.*

Hear how the Doves with penſive Notes complain,
And in ſoft Murmurs tell the Trees their Pain:
The Winter's paſt, the Winds and Tempeſts fly, *(and May.*
The Sun adorns the Fields, and brightens all the Sky. *Pope Jan.*

The early Dawning of the Year,
While yet the Spring is young, while Earth unbinds
Her frozen Boſom to the Weſtern Winds;
While Mountain Snows diſſolve againſt the Sun,
And Streams, yet new, from Precipices run. *Dryd. Virg.*

In that ſoft Seaſon, when deſcending Show'rs
Call forth the Greens, and 'wake the riſing Flow'rs;

When op'ning Buds ſalute the welcome Day,
And Earth relenting, feels the genial Ray. *Pope.*
When Winter's Rage abates, when cheerful Hours
Awake the Spring, and Spring awakes the Flow'rs;
'Tis then the Hills with pleaſing Shades are crown'd,
And Sleeps are ſweeter on the ſilken Ground.
With milder Beams the Sun ſecurely ſhines,
Fat are the Lambs, and luſcious are the Wines. *Dryd. Virg.*
'Twas now the Seaſon when the glorious Sun
His heav'nly Progreſs thro' the Twins had run;
And *Jove*, exalted, his mild Influence yields, (*and May.*
To glad the Glebe, and paint the flow'ry Fields. *Pope Jan.*
The purple Spring arrays the various Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*
The Trees are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields with Graſs,
The Bloſſoms blow, the Birds on Buſhes ſing,
And Nature has accompliſh'd all the Spring. *Dryd. Virg.*

SPUR.

The Horſes Flanks and Sides are forc'd to feel
The clanking Laſh, and Goring of the Steel. *Dryd. Virg.*

He ply'd
With iron Heel his Courſer's Side,
Conveying ſympathetick Speed
From Heel of Knight to Heel of Steed. *Hud.*
While *Hudibras*, with equal Haſte,
On both Sides laid about as faſt;
And ſpurr'd, as Jockeys uſe, to break,
Or Padders to ſecure a Neck. *Hud.*

Adds the Rememb'rance of the Spur, and hides
The goring Rowels in his bleeding Sides. *Dryd. Virg.*

As once the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours with ruſty Steel did ſmite
His *Trojan* Horſe, and juſt as much
He mended Pace upon the Touch;
But from his empty Stomach groan'd,
Juſt as that hollow Beaſt did ſound;
And angry, anſwer'd from behind,
With brandiſh'd Tail, and Blaſt of Wind.
So have I ſeen, with armed Heel,
A Wight beſtride a Common-weal;
While ſtill the more he kick'd and ſpurr'd,
The leſs the ſullen Jade has ſtirr'd.

STAG. See *Creation*, *Hunting*.

On the Plain,

Three beamy Stags command a lordly Train
Of branching Heads; the more ignoble Throng
Attend their ſtately Steps, and ſlowly graze along. *Dryd. Virg.*

So when two vig'rous Stags, each of his Herd
The haughty Lord, thro' all the Foreſt fear'd,
Reſolv'd to try which muſt in Combat yield,
In all their Might advance a-croſs the Field;
They nod their lofty Heads, and from afar
Flouriſh their Horns, preluding to the War.
The Combatants their threat'ning Heads incline,
And with their claſhing Horns in Battel join.
They ruſh to Combat with amazing Strokes,
And their high Antlars meet with dreadful Shocks;
The mighty Sound runs rattling thro' the Hills,
And Echo with the Fight the Valley fills:
Retiring oft, the Warriors ceaſe to puſh,
But then with fiercer Rage to Battel ruſh.
The trembling Herds at Diſtance ſtand, and ſtay,
To know the Conqu'rer, whom they muſt obey. *Blac.*

Thus, when a fearful Stag is clos'd around
With crimſon Toils, or in a River found,
High on the Bank the deep-mouth'd Hound appears,
Still op'ning, following ſtill where-e'er he ſteers:
The perſecuted Creature to and fro,
Turns here and there to 'ſcape his *Umbrian* Foe:
Steep is th' Aſcent, and if he gain the Land,
The purple Death is pitch'd along the Strand.
His eager Foe, determin'd to the Chace,
Stretch'd at his Length, gains Ground at ev'ry Pace:
Now to his beamy Head he makes his Way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds the Prey;
Juſt at the Pinch, the Stag ſprings out with Fear,
He bites the Wind, and fills his ſounding Jaws with Air:
The Rocks, the Lakes, the Meadows ring with Cries, *(Virg.*
The mortal Tumult mounts, and thunders in the Skies. *Dryd.*

Thus like a Stag, whom all the Troop ſurrounds
Of eager Huntſmen, and invading Hounds;
No Flight is left, nor Hopes to force his Way:
Embolden'd by Deſpair, he ſtands at Bay;

Reſolv'd on Death, he diſſipates his Fears,
And bounds aloft againſt the pointed Spears. *Dryd. Virg.*

So the tall Stag, upon the Brink
Of ſome ſmooth Stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed Head,
With Shame remembers that he fled:
The Dogs he ſcorns, reſolves to try
The Combat next; but if their Cry
Invade again his trembling Ear,
He ſtraight reſumes his wonted Care;
Leaves the untaſted Spring behind,
And, wing'd with Fear, out-flies the Wind. *Wall.*

On the Head of a Stag.

So we ſome antique Hero's Strength
Learn by his Launce's Weight and Length,
As theſe vaſt Beams expreſs the Beaſt,
Whoſe ſhady Brows alive they dreſs'd.
O fertile Head, which ev'ry Year
Could ſuch a Crop of Wonder bear!
Which, might it never have been caſt,
Each Year's Growth added to the laſt,
Theſe lofty Branches had ſupply'd
The Earth's bold Sons prodigious Pride;
Heav'n with theſe Engines had been ſcal'd,
When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd. *Wall.*

STANDARD.

He from the glitt'ring Staff unfurl'd
Th' Imperial Enſign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a Meteor ſtreaming to the Wind,
With Gems and golden Luſtre rich imblaz'd.
Seraphick Arms and Trophies! all the while
Sonorous Metal blowing martial Sounds,
All in a Moment thro' the Gloom were ſeen.
Ten thouſand Banners riſe into the Air,
With orient Colours waving. *Milt.*

He wav'd his Royal Banner in the Wind,
Where, in an argent Field, the God of War
Was drawn triumphant on his iron Car;
Red was his Sword, and Shield, and whole Attire,
And all the Godhead ſeem'd to glow with Fire:
Ev'n the Ground glitter'd where the Standard flew,
And the green Graſs was dy'd to ſanguine Hiew. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

STARS. See *Creation, Sun.*

The Sparks of Light,
The Gems that ſhine in the blue Ring of Heav'n. *Lee. Mithrid.*
The Gems of Heav'n, that gild Night's ſable Throne. *Dryd. Virg.*
The Moon's ſtarry Train. *Milt.*
His marſhal'd Clouds, to intercept the Light,
Seal up the Stars, the twinkling Eyes of Night. *Blac.*
With Orbs of Light he inlays all the Spheres,
And ſtuds the ſable Night with ſilver Stars. *Blac.*
He ſpread the pure cerulean Fields on high,
And arch'd the Chambers of the vaulted Sky;
Which he, to ſuit their Glory with their Height,
Adorn'd with Globes that reel as drunk with Light:
His Hand directed all the tuneful Spheres,
He turn'd their Orbs, and poliſh'd all the Stars. *Blac.*
As when the Stars in their ethereal Race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid Space,
At certain Periods they reſume their Place,
From the ſame Point of Heav'n their Courſe advance,
And move in Meaſures of their former Dance. *Dryd.*

Morning-Star.

Guide of the ſtarry Flock. *Dryd.*
Faireſt of Stars, laſt of the Train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn;
Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet. *Milt.*
So from the Seas exerts his radiant Head,
The Star by whom the Lights of Heav'n are led;
Shakes from his roſy Locks the pearly Dews,
Diſpels the Darkneſs, and the Day renews. *Dryd. Virg.*

Evening-Star.

Bright *Heſperus*, that leads the ſtarry Train;
Whoſe Office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth: Short Arbiter
'Twixt Day and Night. *Milt.*

Falling Star. See *Archers, Philoſophy.*

The ſeeming Stars fall headlong from the Skies,
And ſhooting thro' the Darkneſs, gild the Night
With ſweeping Glories, and long Trails of Light. *Dryd. Virg.*
The ſhooting Stars end all in purple Jellies. *Dryd. Oedip.*

STATUES.

STATUES. See *Sculpture.*

Statues that Skill inimitable ſhow'd,
In beauteous Order on the Terras ſtood:
They ſhow'd indeed, but yet ſuch Life did ſhow,
Spectators wonder'd why they did not go. *Blac.*

He carv'd in Iv'ry ſuch a Maid, ſo fair,
As Nature could not with his Art compare;
Were ſhe to work but in her own Defence,
Muſt take her Pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his Idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and laſt, the Thing ador'd deſires.
A very Virgin in her Face was ſeen,
And had ſhe mov'd, a living Maid had been.
One would have thought ſhe could have ſtirr'd, but ſtrove
With Modeſty, and was aſham'd to move.
Art hid with Art, ſo well perform'd the Cheat,
It caught the Carver with his own Deceit:
He knows 'tis Madneſs, yet he muſt adore,
And ſtill the more he knows it, loves the more, *Dryd. Ovid.*
[*Spoken of* Pygmalion.]

STOCKS *and* WHIPPING-POST.

At farther End o'th' Town there ſtands
An ancient Caſtle that commands
Th' adjacent Part: In all the Fabrick
You ſhall not ſee one Stone, nor a Brick;
But all of Wood, by pow'rful Spell
Of Magick made impregnable.
There's neither Iron Bar, nor Gate,
Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate:
And yet Men Durance there abide,
In Dungeon ſcarce three Inches wide;
With Roof ſo low, that under it
They never ſtand, but lie or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that whoſo is in,
Is to the Middle-Leg in Priſon,
In Circle Magical confin'd
With Walls of ſubtle Air and Wind,
Which none are able to break thorough
Until they're freed by Head of Borough.
Near th'outward Wall of this there ſtands
A Baſtile, built t'impriſon Hands;

By ſtrange Enchantment made to fetter
The leſſer Parts, and free the greater;
For tho' the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Gate are faſt enow.
And when a Circle 'bout the Wriſt
Is made by Beadle Exorciſt,
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Poſt by Witch,
At twenty Miles an Hour Pace,
And yet ne'er ſtirs out of the Place. *Hud.*
For as the Antients heretofore
To Honour's Temple had no Door,
But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
So from this Dungeon there's no Way
To honour'd Freedom, but by paſſing
That other virtuous School of Laſhing;
Where Knights are kept in narrow Liſts,
With wooden Lockers 'bout their Wriſts;
This ſuffer'd, they are ſet at large,
And freed with hon'rable Diſcharge.
Then in their Robes the Penitentials
Are ſtraight preſented with Credentials;
And on their Way attended on
By Magiſtrates of ev'ry Town,
And all Reſpect and Charges paid,
They're to their ancient Seats convey'd. *Hud.*

STORK.

As when the Storks prepare to change their Clime,
The long-neck'd Nation, in the Air ſublime,
Wheeling, and tow'ring up in Circles fly,
And with their cackling Cries diſturb the Sky.
In ling'ring Clouds they hang, and Leiſure give
For all the feather'd People to arrive:
To th'airy Rendezvous all haſte away,
And their known Leader's noiſy Call obey.
Then through the Heav'ns their trackleſs Flight they take,
And for new Worlds their preſent Seats forſake. *Blac.*

STORM.

Oft have I ſeen a ſudden Storm ariſe
From all the warring Winds that ſweep the Skies;
The heavy Harveſt from the Root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter Stubble borne;

With

With ſuch a Force the flying Rack is driv'n,
And ſuch a Winter wears the Face of Heav'n!
And oft whole Sheets deſcend of ſluicy Rain,
Suck'd by the ſpungy Clouds from off the Main:
The lofty Skies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd Crop and golden Labours drown;
The Dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring Sound
The riſing Rivers float the nether Ground,
And Rocks the bellowing Noiſe of boiling Seas rebound.
The Father of the Gods his Glory ſhrowds,
Involv'd in Tempeſts and a Night of Clouds;
And, from the middle Darkneſs flaſhing out,
By Fits he deals his firy Bolts about.
Earth feels the Motions of her angry God,
Her Entrails tremble, and her Mountains nod,
And flying Beaſts in Foreſts ſeek Abode. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now gath'ring Clouds the Day begin to drown,
Their threat'ning Fronts thro' all th' Horizon frown;
Their ſwagging Wombs low in the Air depend,
Which ſtruggling Flames and in-bred Thunder rend.
The ſtrongeſt Winds their Breath and Vigour prove,
And thro' the Heav'ns th'unweildy Tempeſt ſhove;
O'er-charg'd with Stores of Heav'n's Artillery,
They groan, and pant, and labour up the Sky.
Impending Ruin does the Sailor ſcare,
Rolling and wall'wing thro' th'incumber'd Air.
Loud Thunder, livid Flames, and *Stygian* Night,
Compounded Horrors, all the Deep affright!
Rent Clouds a Medley of Deſtruction ſpout,
And throw their dreadful Entrails round about:
Tempeſts of Fire, and Cataracts of Rain,
Unnat'ral Friendſhip make t'afflict the Main.
Preſs'd by incumbent Storms, the Billows riſe,
Climb o'er the Rocks, and foam amid the Skies;
Then falling lower than before they roſe,
The ſecret Horrors of the Deep diſcloſe:
Purſu'd by conqu'ring Winds, they fly and roar,
And crowd, and headlong run againſt the Shore.
This Orb's wide Frame with the Convulſion ſhakes,
Oft opens in the Storm, and often cracks.
Horror, Amazement, and Deſpair, appear
In all the hideous Forms that Mortals fear.

Either Tropick now
'Gan thunder: At both Ends of Heav'n, the Clouds,

From many a horrid Rift abortive, pour'd
Fierce Rain with Lightning mix'd, Water with Fire
In Ruin reconcil'd. Dreadful was the Rack,
As Earth and Sky would mingle. Nor yet ſlept the Winds
Within their ſtony Caves, but ruſh'd abroad
From the four Hinges of the World, and fell
On the vex'd Wilderneſs, whoſe talleſt Pines,
Tho' rooted deep as high, and ſturdieſt Oaks,
Bow'd their ſtiff Necks, loaden with ſtormy Blaſts,
Or torn up ſheer. *Milt.*

Heav'n's cryſtal Battlements to Pieces daſh'd,
In Storms of Hail were downward hurl'd;
Loud Thunder roar'd, red Lightning flaſh'd,
And univerſal Uproar fill'd the World.
Torrents of Water, Floods of Flame,
From Heav'n in fighting Ruins came.
At once the Hills, that to the Clouds aſpire,
Were waſh'd with Rain, and ſcorch'd with Fire. *Blac.*

Thus Storms, let looſe,
Do rive the Trunks of talleſt Cedars down,
Tear from their Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,
And kill the tender Flow'rs, but yet half blown:
But having no more Fury left in Store,
Heav'n's Face grows clear, the Storm is heard no more,
And Nature ſmiles as gayly as before. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

On the Storm that preceded the Death of Oliver Cromwel.

We muſt reſign! Heav'n his great Soul does claim,
In Storms as loud as his immortal Fame:
His dying Groans, his laſt Breath, ſhakes our Iſle,
And Trees uncut fall for his Fun'ral Pile;
About his Palace their broad Roots are toſt
Into the Air: So *Romulus* was loſt!
New *Rome* in ſuch a Tempeſt miſs'd her King,
And from obeying fell to worſhipping:
On *Oeta*'s Top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him ſpread.
Nature her ſelf took Notice of his Death,
And, ſighing, ſwell'd the Sea with ſuch a Breath,
That to remoteſt Shores her Billows roll'd,
The approaching Fate of their great Ruler told. *Wall.*

Storm at Sea.

Now like a firy Meteor ſunk the Sun;
The Promiſe of a Storm! the ſhifting Gales
Forſake by Fits, and fill the flagging Sails.
Hoarſe Murmurs of the Main from far were heard,
And Night came on, not by Degrees prepar'd,
But all at once: At once the Winds ariſe,
The Thunders roll, the forky Lightning flies:
In vain the Maſter iſſues out Commands;
In vain the trembling Sailors ply their Hands:
The Tempeſt unforeſeen prevents their Care,
And from the firſt they labour in Deſpair.
The giddy Ship, between the Winds and Tides
Forc'd back and forwards, in a Circle rides,
Stunn'd with the different Blows; then ſhoots amain,
Till, counterbuff'd, ſhe ſtops, and ſleeps again.
And now, with Sails declin'd,
The wand'ring Veſſel drove before the Wind;
Toſs'd and retoſs'd aloft, and then alow;
Nor Port they ſeek, nor certain Courſe they know,
But ev'ry Moment wait the coming Blow. *Dryd. Cym. & Iph.*
Then o'er our Heads deſcends a Burſt of Rain,
And Night with ſable Clouds involves the Main:
The ruffling Winds the foamy Billows raiſe;
The ſcatter'd Fleet is forc'd to ſev'ral Ways:
The Face of Heav'n is raviſh'd from our Eyes,
And in redoubled Peals the roaring Thunder flies.
Caſt from our Courſe, we wander in the Dark,
Nor Stars to guide, nor Point of Land to mark:
Ev'n *Palinurus* no Diſtinction found *(Dryd. Vir*
Between the Night and Day, ſuch Darkneſs reign'd arou
Thus when a black-brow'd Guſt begins to riſe,
White Foam at firſt on the curl'd Ocean fries;
Then roars the Main, the Billows mount the Skies:
Till, by the Fury of the Storm full blown,
The muddy Bottom o'er the Clouds is thrown. *Dryd. Vir*
The furious Winds the ſwelling Surges beat,
And rouze old *Ocean* from his peaceful Seat.
The raging Seas in high-ridg'd Mountains riſe,
And caſt their angry Foam againſt the Skies;
Then gape ſo deep, that Day-light Hell invades,
And ſhoots grey Dawning thro' th'affrighted Shades.

Low

Low-bellying Clouds ſoon intercept the Light,
And o'er the Sailors ſpread a Noon-day Night.
Exploded Thunder tears th'embowell'd Sky,
And ſulph'rous Flames a diſmal Day ſupply. *Blat.*

To Heav'n aloft on ridgy Waves we ride,
Then down to Hell deſcend when they divide;
And thrice our Gallies knock'd the ſtony Ground,
And thrice the hollow Rocks return'd the Sound, *(Dry. Virg.*
And thrice we ſaw the Stars, that ſtood with Dews around.

A ſudden Storm did from the South ariſe,
And horrid Black began to hang the Skies.
By ſlow Advances loaded Clouds aſcend,
And croſs the Air their low'ring Front extend.
Heav'n's loud Artillery began to play,
And Wrath divine in dreadful Peals convey.
Darkneſs and raging Winds their Terrors join,
And Storms of Rain with Storms of Fire combine.
Some run aſhore upon the ſhoaly Land;
Some periſh by the Rocks, ſome by the Sand. *Blat.*

Storm and Shipwreck.

Then *Æolus* hurl'd againſt the Mountain Side
His quiv'ring Spear, and all the God apply'd.
The raging Winds run thro' the hollow Wound,
And dance aloft in Air, and skim along the Ground;
Then ſettling on the Sea, the Surges ſweep,
Raiſe liquid Mountains, and diſcloſe the Deep.
South, Eaſt, and Weſt, with mix'd Confuſion roar,
And roll the foaming Billows to the Shore.
The Cables crack, the Sailors fearful Cries
Aſcend, and ſable Night involves the Skies,
And Heav'n it ſelf is raviſh'd from our Eyes.

Loud Peals of Thunder from the Poles enſue;
Then flaſhing Fires the tranſient Light renew.
The Face of Things a frightful Image bears,
And preſent Death in various Forms appears.
Fierce *Boreas* drives againſt the flying Sails,
And rends the Sheets; the raging Billows riſe,
And mount the toſſing Veſſels to the Skies.
Nor can the ſhiv'ring Oars ſuſtain the Blow,
The Galley gives her Side, and turns her Prow;
While thoſe a-ſtern, deſcending down the Steep,
Thro' gaping Waves behold the boiling Deep.

Three

Three Ships were hurry'd by the ſouthern Blaſt,
And on the ſecret Shelves with Fury caſt;
Three more fierce *Eurus*, in his angry Mood,
Daſh'd on the Shallows of the moving Sand,
And, in Mid-ocean, left them moor'd aland.
From Stem to Stem one was by Waves o'erborne;
The trembling Pilot, from the Rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd: The Ship thrice round was toſt,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the Deep was loſt;
And here and there above the Waves were ſeen
Arms, Pictures, precious Goods, and floating Men.
The ſtouteſt Veſſel to the Storm gave Way,
And ſuck'd, thro' looſen'd Plank, the ruſhing Sea.
The Ships, with gaping Seams,
Admit the Deluge of the briny Streams. *Dryd. Virg.*

And now a Breeze from Shore began to blow,
The Sailors ſhip their Oars, and ceaſe to row;
Then hoiſt their Yards a-trip, and all their Sails
Let fall, to court the Wind, and catch the Gales.
By this the Veſſel half her Courſe had run,
And as much reſted till the ſetting Sun.
Both Shores were loſt to Sight, when at the Cloſe
Of Day, a ſtiffer Gale at Eaſt aroſe:
The Sea grew white, the rolling Waves from far,
Like Heralds, firſt denounce the war'ry War.
This ſeen, the Maſter ſoon began to cry,
Strike, ſtrike the Top-ſail, let the Main-ſheet fly,
And furl your Sails: The Winds repel the Sound,
And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd:
Yet of their own Accord, as Danger taught,
Each in his Way, officiouſly they wrought;
Some ſtow their Oars, or ſtop the leaky Sides;
Another, bolder yet, the Yards beſtrides,
And folds the Sails; a fourth, with Labour, laves
Th'intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.
In this Confuſion, while their Work they ply,
The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,
And wage inteſtine Wars; the ſuff'ring Seas
Are toſs'd and mingled as their Tyrants pleaſe.
The Maſter would command, but, in Deſpair
Of Safety, ſtands amaz'd with ſtupid Care;
Nor what to bid or what forbid he knows,
Th'ungovern'd Tempeſt to ſuch Fury grows;
Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill,
With ſuch a Concourſe comes the Flood of Ill:

The Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling Shrouds;
Seas daſh on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds.
At once from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, from Pole to Pole,
The forky Lightnings flaſh, the roaring Thunders roll.
Now Waves, on Waves aſcending, ſcale the Skies,
And in the Fires above the Waters fries.
When yellow Sands are ſifted from below,
The glitt'ring Billows give a golden Show;
And when the fouler Bottom ſpews the Black,
The *Stygian* Dye the tainted Waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted Seas,
And change their Colour, changing their Diſeaſe.
Like various Fits the beaten Veſſel finds,
And now, ſublime, ſhe rides upon the Winds;
As from a lofty Summit looks from high,
And from the Clouds beholds the nether Sky.
Now from the Depth of Hell they lift their Sight,
And at a Diſtance ſee ſuperiour Light:
The laſhing Billows make a loud Report,
And beat her Sides, as batt'ring Rams a Fort;
Or as a Lion, bounding in his Way,
With Force augmented, bears againſt his Prey,
Sidelong to ſeize; or, unappal'd with Fear,
Springs on the Toils, and ruſhes on the Spear:
So Seas, impell'd by Winds, with added Pow'r,
Aſſault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.
The Planks, their pitchy Cov'ring waſh'd away,
Now yield, and now a yawning Breach diſplay.
The roaring Waters with a hoſtile Tide
Ruſh thro' the Ruins of her gaping Side.
Mean time in Sheets of Rain the Sky deſcends,
And Ocean, ſwell'd with Waters, upwards tends.
One riſing, falling one, the Heav'ns and Sea
Meet at their Confines in the middle Way.
The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop with Rain,
Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.
No Star appears to lend his friendly Light:
Darkneſs and Tempeſt make a double Night.
But flaſhing Fires diſcloſe the Deep by Turns;
And while the Lightnings blaze, the Water burns.
Now all the Waves their ſcatter'd Force unite;
And, as a Soldier, foremoſt in the Fight,
Makes Way for others; and, an Hoſt alone,
Still preſſes on, and urging gains the Town:

So

So while th' invading Billows come a-breaſt,
The Hero tenth, advanc'd before the reſt,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous Sway,
And from the Walls deſcends upon the Prey;
Part foll'wing enter, Part remain without,
With Envy hear their Fellows conqu'ring Shout,
And mount on others Backs, in hope to ſhare
The City, thus become the Seat of War.
An univerſal Cry reſounds aloud,
The Sailors run in Heaps, a helpleſs Croud:
Art fails, and Courage falls; no Succour near;
As many Waves, as many Deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet deſpairs of late Relief;
One cannot weep, his Fears congeal his Grief;
But, ſtupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate:
One with loud Shrieks laments his loſt Eſtate,
And calls thoſe happy whom their Fun'rals wait.
This Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the Gods implores,
And ev'n the Skies, he cannot ſee, adores;
That other on his Friends his Thoughts beſtows,
His careful Father, and his faithful Spouſe.
The cov'tous Worldling, in his anxious Mind,
Thinks only on the Wealth he left behind.
All *Ceyx* his *Alcyone* imploys;
For her he grieves, yet in her Abſence joys.
His Wife he wiſhes, and would ſtill be near,
Not her with him, but wiſhes him with her.
Now with laſt Looks he ſeeks his native Shore,
Which Fate has deſtin'd him to ſee no more;
He ſought, but in the dark tempeſtuous Night,
He knew not whither to direct his Sight.
So whirl the Seas, ſuch Darkneſs blinds the Sky,
That the black Night receives a deeper Dye.
The giddy Ship ran round; the Tempeſt tore
Her Maſt, and over-board the Rudder bore.
One Billow mounts, and, with a ſcornful Brow,
Proud of her Conqueſt gain'd, inſults the Waves below;
Nor lighter falls than if ſome Giant tore
Pyndus and *Athos* with the Freight they bore,
And toſs'd on Seas; preſs'd with the pond'rous Blow,
Down ſinks the Ship, within th' Abyſs below:
Down with the Veſſel ſink into the Main
The Many, never more to riſe again.

ome few on ſcatter'd Planks, with fruitleſs Care,
ay hold, and ſwim; but, while they ſwim, deſpair.
v'n he, who late a Sceptre did command,
Now graſps a floating Fragment in his Hand;
nd while he ſtruggles on the ſtormy Main,
nvokes his Father, and his Wife's in vain:
ut yet his Conſort is his greateſt Care,
lcyone he names amidſt his Pray'r:
mes as a Charm againſt the Waves and Wind;
Moſt in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind.
ir'd with his Toil, all Hopes of Safety paſt,
rom Prayers to Wiſhes he deſcends at laſt;
That his dead Body, wafted to the Sands,
Might have its Burial from her friendly Hands.
s oft as he can catch a Gulp of Air,
nd peep above the Seas, he names the Fair;
nd ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
urm'ring *Alcyone* below the Waves.
t laſt a falling Billow ſtops his Breath,
reaks o'er his Head, and whelms him underneath. *Dryd. Ovid.*

STREAM. See *Brooks*, *Buſineſs*, *Country-Life*.

The Stream is ſo tranſparent, pure, and clear,
That had the ſelf-enamour'd Youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the Bottom, not his Face had ſeen. *Denh.*

Hard by, a Stream did with that Softneſs creep,
As 'twere by its own Murmurs huſh'd aſleep. *Old.*

Cloſe by a ſoftly murm'ring Stream,
Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream. *Hud.*

Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful Throng,
I look for Streams immortaliz'd in Song,
That loſt in Silence and Oblivion lie,
Dumb are their Fountains, and their Chanels dry,)
Yet run for ever by the Muſes Skill,
And in the ſmooth Deſcription murmur ſtill. *Add.*

Thus a tame Stream does wild and dang'rous grow
By unjuſt Force: He now with wanton Play
Kiſſes the ſmiling Banks, and glides away:
But his known Chanel ſtopp'd, begins to roar,
And ſwell with Rage;
The mutinous Waters hurry to the War,
And Troops of Waves come rolling from afar:

Then

Then ſcorns he ſuch weak Stops to free his Source,
And over-runs the neighb'ring Fields with violent Force. *Cowl.*

So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of ruſhing Torrents and deſcending Rains,
Works itſelf clear, and, as it runs, refines,
Till by Degrees the cryſtal Mirrour ſhines;
Reflects each Flow'r that on its Borders grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Boſom ſhows. *Add. Cato.*

Th' innocent Stream, as it in Silence goes,
Freſh Honours, and a ſudden Spring beſtows,
On both its Banks, to ev'ry Flow'r and Tree. *Cowl.*

STRENGTH.

Compos'd of mighty Bones and Brawn, he ſtands
A goodly tow'ring Object on the Sands. *Dryd. Virg.*

His brawny Back, and ample Breaſt he ſhows,
His lifted Arms around his Head he throws,
And deals in whiſtling Air his empty Blows. *Dryd. Virg.*

We met in Fight; I know him to my Coſt,
With what a whirling Force his Lance he toſs'd!
Heav'ns! what a Spring was in his Arms to throw!
How high he held his Shield, and roſe at ev'ry Blow!
Had *Troy* produc'd two more his Match in Might,
They would have chang'd the Fortune of the Fight:
Th' Invaſion of the *Greeks* had been return'd,
Our Empire waſted, and our Cities burn'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

[*Diomedes* ſays it of *Æneas*.

But what is Strength without a double Share
Of Wiſdom? vaſt, unweildy, burdenſom:
Proudly ſecure, yet liable to fall
By weakeſt Subtilties; Strength's not made to rule,
But to ſubſerve, where Wiſdom bears Command. *Milton.*
If thou haſt Strength, 'twas Heav'n that Strength beſtow'd,
For know, vain Man, thy Valour is from God. *Pope. Hom.*

STYLE. See *Eloquence*, *Poet*, *River*, *Verſe*.

His candid Style like a clear Stream does ſlide,
And his bright Fancy all the way
Does like the Sun-ſhine on it play,
It does like *Thames*, the beſt of Rivers, glide;
Where the God does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour the cryſtal Urn,
And with judicious Hands does the whole Torrent guide;

'T has all the Beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely Dreſs, without the Paint of Art. *Cowl.*
Thy even Thoughts with ſo much Plainneſs flow,
Their Senſe untutor'd Infancy may know:
Yet to ſuch Height in all that Plainneſs wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught.
Eaſy in Words thy Style, in Senſe ſublime,
On its bleſt Steps each Age and Sex may riſe;
'Tis like the Ladder in the Patriarch's Dream,
Its Foot on Earth, its Height beyond the Skies. *Prior.*

STYX. See *Hell.*

The Thund'rer ſaid:
And ſhook the ſacred Honours of his Head,
Atteſting *Styx*, th' inviolable Flood,
And the black Region of his Brother God: *Dryd. Virg.*
Trembled the Poles of Heaven, and Earth confeſs'd the Nod.
To ſeal his ſacred Vow, by *Styx* he ſwore,
The Lake of liquid Pitch, the dreary Shore;
And *Phlegeton*'s unnavigable Flood:
He ſaid; and ſhook the Skies with his imperial Nod. *Dry. Virg.*

SUBJECT. See *King.*

We are but Subjects, *Maximus*; Obedience
To what is done, and Grief for what's ill done,
Is all we can call ours. The Hearts of Princes
Are like the Temples of the Gods; pure Incenſe,
Till ſome unhallow'd Hands defile their Off'rings,
Burns ever there: We muſt not put it out,
Becauſe the Prieſts who touch thoſe Sweets, are wicked:
We dare not, deareſt Friend; nay more, we cannot,
While we conſider whoſe we are, and how,
To what Laws bound, much more to what Lawgiver;
While Majeſty is made to be obey'd,
And not inquir'd into. *Roch. Valent.*

Was it for me to prop
The Ruins of a falling Majeſty?
To place my ſelf beneath the mighty Flaw,
Thus to be cruſh'd and pounded into Atoms
By its o'erwhelming Weight? 'Tis too preſuming
For Subjects to preſerve that wilful Pow'r,
Which courts its own Deſtruction. *Dryd. All for Love.*
The Elephant is never won with Anger,
Nor muſt that Man who would reclaim a Lion,

Take him by the Teeth.
Our honeſt Actions, and the Truth, that breaks,
Like Morning, from our Service, chaſte and bluſhing,
Is that which pulls a Prince back: Then he ſees,
And not till then truly repents his Errours. *Roch. Valent.*
Subjects are ſtiff-neck'd Animals, they ſoon
Feel ſlacken'd Reins, and throw the Rider down. *Dryd. Aur.*
Subjects like theſe are ſeldom ſeen,
Who not forſook me at my greateſt Need,
Nor for baſe Lucre ſold their Loyalty;
But ſhar'd my Dangers to the laſt Event,
And fenc'd them with their own. *Dryd. Don Seb.*
He who his Prince too blindly does obey,
To keep his Faith, his Virtue throws away. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

SUCCESS.

Succeſs, the Mark no mortal Wit,
Or ſureſt Hand, can always hit?
For whatſoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're ſteer'd by Fate.
Which in Succeſs oft diſinherits,
For ſpurious Cauſes, nobleſt Merits:
Great Actions are not always true Sons
Of great and mighty Reſolutions:
Nor do the bold'ſt Attempts bring forth
Events, ſtill equal to their Worth.
But ſometimes fail, and in their ſtead
Fortune and Cowardice ſucceed. *Hud.*
For Falling is no Shame,
And Cowardice alone is Loſs of Fame:
The vent'rous Knight is from the Saddle thrown,
But 'tis the Fault of Fortune, not his own.
If Crowns and Palms the conq'ring Side adorn,
The Victor under better Stars was born;
The brave Man ſeeks not popular Applauſe,
Nor overpower'd with Arms, deſerts his Cauſe;
Unchang'd, tho' foil'd, he does the beſt he can:
Force is of Brutes, but Honour is of Man. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
'Tis Man's bold Taſk the gen'rous Strife to try;
But in the Hands of God is Victory. *Pope Hom.*
If he that is in Battel ſlain,
Be in the Bed of Honour lain;
Sure he that's beaten may be ſaid
To lie in Honour's Truckle-bed. *Hud. Vir.*

Virtue without Succeſs
Is a fair Picture ſhewn by an ill Light:
But lucky Men are Favourites of Heaven, *Dryd. Span. Fry.*
All own the Chief, when Fortune owns the Cauſe. *Dryd. (Pal. & Arc.*

For all Affections wait on proſp'rous Fame:
Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meets Shame. *How.*

SUMMER. See *Year.*

The Sun is in the *Lion* mounted high,
The *Syrian* Star
Barks from afar,
And with his ſultry Breath infects the Sky:
The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above us fry.
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock
Beneath the Covert of a Rock;
And ſeeks refreſhing Riv'lets nigh;
The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire; (quire,
Thoſe very Shades and Streams, new Shades and Streams re-
And want a cooling Breath of Wind to fan the raging Fire. *Dry.*

At Noon of Day, *(Virg.*
The Sun with ſultry Beams began to play;
Now *Syrius* ſhoots a fiercer Flame from high,
When with his pois'nous Breath he blaſts the Sky:
Then droop'd the fading Flow'rs, (their Beauty fled)
And clos'd their ſickly Eyes, and hung the Head,
And, rivel'd up with Heat, lay dying in their Bed.
The Ladies gaſp'd, and ſcarcely could reſpire;
The Breath they drew, no longer Air, but Fire.
The fainty Knights were ſcorch'd. *Dryd. Chauc. The (Flow. and the Leaf.*

The ſultry Dog-Star from the Sky
Scorch'd *Indian* Swains, the rivel'd Graſs was dry;
The Sun with flaming Arrows pierc'd the Flood,
And darting to the Bottom, bak'd the Mud, *Dryd. Virg.*

SUN. See *Creation, Light.*

O you, bright Orb, that roll
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, and view from Pole to Pole. *Pope Hom.*
O Sun! of this great World both Eye and Soul. *Milt.*
Oh thou! that with ſurpaſſing Glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole Dominion, like the God
Of this great World, at whoſe Sight all the Stars
Hide their diminiſh'd Heads! *Milt.*

The golden Sun, in Splendour likeſt Heav'n,
(Aloof the vulgar Conſtellations thick,
That from his lordly Eye keep Diſtance due)
Diſpenſes Light from far: They, as they move
Their ſtarry Dance, in Numbers that compute
Days, Months, and Years, tow'rds his all-chearing Lamp
Turn ſwift their various Motions, or are turn'd
By his Magnetick Beam, that gently warms
The Univerſe; and to each inward Part,
With gentle Penetration, tho' unſeen,
Shoots inviſible Virtue ev'n to the Deep. *Mil.*

Mark how the luſty Sun ſalutes the Spring,
And gently kiſſes ev'ry Thing:
His loving Beams unlock each Maiden Flow'r,
Search all the Treaſures, all the Sweets devour;
Then on the Earth with Bridegroom Heat,
He does ſtill new Flow'rs beget. *Cowl.*
The glorious Ruler of the Morning, ſo
But looks on Flow'rs, and ſtraight they grow;
And when his Beams their Light unfold,
Ripens the dulleſt Earth, and warms it into Gold.
The ſelf-ſame Sun
At once does ſlow and ſwiftly run:
Swiftly his daily Journey goes,
But treads his annual with a ſtatelier Pace,
And does three hundred Rounds incloſe
Within one yearly Circle's Space;
At once with double Courſe, in the ſame Sphere,
He runs the Day, and walks the Year. *Cow.*

Thus the great Lamp, by which the Globe is bleſt,
Conſtant in Toil, and ignorant of Reſt,
Thro' different Regions does his Courſe purſue,
And leaves one World but to revive a new,
While by a pleaſing Change, the Queen of Night
Relieves his Luſtre with a milder Light. *Step.*

So when the Sun by Day, or Moon by Night,
Strike on the poliſh'd Glaſs their trembling Light;
The glitt'ring Species here and there divide,
And caſt their dubious Beams from Side to Side,
Now on the Walls, now on the Pavement play,
And to the Ceiling flaſh the glaring Day. *Dryd. Vir.*

The Diſk of *Phœbus*, when he climbs on high,
Appears at firſt but as a Blood-ſhot Eye;

And, when his Chariot downwards drives to Bed,
His Ball is with the ſame Suffuſion red.
But, mounted high in his meridian Race,
All bright he ſhines, and with a better Face. *Dryd. Ovid.*

As glorious as the Sun at Noon,
To the admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals,
When he beſtrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
And ſails upon the Boſom of the Air. *Otw. Don Carl.*

Sun-riſing. See *Morning.*

The Sun ſcarce riſen,
With Wheels yet hov'ring o'er the Ocean's Brim,
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy Ray. *Milt.*

And now from forth the Chambers of the Main,
To ſhed his ſacred Light on Earth again,
Aroſe the golden Chariot of the Day,
And tipt the Mountains with a purple Ray. *Pope Hom.*

Soon as the Sun with all revealing Ray,
Flam'd in the Front of Heav'n and gave the Day. *Pope Hom.*

Sun-ſet. See *Evening.*

The parting Sun,
Beyond the Earth's green Cape, and verdant Iſles,
Heſperean ſets. *Milt.*

It was the Time when witty Poets tell,
That *Phœbus* into *Thetis* Boſom fell;
She bluſh'd at firſt, and then put out the Light,
And drew the Modeſt Curtains of the Night. *Cowl. Hor.*

And now the golden Sun, to mortal Sight
Deſcending ſwift, roll'd down the radiant Light. *Pope Hom.*

The Sun did now to Weſtern Waves retire,
In Tides to temper his bright World of Fire. *Garth. Ovid.*

The ſetting Sun
Still leaves a Track of Glory in the Skies. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

SWALLOW. See *Horſe-Race.*

As the black Swallow near the Palace plies,
O'er empty Courts and under Arches flies;
Now hawks aloft, now ſkims along the Flood,
To furniſh her loquacious Neſt with Food. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Swallows, privileg'd above the reſt
Of all the Birds, as Man's familiar Gueſt,
Purſue the Sun in Summer briſk and bold,
But wiſely ſhun the perſecuting Cold.
When frowning Skies begin to change their Chear,
And Time turns up the wrong Side of the Year,

They ſeek a better Heav'n, and warmer Climes;
But whether upward to the Moon they go,
Or dream the Winter out in Caves below, *(Hind & Panth.*
Or hawk at Flies elſewhere, concerns not us to know. *Dryd.*

SWAN. See *Creation.*

The ſilver Swans ſail down the watry Road,
And graze the floating Herbage of the Flood. *Dryd. Virg.*
The Swans that ſail along the ſilver Flood,
And dive with ſtretching Necks, to ſearch their Food. *Dryd. Vir.*
Like a long Team of ſnowy Swans on high,
Which clap their Wings, and cleave the liquid Sky:
When homeward from their watry Paſtures borne,
They ſing, and *Aſia*'s Lakes their Notes return. *Dryd. Virg.*
Thus Milk-white Swans in *Aſius*' watry Plains,
Or o'er the Windings of *Cayſter*'s Springs,
Stretch their long Necks, and clap their ruſtling Wings;
Now tow'r aloft, and courſe in airy Rounds;
Now light with Noiſe, with Noiſe the Field rebounds. *Pope Hom.*
Twelve Swans behold in beauteous Order move,
And ſtoop with cloſing Pinions from above;
Whom late the Bird of *Jove* had drove along,
And thro' the Clouds purſu'd the ſcatt'ring Throng.
Now all united in a goodly Team,
They ſkim the Ground, and ſeek the quiet Stream.
See! they with Joy returning clap their Wings,
And ride the Circuit of the Skies in Rings. *Dryd. Virg.*
As riſing Swans
Bruſh with their Wings the falling Drops away,
And proudly plough the Waves. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*
The ſick'ning Swan thus hangs her ſilver Wings,
And, as ſhe droops, her Elegy ſhe ſings. *Garth. Ovid.*

SWEET.

Sweet as the Breath of Morn. *Milt.*
Sweeter than Buds unfolded in a Show'r;
Sweet as the Hopes on which ſtarv'd Lovers feed,
Breath'd in the Whiſpers of a yielding Maid. *Dav.*
O ſoft as Bloſſoms, and yet ſweeter far!
Sweeter than Incenſe, which to Heav'n aſcends,
Tho' 'tis preſented there by Angels Hands. *Otw. Don Car.*
Sweet as Lovers freſheſt Kiſſes,
Or their riper following Bliſſes. *Cowl.*

SWIFT. See *Virago.*

Swift as the Winds, or *Scythian* Arrows Flight. *Dryd. Virg.*
Swift as a ſhooting Star that thwarts the Night. *Milt.*
Swift as exploded Lightning from the Skies. *Blac.*
Swift as the Journeys of the Sight,
Swift as the Race of Light. *Cowl.*

Aſabel, ſwifter than the northern Wind,
Scarce could the nimble Motion of his Mind
Outgo his Feet: So ſtrangely would he run,
That Time itſelf perceiv'd not what was done.
Oft o'er the Lawns and Meadows would he paſs,
His Weight unknown, and harmleſs to the Graſs;
Oft o'er the Sands and hollow Duſt would trace,
Yet not an Atom trouble or diſplace. *Cowl.*

I've ſeen him ſwifter run than ſtarting Hinds,
Nor bent the tender Graſs beneath his Feet:
Nay, ev'n the Winds with all their Stock of Wings,
Have puff'd behind, as wanting Breath to reach him. *Lee Alex.*

Not half ſo ſwift the trembling Doves can fly,
When the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid Sky;
Not half ſo ſwiftly the fierce Eagle moves,
When thro' the Clouds he drives the trembling Doves. *Pope.*

SWIMMING.

I ſaw him beat the Billows under him,
And ride upon their Backs: He trod the Water,
Whoſe Enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The moſt ſwol'n Surge that met him. His bold Head
High 'bove the moſt contentious Waves he kept,
And oar'd himſelf with his ſtrong Arms to Shore. *Shak. Tem.*

Th'affrighted *Belvedera*,
As ſhe ſtood trembling on the Veſſel's Side,
Was by a Wave waſh'd off into the Deep;
When inſtantly I plung'd into the Sea,
And buffeting the Billows to her Reſcue,
Redeem'd her Life with half the Loſs of mine.
Like a rich Conqueſt, in one Hand I bore her,
And with the other daſh'd the ſaucy Waves,
That throng'd and preſs'd to rob me of my Prize. *Otw. Ven. Preſ.*

Accouter'd as we were, we both plung'd in
The troubled *Tiber*, chafing with his Shores:
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it,

With luſty Sinews throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with Hearts of Controverſy. *Shak. Jul. Cæſ.*
He ſtemm'd the ſtormy Tide,
And gain'd by Streſs of Arms the farther Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

SWOONING.

O'er his dim Sight the miſty Vapours riſe,
And a ſhort Darkneſs ſhades his ſwimming Eyes. *Pope Hom.*
A ſudden Trembling ſeiz'd on all his Limbs,
His Eyes diſtorted grew, his Viſage pale,
His Speech forſook him, Life itſelf ſeem'd fled. *Otw. Orph.*
She faints;
Her Cheeks are cold, and the laſt leaden Sleep
Hangs heavy on her Lids. *Rowe Ulyſſ.*
A ſickly Qualm his Heart aſſail'd,
His Ears rung inward, and his Senſes fail'd. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
My Sight grows dim, and ev'ry Object dances
And ſwims before me in the Maze of Death. *Dryd. All for Love.*
Aſtoniſh'd at the Sight, the vital Heat
Forſakes her Limbs, her Veins no longer beat;
She faints, ſhe falls.
Her Eyes are clos'd, and tho' with her 'tis Night,
Her Beauty ſhines without the Help of Light.
Nature begins to conquer in the Strife,
And thro' her Lips ſoft Whiſpers ſteal of Life:
How freſh they ſhew! the Roſes almoſt gone
For want of Air, by Breath ſeem newly blown.
Her Eyes begin to move, and ſhine with Life,
Now ſink again in Death's ungentle Strife:
In doubtful Weather ſo the Sun reſigns, *(Veſt. Virg.*
Sometimes his Light to Clouds, and ſometimes ſhines. *How.*
He therefore ſent out all his Senſes,
To bring him in Intelligences;
Which Vulgars, out of Ignorance,
Miſtake for falling in a Trance;
But thoſe who deal in Geomancy,
Affirm to be the Strength of Fancy. *Hud.*
Then *Ralpho* gently rais'd the Knight,
And ſet him on his Bum upright:
To rouze him from lethargick Dump,
He tweak'd his Noſe; with gentle Thump
Knock'd on his Breaſt, as if 't had been
To raiſe the Spirits lodg'd within:

They

They, waken'd with the Noiſe, did fly
From inward Room to Window Eye,
And gently op'ning Lid, the Caſement,
Look'd out, but yet with ſome Amazement. *Hud.*

SWORD. See *Armour*, *Battel*, *Soldier*, *War*.

His puiſſant Sword unto his Side,
Near his undaunted Heart, was ty'd;
The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* truſty,
For want of Fighting was grown ruſty,
And eat into itſelf, for lack
Of Somebody to hew and hack.
The peaceful Scabbard, where it dwelt,
The Rancour of its Edge had felt;
For of the lower End two Handful
It had devour'd, it was ſo manful. *Hud.*

With his refulgent Sword he hew'd his Way:
From his broad Belt he drew a ſhining Sword,
Magnificent with Gold *Lycaon* made,
And in an Iv'ry Scabbard ſheath'd the Blade. *Dryd. Virg.*

A Sword, with glitt'ring Gems diverſify'd,
For Ornament, not Uſe, hung idly by his Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

SYBIL. See *Enthuſiaſm*.

The mad prophetick *Sybil* you ſhall find
Dark in a Cave, and on a Rock reclin'd:
She ſings the Fates, and in her frantick Fits
The Notes and Names inſcrib'd to Leafs commits;
What ſhe commits to Leafs, in Order laid,
Before the Cavern's Entrance are diſplay'd;
Unmov'd they lie, but if a Blaſt of Wind
Without, or Vapours iſſue from behind,
The Leafs are borne aloft in liquid Air,
And ſhe reſumes no more her muſeful Care,
Nor gathers from the Rocks her ſcatter'd Verſe,
Nor ſets in Order what the Winds diſperſe.
Thus many not ſucceeding, moſt upbraid
The Madneſs of the viſionary Maid,
And with loud Curſes leave the myſtick Shade. *Dryd. Virg.*

Have you been led thro' the *Cumæan* Cave,
And heard th' impatient Maid divinely rave?
I hear her now, I ſee her rolling Eyes,
And panting, Lo! the God! the God! ſhe cries:

With Words not hers, and more than human Sound,
She makes th'obedient Ghoſt peep trembling thro' the Ground. *(Roſc.*

TEARS. See *Funeral, Grief, Sorrow, Weeping.*

I'll teach him a Receipt to make
Words that weep, and Tears that ſpeak;
I'll teach him Sighs like thoſe in Death,
At which the Soul goes out too with the Breath; *Cowl.*
A riſing Storm of Paſſion ſhook her Breaſt;
Her Eyes a piteous Show'r of Tears let fall, *(Pen.*
And then ſhe ſigh'd as if her Heart were breaking. *Rowe Fair*
A riſing Sigh expreſs'd her Woe;
The ready Tears apace began to flow:
And, as they fell, ſhe wip'd from either Eye *& (May.*
The Drops; (for Women when they liſt can cry.) *Pope Jan.*
Tears not ſqueez'd by Art,
But ſhed from Nature, like a kindly Show'r. *Dryd. Don Seb.*
She then look'd down and ſigh'd,
While from her unchanging Face the ſilent Tears *(All for Love*
Dropt as they had not Leave, and ſtole their Parting. *Dryd.*
Her Head reclin'd, as hiding Grief from View, *(Auren.*
Droops like a Roſe ſurcharg'd with Morning Dew. *Dryd.*
But, like a low-hung Cloud, it rains ſo faſt,
That all at once it falls, and cannot laſt. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
He begg'd Relief
With Tears, the dumb Petitioners of Grief;
With Tears ſo tender, as adorn'd his Love,
And any Heart, but only hers, would move. *Dryd. Theo.*
Believe theſe Tears, which from my wounded Heart
Bleed at my Eyes. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*
Thy Heart is big, get thee apart and weep:
Paſſion I ſee is catching; for my Eyes,
Seeing thoſe Beads of Sorrow ſtand in thine,
Begin to water. *Shak. Jul. Caſ.*
He thrice eſſay'd to ſpeak, and thrice, in Spite of Scorn,
Tears, ſuch as Angels weep, burſt forth: At laſt,
Words interwove with Sighs found out their Way. *Mil.*
She acts the Jealous, and at Will ſhe cries;
For Womens Tears are but the Sweat of Eyes. *Dryd. Jur.*
The waiting Tears ſtood ready for Command, *(Step.*
And now they flow, to varniſh the falſe Tale. *Rowe Amb.*
I found her on the Floor,
In all the Storm of Grief, yet beautiful;

Sighing

Sighing ſuch Breath of Sorrow, that her Lips,
Which late appear'd like Buds, were now o'erblown;
Pouring forth Tears at ſuch a laviſh Rate,
That, were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd
The Wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty Ruin. *Lee*
(Mithr.

'Twould raiſe your Pity, but to ſee the Tears
Force thro' her ſnowy Lids their melting Courſe,
To lodge themſelves on her red murm'ring Lips,
That talk ſuch mournful Things; when ſtraight a Gale
Of ſtarting Sighs carries thoſe Pearls away,
As Dews by Winds are wafted from the Flow'rs. *Lee Mithr.*

She mix'd her Speech with mournful Cries,
And fruitleſs Tears came trickling from her Eyes. *Dry. Virg.*

Mine is a Grief of Fury, not Deſpair;
And if a manly Drop or two fall down,
It ſcalds along my Cheeks; like the green Wood,
That ſputt'ring in the Flames, works outward into Tears.
(Dryd. Cleom.

TENERIFF.

From *Atlas* far, beyond a Waſte of Plains,
Proud *Teneriff*, his Giant-Brother, reigns:
With breathing Fire his pitchy Noſtrils glow,
As from his Sides he ſhakes the fleecy Snow.
Around their hoary Prince, from wat'ry Beds,
His ſubject Iſlands raiſe their verdant Heads:
The Waves ſo gently waſh each riſing Hill,
The Land ſeems floating, and the Ocean ſtill. *Gar.*

TEMPEST. See *Storm.*

Things that love Night,
Love not ſuch Nights as theſe: The wrathful Skies
Gallow the very Wanderers of the Dark,
And make them keep their Caves. Since I was Man,
Such Sheets of Fire, ſuch Burſts of horrid Thunder,
Such Groans of roaring Wind and Rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's Nature cannot carry
Th' Affliction, and not fear. Let the great Gods,
That keep this dreadful Pother o'er our Heads,
Find out their Ene'mies now. Tremble, thou Wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged Crimes,
Unwhipp'd of Juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloody Hand,
Thou perjur'd, and thou Similar of Virtue,
That art inceſtuous: Caitiff, to Pieces ſhake,

That under Covert and convenient Seeming,
Haſt practis'd on Man's Life. Cloſe pent-up Guilt,
Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
Theſe dreadful Summoners Grace. *Shak. K. Lear.*

THANKS.

Let my Tears thank you, for I cannot ſpeak;
And if I could, *(Don Seb.*
Words were not made to vent ſuch Thoughts as mine. *Dryd.*
O my more than Father!
Let me not live, but at thy very Name
My eager Heart ſprings up and leaps with Joy.
When I forget the vaſt, vaſt Debt I owe thee;
Forget! but 'tis impoſſible; then let me
Forget the Uſe and Privilege of Reaſon,
Be driven from the Commerce of Mankind,
To wander in the Deſart among Brutes,
To bear the various Fury of the Seaſons,
The Night's unwholſom Dew, and Noon-day's Heat, *(Pen.*
To be the Scorn of Earth, and Curſe of Heav'n. *Rowe Fair*
My grateful Thoughts ſo throng to get abroad,
They over-run each other in the Crowd:
To you, with haſty Flight, they take their Way,
And hardly for the Dreſs of Words will ſtay.
And now ſuch Haſte to tell their Meſſage make,
They only ſtammer what they meant to ſpeak. *Old.*
Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you:
Should I begin to ſpeak, my Soul's ſo full,
That I ſhould talk of nothing elſe all Day. *Otw. Orph.*
With what becoming Thanks can I reply?
Not only Words lie lab'ring in my Breaſt,
But Thought it ſelf is by thy Praiſe oppreſs'd. *Dryd. Virg.*
Oh let me unlade my Breaſt!
Pour out the Fulneſs of my Soul before you,
Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful Thought
This wond'rous Goodneſs ſtirs: But 'tis impoſſible,
And Utt'rance all is vile; ſince I can only *(Pen.*
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much. *Rowe Fair*
For ſhould our Thanks awake the riſing Sun,
And lengthen as his lateſt Shadows run,
That, tho' the longeſt Day, would ſoon, too ſoon, be done.
Dryd.

THIEF

THIEF.

Like a Thief,
A Pilferer, deſcry'd in ſome dark Corner,
Who there had lodg'd with miſchievous Intent
To rob and ravage at the Hour of Reſt,
And do a Midnight Murder on the Sleepers. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

THOUGHTS.

Oh wretched Man! whoſe too too buſy Thoughts
Ride ſwifter than the galloping Heavens round,
With an eternal Hurry of the Soul:
Nay, there's a Time when ev'n the rolling Year
Seems to ſtand ſtill; dead Calms are in the Ocean,
When not a Breath diſturbs the drowzy Waves:
But Man, the very Monſter of the World,
Is ne'er at Reſt; the Soul for ever wakes. *Lee Oedip.*

Thoughts ſucceed Thoughts, like reſtleſs troubled Waves
Daſhing out one another. *How. D. of Lerma.*

Reſtleſs Thoughts, that, like a deadly Swarm
Of Hornets arm'd, in Throngs came ruſhing on me. *Milt.*

I have been ſtudying how to compare
The Priſon where I live, unto the World;
And for becauſe the World is populous,
And here is not a Creature but my ſelf,
I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer't out:
My Brain I'll prove the Female to my Soul,
My Soul the Father; and theſe two beget
A Generation of ſtill-breeding Thoughts,
And theſe ſame Thoughts people this little World,
In Humours like the People of this World;
For no Thought is contented. The better Sort,
As Thoughts of Things divine, are intermix'd
With Scruples, and ſet the Faith it ſelf
Againſt the Faith.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Unlikely Wonders; how theſe vain weak Nails
May tear a Paſſage thro' the flinty Ribs
Of this hard World, my rugged Priſon-Walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own Pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves
That they are not the firſt of Fortune's Slaves,
And ſhall not be the laſt: Like ſilly Beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stocks, refuge their Shame,

That

That many have, and others muſt be there;
And in this Thought they find a kind of Eaſe,
Bearing their own Misfortunes on the Back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon many People,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelf a Beggar,
And ſo I am: Then cruſhing Penury
Perſuades me I was better when a King;
Then I am king'd again; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by *Bullingbrook*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any Man, that but Man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
By being nothing. [*Spoken by* Rich. 2.] *Shak.*

Thus my Thoughts are tir'd
With tedious Journeys up and down my Mind:
Sometimes they loſe their Way; ſometimes as ſlow
As Beaſts o'erloaded heavily they move,
Preſs'd by the Weight of Sorrow and of Love. *How. Veſt. Virg.*

Allow my melancholy Thoughts this Privilege,
To let them brood in ſecret o'er my Sorrows. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Some melancholy Thought, that ſhuns the Light,
Lurks underneath that Sadneſs in my Viſage. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Turn not to Thought, my Brain, but let me find
Some unfrequented Shade; there lay me down,
And let forgetful Dulneſs ſteal upon me,
To ſoften and aſſwage this Pain of Thinking. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Thought is Damnation; 'tis the Plague of Devils
To think on what they are. *Rowe Amb. Step.*

Her thoughtful Soul labours with ſome Event
Of high Import, which juſtles like an Embryo (*Step.*
In its dark Womb, and longs to be diſclos'd. *Rowe Amb.*

Time will perfect (*Sch.*
A lab'ring Thought, that rolls within my Breaſt. *Dryd. Don.*

He heav'd beneath a preſſing Load of Thought. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

My Thoughts grow wild, (*Pen.*
And let in Fears of ugly Form upon me. *Otw. Orp.*

Wild hurrying Thoughts
Start ev'ry Way from my diſtracted Soul,
To find out Hope, and only meet Deſpair. *South. Fatal Mar.*

A Beam of Thought came glancing to my Soul. *Dryd.*
(*Cleom.*

THU

THUNDER. See *Lightning*, *Storm*.

With Terrour thro' the dark aerial Hall. *Milt.*
A Peal of ratt'ling Thunder roll'd along,
And ſhook the Firmament. *Dryd.*
The furious Infant's born, and ſpeaks, and dies. *Cre. Lucre.*
Deep Thunders roar,
Muſt'ring their Rage, and Heav'n reſembles Hell. *Milt.*
Now *Jove*, with awful Sound,
Roll'd the big Thunder o'er the vaſt Profound. *Pope Hom.*
Thick Lightning's flaſh, the mutt'ring Thunder rouls;
Their Strength he withers, and unmans their Souls. *Pope Hom.*
A Noiſe confus'd roſe from the mingled Crowd,
Like unform'd Thunder, murm'ring in a Cloud. *Blac.*
It comes like Thunder grumbling in a Cloud,
Before the dreadful Break; if here it falls,
The ſubtle Flame will lick up all my Blood, *Creſ.*
And in a Moment turn my Heart to Aſhes. *Dryd. Troil. &*
The Thunder now, *Creſſ.*
Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous Rage,
Has ſpent his Shafts; it ceaſes now to roar,
And bellow thro' the vaſt and boundleſs Deep. *Milt.*
The Skies are huſh'd, no grumbling Thunders roul. *Dryd.*
Don Seb.

TIGER. See *Jouſts*.

So when a *Scythian* Tiger, gazing round,
A Herd of Kine in ſome fair Plain has found,
Lowing ſecure; he ſwells with angry Pride,
And calls forth all his Spots on ev'ry Side:
Then ſtops, and hurls his haughty Eyes on all,
In Choice of ſome ſtrong Neck on which to fall;
Almoſt he ſcorns ſo weak, ſo cheap a Prey,
And grieves to ſee them trembling haſte away. *Cowl.*
Thus as a Tiger, who by Chance had ſpy'd
In ſome Purlieu two gentle Fawns at Play,
Straight couches cloſe; then riſing, changes oft
His couchant Watch, as one who choſe his Ground,
Whence ruſhing, he might ſooneſt ſeize them both,
Graſp'd in each Paw. *Milt.*

TIME.

Time of it ſelf is nothing, but from Thought
Receives its Riſe, by lab'ring Fancy wrought

From

From Things conſider'd, while we think on ſome
As preſent, ſome as paſt, or yet to come.
No Thought can think on Time,
But thinks on Things in Motion, or at Reſt. *Cree. Lucr.*
For Nature knows
No ſtedfaſt Station, but or ebbs or flows:
Ever in Motion, ſhe deſtroys her old,
And caſts new Figures in another Mould.
Ev'n Times are in perpetual Flux, and run,
Like Rivers from their Fountains, rolling on:
For Time, no more than Streams, is at a Stay,
The flying Hour is ever on her Way;
And as the Fountain ſtill ſupplies her Store,
The Wave behind impels the Wave before:
Thus in ſucceſſive Courſe the Minutes run,
And urge their Predeceſſor Minutes on.
Still moving, ever new; for former Things
Are ſet aſide, like abdicated Kings;
And ev'ry Moment alters what is done,
And innovates ſome Act, till then unknown. *Dryd. Oril.*
Time is th'Effect of Motion, born a Twin,
And with the World did equally begin:
Time, like a Stream that haſtens from the Shore,
Flies to an Ocean where 'tis known no more.
All muſt be ſwallow'd in this endleſs Deep,
And Motion reſt in everlaſting Sleep. *Dryd. Oril.*
Time glides along with undiſcover'd Haſte,
The Future but a Length behind the Paſt;
So ſwift are Years! *Dryd. Oril.*
Thy Teeth, devouring Time! thine, envious Age!
On Things below ſtill exerciſe your Rage;
With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your Meat,
And then, at lingring Meals, the Morſels eat. *Dryd. Oril.*
Time haſtes away,
Nor is it in our Pow'r to bribe its Stay:
The rolling Years with conſtant Motion run;
Lo! while I ſpeak, the preſent Minute's gone;
And following Hours urge the foregoing on.
'Tis not thy Wealth, 'tis not thy Pow'r,
'Tis not thy Piety, can thee ſecure:
They're all too feeble to withſtand
Grey Hairs, approaching Age, and thy avoidleſs End.
To Things immortal Time can do no Wrong,
And that which never is to die, for ever muſt be young.

TITU

TITYUS.

There *Tityus* was to ſee, who took his Birth
From Heav'n, his Nurſing from the foodful Earth:
Here his gigantick Limbs, with large Embrace,
Infold nine Acres of infernal Space.
A rav'nous Vultur in his open'd Side
Her crooked Beak and cruel Talons try'd;
Still for the growing Liver digg'd his Breaſt,
The growing Liver ſtill ſupply'd the Feaſt;
Still are his Entrails fruitful to their Pains; *Virg.*
Th'immortal Hunger laſts, th'immortal Food remains. *Dryd.*

TOAD.

So when a Toad, ſquat on a Border, ſpies
The Gard'ner paſſing by, his Blood-ſhot Eyes,
With Spite and Rage inflam'd, dart Fire around
The verdant Walks; and on the flow'ry Ground
The bloated Vermin loathſom Poiſon ſpits,
And ſwoln, and burſting with his Malice, ſits. *Blac.*

A TOP.

As young Striplings whip the Top for Sport,
On the ſmooth Pavement of an empty Court;
The wooden Engine whirls and flies about,
Admir'd with Clamours of the beardleſs Rout:
They laſh aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little Souls at every Stroke. *Dryd. Virg.*

The whirling Top they whip,
And drive her giddy till ſhe fall aſleep. *Dryd. Perſ.*

TORRENT. See *Brook, Flood, Stream.*

As when a Torrent rolls with rapid Force,
And daſhes o'er the Stones that ſtop the Courſe,
The Flood, conſtrain'd within a ſcanty Space,
Roars horrible along th'uneaſy Race;
White Foam in gath'ring Eddies floats around;
The rocky Shores rebellow to the Sound. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus when two neighb'ring Torrents ruſh from high,
Rapid they run, the foamy Waters fry;
They roll to Sea with unreſiſted Force,
And down the Rocks precipitate their Courſe. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus from high Hills the Torrents ſwift and ſtrong
Deluge whole Fields, and ſweep the Trees along;
Thro' ruin'd Moles the ruſhing Wave reſounds,
Overwhelms the Bridge, and burſts the lofty Bounds.

The

The yellow Harveſts of the ripen'd Year,
And flatted Vineyards, one ſad Waſte appear;
When *Jove* deſcends in fluicy Sheets of Rain,
And all the Labours of Mankind are vain. *Pope Hom.*

TRAIN-BANDS.

The Country rings around with loud Alarms,
And, raw in Fields, the rude Militia ſwarms.
Of ſeeming Arms they make a ſhort Eſſay; (*Cym. & Iph.*
Then haſten to be drunk, the Buſ'neſs of the Day. *Dryd.*
'Twas not the Spawn of ſuch as theſe,
That dy'd with *Punick* Blood the conquer'd Seas,
And quaſh'd the ſtern *Æacides*:
Made the proud *Aſian* Monarch feel
How weak his Gold was againſt *Europe*'s Steel:
Forc'd ev'n dire *Hannibal* to yield,
And won the long-diſputed World at *Zama*'s fatal Field.
But Soldiers of a ruſtick Mold,
Rough, hardy, ſeaſon'd, manly, bold;
Either they dug the ſturdy Ground,
Or thro' hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did ſound:
And after the declining Sun
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Taſk was done,
Home with their weary Team they took their Way, (*Hot.*
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day. *Roſc.*

TRANSMIGRATION of SOULS.

Now ſince the God inſpires me to proceed,
Be thou, whate'er inſpiring Pow'r, obey'd.
For I will ſing of mighty Myſteries,
Of Truths conceal'd before from human Eyes;
Dark Oracles unveil, and open all the Skies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the Sphere
Of ſhining Stars, and travel with the Year;
To leave the heavy Earth, and ſcale the Height
Of *Atlas*, who ſupports the heav'nly Weight,
To look from upper Light, and thence ſurvey
Miſtaken Mortals, wand'ring from the Way,
And, wanting Wiſdom, fearful for the State
Of future Things, and trembling at their Fate.
Theſe I would teach, and by right Reaſon bring
To think of Death, as but an idle Thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty Name,
A Dream of Darkneſs, and fictitious Flame?

Vai

Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems paſs,
And Fables of a World that never was.
What feels the Body when the Soul expires,
By Time corrupted, or conſum'd by Fires?
Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats
In other Forms, and only changes Seats.
Then Death, ſo call'd, is but old Matter dreſs'd
In ſome new Figure, and a vary'd Veſt.
Thus all Things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbody'd Spirit flies:
By Time, or Force, or Sickneſs, diſpoſſeſs'd,
And lodges where it lights, in Man or Beaſt.
Or hunts without, till ready Limbs it find,
And actuates thoſe according to their Kind:
From Tenement to Tenement is toſs'd;
The Soul is ſtill the ſame, the Figure only loſt.
And, as the ſoften'd Wax new Seals receives,
This Face aſſumes, and that Impreſſion leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another Name,
The Form is only chang'd, the Wax is ſtill the ſame:
So Death, ſo call'd, can but the Form deface,
The immortal Soul flies out in empty Space,
To ſeek her Fortune in ſome other Place. *Dryd. Ovid.*

TREES. See *Creation*, *Funeral*, *Grove*, *Paradiſe*.

The Trees were unctuous Fir,
And Mountain-Aſh, the Mother of the Spear;
The Mourner Eugh, the Builder Oak were there,
The Beech, the ſwimming Alder, and the Plane
And Box, and Linden of a ſofter Grain, *(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
And Laurel, which the Gods for conqu'ring Chiefs ordain.
All around they grow,
And various Shades their various Kinds beſtow:
And the Throng of this promiſcuous Wood,
In taper Top the pointed Cypreſs ſtood.
The tall *Chaonian* Oaks their Branches ſpread,
While weeping Poplars, there, erect their Head.
The foodful *Eſculus*, here, ſhoots his Leaves;
The Turf ſoft Lime-tree, this fat Beech receives;
The brittle Hazels, Laurels here advance,
And there tough Aſh to form the Hero's Lance:
The ſilver Firs with knotleſs Trunks aſcend;
The ſcarlet Oaks beneath their Acorns bend.

That

That Spot admits the hoſpitable Plane,
On this the Maple grows with clouded Grain;
Here wat'ry Willows are with Lotus ſeen,
There Tamariſk and Box, for ever green.
With double Hue here Myrtles grace the Ground,
And Laureſtines with purple Berries crown'd.
With pliant Feet, now, Ivies this Way wind,
Vines yonder riſe, and Elms with Vines entwin'd:
Wild *Ornus* now; the Pitch-tree next takes Root,
And *Arbutus*, adorn'd with bluſhing Fruit;
Then eaſy-bending Palms, the Victor's Prize,
And Pines erect with briſtly Tops ariſe. *Cong. Ovid.*

Part to the Groves and woody Hills repair,
And with loud Labour fill the echoing Air.
Axes, high rais'd by brawny Arms, deſcend
With mighty Sway, and make the Foreſt bend.
The Mountains murmur, and the nodding Oaks
Groan with their Wounds from thick redoubled Strokes.
The falling Trees deſert the neighb'ring Sky,
Where now the Clouds may unmoleſted fly.
A ſhady Harveſt lies diſpers'd around,
And lofty Ruin loads th'incumber'd Ground. *Blac.*

They found an ancient Wood,
The ſhady Covert of the ſavage Kind.
The ſounding Axe is ply'd:
Firs, Pines, and Pitch-Trees, and the tow'ring Pride
Of Foreſt Alders, feel the fatal Stroke,
And piercing Wedges cleave the ſtubborn Oak.
Huge Trunks of Trees, fell'd from the ſteepy Crown
Of the bare Mountains, roll with Ruin down. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus yields the Cedar to the Ax's Edge,
Whoſe Arms gave Shelter to the princely Eagle:
Under whoſe Shade the ramping Lion ſlept,
Whoſe Top-Branch over-look'd *Jove*'s ſpreading Tree, *(Hen.*
And kept low Shrubs from Winter's pow'rful Wind. *Sha. 1 Pe.*

As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,
And the laſt mortal Stroke alone remains;
Lab'ring in Pangs of Death, and, threatning all, *(Ov.*
This Way and that ſhe nods, conſidering where to fall. *Dr.*

The *Indian* Fig-tree too there ſpreads her Arms,
Branching ſo broad and long, that in the Ground
The bending Twigs take Root, and Daughters grow
About the Mother-Tree: A pillar'd Shade,
High over-arch'd, and echoing Walks between:
There oft the *Indian* Herdſman, ſhunning Heat, *Sh.*

Shelters in Cool, and tends his paſt'ring Herds
At Loop-holes cut thro' thickeſt Shades. *Milt.*

Of a Tree *cut in Paper.*

Fair Hand, that can on Virgin-Paper write,
Yet from the Stain of Ink preſerve it white;
Whoſe Travel o'er that Silver Field does ſhow,
Like Tracks of Leverets in Morning Snow.
Love's Image thus in pureſt Minds is wrought,
Without a Spot or Blemiſh to the Thought.
Strange! that your Fingers ſhould the Pencil foil,
Without the Help of Colours, or of Oil:
For tho' a Painter Boughs and Leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and ſhake.
Whoſe Breath ſalutes your new created Grove,
Like Southern Winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the Foreſt dance, but you
Can make the Motion and the Foreſt too. *Wall.*

TROPHY.

He bar'd an antient Oak of all its Boughs;
Then on a riſing Ground the Trunk he plac'd,
Which with the Spoils of his dead Foe he grac'd:
The Coat of Arms by proud *Mezentius* worn,
Now on a naked Snag in Triumph borne,
Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar,
A Trophy ſacred to the God of War.
Above his Arms, fix'd on the leafleſs Wood,
Appear'd his plumy Creſt, beſmear'd with Blood.
His brazen Buckler on the Left was ſeen,
Truncheons of ſhiver'd Lances hung between;
And on his Right was plac'd his Corſlet bor'd,
And to the Neck was ty'd the unavailing Sword. *Dryd. Virg.*

TRUMPET. See *Country-Life.*

The ſprightly Trumpets from afar
Had giv'n the Signal of approaching War;
Had rous'd the neighb'ring Steeds to ſcour the Fields,
While the fierce Rider clatter'd on their Shields. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Trumpets terribly, from far,
With rattling Clangor rouze the ſleepy War:
The Soldiers Shouts ſucceed the brazen Sounds,
And Heav'n from Pole to Pole the Noiſe rebounds. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Clangor of the Trumpets pierce the Sky. *Dryd. Virg.*

By the loud Trumpet that our Courage aids,
We learn, that Sound as well as Senſe perſuades. *Wal*

TRUMPETER.

None ſo renown'd,
The Warrior-Trumpet in the Field to ſound;
With breathing Braſs to kindle fierce Alarms,
And rouze to dare their Fate in honourable Arms. *Dryd. Virg*

TULIP.

The Morn awakes the Tulip from her Bed;
E'er Noon in painted Pride ſhe decks her Head:
Rob'd in rich Dye ſhe triumphs on the Green,
And ev'ry Flow'r does Homage to their Queen. *Ge*

TWILIGHT.

When blended Shades and Light
A brown Confuſion make of Day and Night;
When Birds obſcene fly from their dark Abodes,
And proling Wolves forſake the ſhady Woods:
The Lion now, who in his Den by Day,
His lazy Limbs extended, ſlumb'ring lay,
Yawning and ſtretching from his Covert comes,
Roars o'er the Hills, and thro' the Foreſt roams. *Id*

TYRANT. See *King*, *Uſurper*.

Our Emperor is a Tyrant, fear'd and hated;
I ſcarce remember in his Reign one Day
Paſs guiltleſs o'er his execrable Head:
He thinks the Sun is loſt, that ſees not Blood:
When none is ſhed, we count it Holyday.
We, who are moſt in Favour, cannot call
This Hour our own. *Dryd. Don S*

For this to Tyranny belongs,
To forget Service, but remember Wrongs. *Den. S*

Proud, impatient
Of ought Superiour, ev'n of Heav'n that made him:
Fond of falſe Glory, of the ſavage Pow'r
Of ruling without Reaſon, of confounding
Juſt and Unjuſt, by an unbounded Will;
By whom Religion, Honour, all the Bands
That ought to hold the jarring World in Peace,
Were held the Tricks of State, Snares of wiſe Princes,
To draw their eaſy Neighbours to Deſtruction,

To waſte with Sword and Fire their fruitful Fields:
Like ſome accurſed Fiend, who, 'ſcap'd from Hell,
Poiſons the balmy Air thro' which he flies;
He blaſts the bearded Corn, and loaded Branches, *(Rowe Tam.*
The lab'ring Hinds beſt Hopes, and marks his Way with Ruin.
Curs'd is the Man, and void of Law and Right,
Unworthy Property, unworthy Light,
Unfit for publick Rule, or private Care,
That Wretch, that Monſter, who delights in War.
Whoſe Luſt is Murder, and whoſe horrid Joy,
To tear his Country, and his Kind deſtroy. *Pope Hom.*
Oh the ſweet Charms of independent Sway!
Princes, whoſe Will pretended Law reſtrains,
Are only Royal Slaves, and rule in Chains.
But he's a King, who triumphs free from Law,
Like the fierce Monarchs who the Deſart awe:
Who uncontroul'd range the wide Mountains o'er,
And ſhake the Foreſt with their dreadful Roar;
Whoſe haughty Nod the trembling Herds obey,
Nor are their Subjects only, but their Prey. *Blac.*
Long had this Prince imperiouſly thus ſway'd,
By no ſet Laws, but by his Will obey'd.
His fearful Slaves, to full Obedience grown,
Admire his Strength, and dare not uſe their own. *How.*

VALE.

Beneath, a Vale its Boſom does diſplay,
Oppreſs'd with Riches, and profuſely gay;
Where Nature throws her Gifts with laviſh Hand,
And crowns, with flow'ry Luxury, the Land.
Fruits, Rivers, Meadows, Groves, and airy Plains,
Still echoing with the Lays of happy Swains,
Lovely Confuſion make, and charm the Eye
With beautiful Irregularity. *Blac.*

VAPOURS.

As Vapours, blown by *Auſter*'s ſultry Breath,
Pregnant with Plagues, and ſhedding Seeds of Death,
Beneath the Rage of burning *Sirius* riſe,
Choak the parch'd Earth, and blacken all the Skies. *PopeHom.*

VENUS.

Delight of human Kind, and Gods above,
Parent of *Rome*, propitious Queen of Love!

Whoſe

Whoſe vital Pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea ſupplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling Skies:
For ev'ry Kind, by thy prolifick Might,
Springs, and beholds the Regions of the Light.
Thee, Goddeſs! thee, the Clouds and Tempeſts fear,
And at thy pleaſing Preſence diſappear:
For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dreſs'd,
For thee the Ocean ſmiles and ſmooths her wavy Breaſt,
And Heav'n itſelf with more ſerene and purer Light is bleſt.
For when the riſing Spring adorns the Mead,
And a new Scene of Nature ſtands diſplay'd;
When teeming Buds, and chearful Greens appear,
And Weſtern Gales unlock the lazy Year;
The joyous Birds thy Welcome firſt expreſs,
Whoſe native Songs thy genial Fire confeſs:
Then ſavage Beaſts bound o'er their ſlighted Food,
Struck with thy Darts, and tempt the raging Flood.
All Nature is thy Gift, Earth, Air, and Sea:
Of all that breathes the various Progeny,
Stung with Delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren Mountains, o'er the flow'ry Plain,
The leafy Foreſt, and the liquid Main,
Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundleſs Reign.
Thro' all the living Regions thou doſt move,
And ſcatter'ſt, where thou go'ſt, the kindly Seeds of Love.
Since then the Race of ev'ry living Thing
Obeys thy Pow'r; ſince nothing new can ſpring
Without thy Warmth, without thy Influence bear,
Or beautiful or loveſome can appear,
Be thou my Aid; my tuneful Song inſpire,
And kindle with thy own productive Fire;
While all thy Province, Nature, I ſurvey,
And ſing to *Memmius* an immortal Lay, (diſplay.
Of Heav'n and Earth; and ev'ry where thy wondrous Pow'r
Mean time, on Land and Sea let barb'rous Diſcord ceaſe,
And lull the liſt'ning World in univerſal Peace.
To thee Mankind their ſoft Repoſe muſt owe,
For thou alone that Bleſſing canſt beſtow;
Becauſe the brutal Buſ'neſs of the War
Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's Care;
Who oft retires from fighting Fields, to prove
The pleaſing Pains of thy eternal Love:
And, panting on thy Breaſt, ſupinely lies,
While with thy heav'nly Form he feeds his famiſh'd Eyes:

Suc

Sticks in with open Lips thy balmy Breath,
By Turns reſtor'd to Life, and plung'd in pleaſing Death.
Then while thy curling Limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the Links of Love;
When wiſhing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy Charms in that auſpicious Moment try,
With winning Eloquence our Peace implore,
And Quiet to the weary World reſtore. *Dryd. Lucr.*

Creator *Venus!* Genial Pow'r of Love!
The Bliſs of Men below, and Gods above!
Beneath the ſliding Sun thou runn'ſt thy Race,
Doſt faireſt ſhine, and beſt become that Place:
For thee the Winds their Eaſtern Blaſts forbear,
Thy Month reveals the Spring, and opens all the Year.
Thee, Goddeſs! thee, the Storms of Winter fly,
Earth ſmiles with Flow'rs renewing, laughs the Sky,
And Birds to Lays of Love their tuneful Notes apply.
For thee the Lion loaths the Taſte of Blood,
And roaring hunts his Female thro' the Wood:
For thee the Bulls rebellow thro' the Groves,
And tempt the Stream, and ſnuff their abſent Loves.
'Tis thine, whate'er is pleaſant, good, or fair,
All Nature is thy Province, Life thy Care;
Thou mad'ſt the World, and doſt the World repair.
Thou Gladder of the Mount of *Cytheron*,
Increaſe of *Jove*, Companion of the Sun!
With ſmiling Aſpect you ſerenely move
In your fifth Orb, and rule the Realm of Love,
The Fates but only ſpin the coarſer Clue,
The fineſt of the Wooll is left for you.
Spare me but one ſmall Portion of the Twine,
And let the Siſters cut below your Line;
The reſt among the Rubbiſh may they ſweep, *(Arc.*
Or add it to the Yarn of ſome old Miſer's Heap. *Dryd. Pal. &*

She turn'd, and made appear
Her Neck refulgent, and diſhevel'd Hair;
Which flowing on her Shoulders, reach'd the Ground,
And widely ſpreads ambroſial Scents around.
In Length of Train deſcends her ſweeping Gown, *(Virg.*
And by her graceful Walk the Queen of Love is known. *Dryd.*

The Goddeſs flies ſublime
To viſit *Paphos*, and her native Clime;
Where Garlands ever green, and ever fair,
With Vows are offer'd, and with ſolemn Pray'r:

A hundred Altars in her Temple ſmoke;
A thouſand bleeding Hearts her Pow'r invoke. *Dryd. Virg.*
She ſtood reveal'd before my Sight:
Never ſo radiant did her Eyes appear,
Not her own Star confeſs'd a Light ſo clear.
Great in her Charms, as when on Gods above
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their Love. *Dryd. Virg.*
So when bright *Venus* riſes from the Flood,
Around in Throngs the wondring *Nereids* croud;
The *Tritons* gaze, and tune the vocal Shell,
And ev'ry Grace unſung the Waves conceal. *Gar.*

Temple of Venus.

In *Venus*'s Temple on the Sides were ſeen
The broken Slumbers of enamour'd Men;
Pray'rs that ey'n ſpoke, and Pity ſeem'd to call,
And iſſuing Sighs that ſmok'd along the Wall;
Complaints and hot Deſires, the Lover's Hell,
And ſcalding Tears that wore a Channel where they fell:
And all around were nuptial Bands, the Ties
Of Love's Aſſurance, and a Train of Lyes,
That, made in Luſt, conclude in Perjuries,
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
And ſprightly Hope, and ſhort-enduring Joy;
And Sorceries to raiſe th' infernal Pow'rs,
And Sigils, fram'd in planetary Hours;
Expence, and After-thought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motley Hiew, and dark Deſpair;
Suſpicions, and fantaſtical Surmize;
And Jealouſy ſuffus'd with Jaundice in her Eyes,
Diſcolouring all ſhe view'd, in Tawny dreſt,
Down-look'd, and with a Cuckow on her Fiſt.
Oppos'd to theſe, on th' other Side, advance
The coſtly Feaſt, the Carol, and the Dance;
Miniſtrils and Muſick, Poetry and Play,
And Balls by Night, and Turnaments by Day.
——There th' *Idalian* Mount, and *Cytheron*,
The Court of *Venus*, was in Colours drawn.
Before the Palace-Gate, in careleſs Dreſs
And looſe Array, ſate Portreſs *Idleneſs*:
There by the Fount *Narciſſus* pin'd alone,
There *Sampſon* was, with wiſer *Solomon*,
And all the mighty Names by Love undone.
Medea's Charms was there; *Circean* Feaſts,
With Bowls that turn'd enamour'd Youths to Beaſts:

Here might be ſeen that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,
And Proweſs to the Pow'r of Love ſubmit;
The ſpreading Snare for all Mankind is laid,
And Lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
The Goddeſs' ſelf ſome noble Hand had wrought;
Smiling ſhe ſeem'd, and full of pleaſing Thought,
From Ocean as ſhe firſt began to riſe,
And ſmooth'd the ruffled Seas, and clear'd the Skies;
She trod the Brine, all bare below the Breaſt,
And the green Waves but ill conceal'd the reſt.
A Lute ſhe held; and on her Head was ſeen
A Wreath of Roſes red, and Myrtles green:
Her Turtles fann'd the buxom Air above,
And, by his Mother, ſtood an Infant-Love,
With Wings diſplay'd, his Eyes were banded o'er,
His Hand a Bow, his Back a Quiver bore, *(Pal. & Arc.*
Supply'd with Arrows bright and keen, a deadly Store. *Dryd.*

VERSE. See *Poets* and *Poetry.*

Well-ſounding Verſes are the Charms we uſe,
Heroick Thoughts and Virtue to infuſe.
Things of deep Senſe we may in Proſe unfold,
But they move more, in lofty Numbers told. *Wall.*

Nor the ſoft Whiſpers of the Southern Wind,
That play thro' trembling Trees, delight me more,
Nor murm'ring Billows on the ſandy Shore,
Nor winding Streams that thro' the Valley glide,
And the ſcarce-cover'd Pebbles gently chide,
For ſuch thy Verſe appears,
So ſweet, ſo charming to my raviſh'd Ears,
As to the weary Swain with Cares oppreſt,
Beneath the ſilvan Shade refreſhing Reſt;
As to the fev'riſh Traveller, when firſt
He finds a cryſtal Stream, to quench his Thirſt. *Dryd. Virg.*

Not Winds to Voyagers at Sea,
Nor Show'rs to Earth more neceſſary be,
Than Verſe to Virtue, which can do
The Midwife's Office, and the Nurſe's too.
It feeds it ſtrongly, and it cloaths it gay;
And when it dies, with comely Pride
Embalms it, and erects a Pyramid,
That never will decay,
Till Heav'n it ſelf ſhall melt away,
And nought behind it ſtay. *Cowl.*

For ev'n when Death diſſolves our human Frame,
The Soul returns to Heav'n, from whence it came,
Earth keeps the Body, Verſe preſerves the Fame. *Dryd.*

Begin the Song, and ſtrike the living Lyre!
Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted Quire,
All Hand in Hand do decently advance,
And to my Song with ſmooth and equal Meaſures dance;
While the Dance laſts, how long ſoe'er it be,
My Muſick's Voice ſhall bear it company.
Till all the gentle Notes be drown'd
In the laſt Trumpet's dreadful Sound;
That to the Spheres themſelves ſhall Silence bring,
Untune the univerſal String.
Then all the wide extended Sky,
And all th' harmonious Worlds on high,
And *Virgil*'s ſacred Work ſhall die:
And he himſelf ſhall ſee in one Fire ſhine
Rich Nature's ancient *Troy*, tho' built by Hands divine. *Cowl.*

VESUVIUS.

As high *Veſuvius*, when the Ocean laves
His fiery Roots with ſubterraneous Waves,
Diſturb'd within, does in Convulſions roar,
And caſts on high his undigeſted Oar;
Diſcharges maſſy Surfeit on the Plains,
And empties all his rich metallick Veins;
His ruddy Entrails, Cinders, pitchy Smoke,
And intermingled Flames, the Sun-beams choke. *Blac.*

VICISSITUDE.

Good unexpected, Evil unforeſeen,
Appear by Turns, as Fortune ſhifts the Scene:
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
Then fall ſo hard, they bound and riſe again. *Dryd. Virg.*

Short is th' uncertain Reign and Pomp of mortal Pride;
New Turns and Changes ev'ry Day
Are of inconſtant Chance the conſtant Arts;
Soon ſhe gives, ſoon takes away,
She comes, embraces, nauſeates you, and parts.
But if ſhe ſtays, or if ſhe goes,
The wiſe Man little Joy or Sorrow ſhows.

For over all Men hangs a doubtful Fate,
One gains by what another is bereft;
The frugal Deſtinies have only left

A common Bank of Happineſs below,
Maintain'd, like Nature, by an Ebb and Flow. *How. Ind. Emp.*
The loweſt and moſt abject Thing of Fortune
Stands ſtill in Hope, lives not in Fear:
The lamentable Change is from the beſt,
The worſt returns to better. *Shak. K. Lear.*
There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which, taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miſeries. *Shak. Jul. Caſ.*
What God, alas! will Caution be
For living Man's Security,
Or will inſure his Veſſel in this faithleſs Sea?
Where Fortune's Favour, and her Spight,
Roll with alternate Waves, like Day and Night. *Cowl. Pind.*
He various Changes of the World had known,
And ſtrange Viciſſitudes of human Fate;
Still alt'ring, never in a ſteddy State:
Good after Ill, and after Pain Delight,
Alternate, like the Scenes of Day and Night.
Since every Man who lives, is born to die,
And none can boaſt ſincere Felicity;
With equal Mind what happens let us bear,
Not joy nor grieve too much for Things beyond our Care.
Like Pilgrims, to th' appointed Place we tend,
The World's an Inn, and Death the Journey's End.
Ev'n Kings but play, and when their Part is done, *(Arc.*
Some other, worſe or better, mount the Throne. *Dryd. Pal. &*
What then remains, but after paſt Annoy
To take the good Viciſſitude of Joy;
To thank the gracious Gods for what they give, *(Arc.*
Poſſeſs our Souls, and while we live, to live. *Dryd. Pal. &*

VINE. See *Embraces.*

They led the Vine
To wed her Elm: She, ſpous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable Arms; and with her brings
Her Dower, th' adopted Cluſters, to adorn
His barren Leaves. *Milt.*

Th' aſpiring Vines
Embrace their Husband Elms in am'rous Twines. *Dryd. Virg.*
Once like a Vine I flouriſh'd, and was young,
Rich in my rip'ning Hopes that ſpoke me ſtrong:

But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
And all my Cluſters and my Branches gone. *Otw. Don Carl.*

VIRAGO. See *Amazon.*

A Warrior Dame,
Unbred to Spinning, in the Loom unſkill'd,
She choſe the nobler *Pallas* of the Field;
Mix'd with the firſt, the fierce Virago fought,
Suſtain'd the Toils of Arms, the Danger ſought;
Out-ſtript the Winds in Speed upon the Plain,
Flew o'er the Fields, nor hurt the bearded Grain.
She ſwept the Seas, and as ſhe ſkimm'd along,
Her flying Feet unbath'd on Billows hung:
Men, Boys, and Women, ſtupid with Surprize,
Wheree're ſhe paſſes, fix their wond'ring Eyes:
Longing they look, and gaping at the Sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vaſt Delight.
Her purple Habit ſits with ſuch a Grace
On her ſmooth Shoulders, and ſo ſuits her Face:
Her Head with Ringlets of her Hair is crown'd,
And in a golden Caul the Curls are bound.
She ſhakes her Myrtle Jav'lin, and behind
Her *Lycian* Quiver dances in the Wind. *Dryd. Virg.*

Next *Trulla* came; *Trulla* more bright
Than burniſh'd Armour of her Knight.
A bold Virago, ſtout and tall
As *Joan* of *France*, or *Engliſh Moll*:
Thro' Perils both of Wind and Limb,
Thro' thick and thin ſhe follow'd him:
At Breach of Wall, or Hedge-Surprize,
She ſhar'd i'th' Hazard and the Prize:
At beating Quarters up, or Forage,
Behav'd her ſelf with matchleſs Courage;
And laid about in Fight more buſily
Than th' *Amazonian Pen-Theſile*:
But here ſome Criticks do cry Shame,
And ſay our Authors are to blame,
That ſpite of all Philoſophers,
Who hold no Females ſtout but Bears,
Make feeble Ladies, in their Works,
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*;
To lay their native Arms aſide,
Their Modeſty, and ride aſtride;

To run a-tilt at Men, and wield
Their naked Tools in open Field;
As ſtout *Armida*, bold *Thaleſtris*,
And ſhe that ſhould have been the Miſtreſs
Of *Gondibert*; but he had Grace,
And rather took a Country Laſs. *Hud.*

VIRTUE.

Virtue, the noble Cauſe for which you're made!
Improperly we meaſure Life by Breath,
Thoſe do not truly live, who merit Death. *Stepn. Juv.*
Our Life is ſhort, but to extend that Span
To vaſt Eternity, is Virtue's Work. *Shak. Troil. & Creſſ.*
He lives in Fame that dies in Virtue's Cauſe. *Shak. Tit. Andr.*
How vain is Virtue, which directs our Ways
Thro' certain Dangers, to uncertain Praiſe!
Barren and airy Name! Thee Fortune flies,
With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wiſe.
Heav'n takes thee at thy Word, without Regard,
And lets thee poorly be thy own Reward.
The World is made for the bold impious Man,
Who ſtops at nothing, ſeizes all he can.
Juſtice to Merit does weak Aid afford,
She truſts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword:
Virtue is nice to take what's not her own,
And while ſhe long conſults, the Prize is gone. *Dryd. Auren.*
Great Minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with doing Good,
Tho' the ungrateful Subjects of their Favours
Are barren in Return. Virtue does ſtill
With Scorn the mercenary World regard,
Where abject Souls do Good, and hope Reward:
Above the worthleſs Trophies Men can raiſe,
She ſeeks not Honours, Wealth, nor airy Praiſe,
But with herſelf herſelf the Goddeſs pays. *Rowe Tamerl.*
But few are Virtuous when Reward's away. *Dryd.*
For who would Virtue for herſelf regard,
Or wed, without the Portion of Reward? *Dryd. Juv.*
Hence with this peeviſh Virtue, 'tis a Cheat,
And they who taught it firſt were Hypocrites. *Otw. Orph.*
Wouldſt thou to Honours and Preferments climb?
Be bold in Miſchief, dare ſome mighty Crime;
Which Dangers, Death, or Baniſhment deſerves;
For Virtue is but drily prais'd, and ſtarves:

Great Men to great Crimes owe their Plate imboſs'd,
Fair Palaces, and Furniture of Coſt,
And high Commands: A ſneaking Sin is loſt. *Dryd. Juv.*

Torment of Mind! O feeble Virtue, hence!
I blow thee from the Palace to the Cottage,
To build in Hearts of Hinds; bleſs their rude Hands
With thy lean Recompence of endleſs Labour.
For me, ſince I have burſt th' ungrateful Chain
That held me to thee like a ſhackled Slave,
I will enjoy whate'er the Gods have given,
And ſurfeit on the Beauties of *Semandria*. *Lee Mithrid.*

If when a Crown and Miſtreſs are in Place,
Virtue intrudes with her lean holy Face;
Virtue's then mine, and not I Virtue's Foe:
Why does ſhe come where ſhe has nought to do?
Let her with Anch'rets, not with Lovers, lie;
Stateſmen and they keep better Company. *Dryd. Cong. of Gran.*

Virtue and Vice are never in one Soul;
A Man is wholly wiſe, or wholly is a Fool. *Dryd. Perſ.*

How ſtrange a Riddle Virtue is!
They never miſs it, who poſſeſs it not;
And they who have it, ever find a Want. *Roch. Valent.*

Virtue, the more it is expos'd,
Like pureſt Linnen, laid in open Air,
Will bleach the more, and whiten to the View. *Dryd. Amphit.*

To ſuppliant Virtue nothing is deny'd. *Garth Ovid.*

For Bleſſings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
And tho' a late a ſure Reward ſucceeds. *Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

USURPER. See *King*, *Tyrant*.

He who by Force a Sceptre does obtain,
Shews he can govern that which he could gain.
Right comes of Courſe; whate'er he was before,
Murder and Uſurpation are no more. *Dryd. Auren.*

As when the Sea breaks o'er its Bounds,
And overflows the level Grounds;
Thoſe Banks and Dams, that like a Skreen
Did keep it out, now keep it in:
So when Tyrannick Uſurpation,
Invades the Freedom of a Nation,
Thoſe Laws o'th' Land that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it. *Hud.*

A Sceptre ſnatch'd with an unruly Hand,
Muſt be as boiſt'rouſly maintain'd as gain'd:

And

And he that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry Place,
Makes nice of no vile Hold to ſtay him up. *Shak. K. John.*

Dare to be great without a guilty Crown,
View it, and lay the bright Temptation down.
'Tis baſe to ſeize on all becauſe you may;
That's Empire, that which I can give away:
There's Joy, when to wild Will you Laws preſcribe,
When you bid Fortune carry back her Bribe.
A Joy which none but greateſt Minds can taſte,
A Fame which will to endleſs Ages laſt. *Dryd. Aurenz.*

A few Uſurpers to the Shades deſcend
By a dry Death, or with a quiet End. *Dryd. Juv.*

Unhappy State of ſuch as wear a Crown,
Fortune does ſeldom lay them gently down. *How.*

VULCAN. See *Cyclops.*

In *Auſonian* Land
Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell
From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry *Jove*
Sheer o'er the cryſtal Batttlements: From Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summer's Day; and with the ſetting Sun
Dropt from the *Zenith*, like a falling Star,
On *Lemnos*, the *Ægean* Iſle. *Milt.*

Me by the Heel he drew,
And o'er Heav'n's Battlements with Fury threw.
All Day I fell: My Flight at Morn begun,
And ended not but with the ſetting Sun.
Pitch'd on my Head, at length the *Lemnian* Ground
Receiv'd my batter'd Skull, the *Sinthians* heal'd my Wound.
(Dryd. Hom.

WANT.

Want is a bitter and a hateful Good,
Becauſe its Virtues are not underſtood:
Yet many Things, impoſſible to Thought,
Have been by Need to full Perfection brought.
The Daring of the Soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpneſs of Wit, and active Diligence.
Prudence at once and Fortitude it gives,
And, if in Patience taken, mends our Lives:
For ev'n that Indigence which brings me low,
Makes me my ſelf and him above to know.
A Good which none would challenge, few would chuſe;
A fair Poſſeſſion, which Mankind refuſe.

If we from Wealth to Poverty deſcend, (*of Bath's Tale.*
Want gives to know the Flatt'rer from the Friend. *Dry. Wife*

Want is the Scorn of ev'ry empty Fool,
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule. *Dryd. Juv.*

Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppreſſion ſtaring in thy Looks,
Contempt and Beggary hung on thy Back. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

Oh! we muſt change the Scene,
In which the paſt Delights of Love were taſted:
The Poor ſleep little; we muſt learn to watch
Our Labours late and early ev'ry Morning,
'Midſt Winter-Froſts, ſparingly clad and fed,
Riſe to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.
Oh *Belvedera!*
Want, worldly Want, that hungry meagre Fiend,
Is at our Heels, and chaſes us in View.
Can'ſt thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can theſe Limbs,
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter Gripes of ſmarting Poverty?
When in a Bed of Straw we ſhrink together,
And the bleak Winds ſhall whiſtle round our Heads,
Wilt thou then talk to me thus?
Thus huſh my Cares, and ſhelter me with Love.

Oh! I will love thee, ev'n in Madneſs love thee,
Tho' my diſtracted Senſes ſhall forſake me!
Tho' the bare Earth be all our Reſting-place,
Its Roots our Food, ſome Cliff our Habitation;
I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head,
And, as thou ſighing lyeſt, and ſwell'd with Sorrow,
Creep to thy Boſom, pour the Balm of Love
Into thy Soul, and kiſs thee to thy Reſt. *Otw. Ven. Preſ.*

Oh we will bear our wayward Fate together,
And ne'er know Comfort more. *Otw. Ven. Preſ.*

Lord! what an am'rous Thing is Want!
How Debts and Mortgages enchant!
What Graces muſt that Lady have,
That can from Execution ſave?
What Charms, that can reverſe Extent,
And null Decree and Exigent?
What magical Attracts and Graces,
That can redeem from *Scire Facias*?
From Bonds and Statutes can diſcharge,
And from Contempts of Courts enlarge?

These are the higheſt Excellencies,
Of all our true or falſe Pretences;
And you would damn your ſelves, and ſwear
As much t'an Hoſteſs Dowager,
Grown fat and purſy by Retail
Of Pots of Beer and bottled Ale;
And find her fitter for your Turn;
For Fat is wond'rous apt to burn:
Who at your Flames would ſoon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your Deſire;
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Diſſolve her Graces int' your Pocket. *Hud.*

WAR. See *Battel*, *Fighting*, *Fouſts*, Mars, *Soldier*.

Now impious Arms from ev'ry Part reſound:
The peaceful Peaſant to the War is preſs'd;
The Fields lie fallow in inglorious Reſt.
The Plain no Paſture to the Flocks affords;
The crooked Scithes are ſtraighten'd into Swords.
Perfidious *Mars* long-plighted Leagues divides,
And o'er the waſted World in Triumph rides. *Dryd. Virg.*

The peaceful Cities,
Lull'd in their Eaſe, and undiſturb'd before,
Are all on Fire; and ſome, with ſtudious Care,
Their reſtiff Steeds in ſandy Plains prepare.
Some their ſoft Limbs in painful Marches try,
And War is all their Wiſh, and Arms the gen'ral Cry.
Part ſcour the ruſty Shields with Seam, and part
New-grind the blunted Ax, and point the Dart.
With Joy they view the waving Enſigns fly,
And hear the Trumpet's Clangor pierce the Sky.
Some hammer Helmets for the fighting Field;
Some twine young Sallows to ſupport the Shield.
The Croſlet ſome, and ſome the Cuiſhes mold,
With Silver plated, and with ductile Gold.
The ruſtick Honours of the Scithe and Share,
Give Place to Swords and Plumes, the Pride of War.
Old Falchions are new-temper'd in the Fires;
The ſounding Trumpet ev'ry Soul inſpires.
The Word is given, with eager Haſte they lace
The ſhining Head-piece, and the Shield embrace.
The neighing Steeds are to the Chariot ty'd,
The truſty Weapon ſits on ev'ry Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

With ruſhing Troops the Plains are cover'd o'er,
And thund'ring Footſteps ſhake the ſounding Shore:

Along the Rivers level Meads they ſtand;
Thick as in Spring the Flow'rs adorn the Land,
Or Leaves the Trees; or thick as Inſects play,
The wand'ring Nation of a Summer's Day,
That drawn by milky Steams, at Ev'ning Hours,
In gather'd Swarms ſurround the rural Bow'rs;
From Pail to Pail, with buſy Murmur, run
The gilded Legions, glitt'ring in the Sun. *Pope Hom.*

As Legions in the Field their Front diſplay,
To try the Fortune of ſome doubtful Day;
And move to meet their Foes with ſober Pace,
Strict to their Figure, tho' in wider Space,
Before the Battel joins, while, from afar,
The Field yet glitters with the Pomp of War;
And equal *Mars*, like an impartial Lord,
Leaves all to Fortune, and the Dint of Sword. *Dryd. Virg.*

An iron Harveſt on the Field appears,
Of Lances, burniſh'd Shields, and briſtling Spears;
Throng'd Helms, in long embattel'd Ranks diſpos'd,
The low'ring Front of horrid War diſclos'd. *Blac.*

The neighb'ring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'er;
The Vale an iron Harveſt ſeems to yield
Of thick-ſprung Lances in a waving Field;
The poliſh'd Steel gleems terribly from far,
And ev'ry Moment nearer ſhews the War. *Dryd. Æn.*

The various Glories of their Arms combine,
And in one fearful dazling Medley join.
The Air above, and all the Fields beneath,
Shine with a bright Variety of Death:
The Sun ſtarts back, to ſee the Fields diſplay
Their rival Luſtre, and terreſtrial Day. *Blac.*

The Fields
Are bright with flaming Swords and brazen Shields;
A ſhining Harveſt either Hoſt diſplays,
And ſhoots againſt the Sun with equal Rays. *Dryd. Virg.*

The ſcepter'd Rulers lead; the foll'wing Hoſt,
Pour'd forth in Millions, darkens all the Coaſt:
As from ſome rocky Cleft the Shepherd ſees,
Cluſt'ring in Heaps on Heaps, the driving Bees,
Rolling and black'ning, Swarms ſucceeding Swarms,
With deeper Murmurs, and more hoarſe Alarms;
Dusky they ſpread, a cloſe embody'd Crowd,
And o'er the Vale deſcends the living Cloud.

So

So from the Tents and Ships a length'ning Train
Spreads all the Beach, and wide o'erſhades the Plain:
Along the Region runs a deaf'ning Sound;
Beneath their Footſteps groans the trembling Grounds:
Fame flies before, the Meſſenger of *Jove*,
And ſhining ſoars, and claps her Wings above. *Pope Hom.*

The mighty Numbers move:
So roll the Billows on th' *Icarian* Shore
From Eaſt and South, when Winds begin to roar,
Burſt their dark Manſions in the Clouds, and ſweep
The whit'ning Surface of the ruffled Deep.
And as on Corn when weſtern Guſts deſcend,
Before the Blaſts the lofty Harveſts bend;
Thus o'er the Field the moving Hoſt appears, (*Hom.*
With nodding Plumes, and Groves of waving Spears. *Pope*

All in a Moment roſe
A Foreſt huge of Spears; and thronging Helms
Appear'd, and ſerred Shields in thick Array,
Of Depth immeaſurable: Straight out flew
Millions of flaming Swords; the ſudden Blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell. They fierce, with graſped Arms,
Claſh'd on their ſounding Shields the Din of War,
Hurling Defiance tow'rds the Vault of Heav'n. *Milt.*

It was the Time
When creeping Murmur, and the poring Dark,
Fill the wide Veſſel of the Univerſe:
From Camp to Camp, thro' the foul Womb of Night,
The Hum of ev'ry Army ſtilly ſounds.
Fire anſwers Fire, and thro' their paly Flames
Each Battel ſees the other's umber'd Face.
Steed threatens Steed in high and boaſtful Neighs,
Piercing the Night's dull Ear; and from the Tents
The Armourers accompliſhing the Knights,
With buſy Hammers cloſing Rivets up,
Give dreadful Note of Preparation. *Shak. Hen. 5.*

Now ſcarce the dawning Day began to ſpring,
When, confus'd and high,
Ev'n from the Heav'n was heard a ſhouting Cry,
For *Mars* was early up, and rouz'd the Sky.
The Gods came downwards to behold the Wars,
Sharp'ning their Sights, and leaning from their Stars:
The Neighing of the gen'rous Horſe was heard,
For Battel by the buſy Groom prepar'd.

Ruſtling

Ruſtling of Harneſs, rattling of the Shield,
Clatt'ring of Armour, furbiſh'd for the Field.
The greedy Sight might there devour the Gold
Of glitt'ring Arms, too dazling to behold;
And poliſh'd Steel, that caſt the View aſide,
And creſted Motions with their plumy Pride.
Knights, with a long Retinue of their Squires,
In gaudy Liveries march, and quaint Attires:
One lac'd the Helm, another held the Lance,
A third the ſhining Buckler did advance,
The Coarſer paw'd the Ground with reſtleſs Feet,
And ſnorting, foam'd and champ'd the golden Bit.
The Smiths and Armourers on Palfreys ride,
Files in their Hands, and Hammers at their Side;
And Nails for looſen'd Spears, and Thongs for Shields provide. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Peace leaves the violated Fields, and Hate
Both Armies urges to their mutual Fate. *Dryd. Virg.*

The gloomy Throngs look terrible from far,
Diſcloſing ſlow the horrid Face of War.
The thick Battalions move in dreadful Form,
As low'ring Clouds advance before a Storm. *Blac.*

Now, like a Deluge, cov'ring all around,
The ſhining Armies ſwept along the Ground;
Swift as a Flood of Fire when Storms ariſe,
Floats the wide Field, and blazes to the Skies:
Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry *Jove*
Hurls down the forky Lightning from Above,
On *Arime* when he the Thunder throws,
And fires *Typhœus* with redoubled Blows;
Where *Typhon*, preſs'd beneath the burning Load,
Still feels the Fury of th'avenging God. *Pope Hom.*

The thronging Troops obſcure the dusky Fields,
Horrid with briſtling Spears, and gleaming Shields. *Pope Hom.*

A Cloud of blinding Duſt is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their Feet the trembling Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

Advancing in a Line, they couch their Spears,
And leſs and leſs the middle Space appears.
Thick Smoke obſcures the Field, and ſcarce are ſeen
The neighing Courſers, and the ſhouting Men.
In Diſtance of their Darts they ſtop their Courſe,
Then Man to Man they ruſh, and Horſe to Horſe:
The Face of Heav'n the flying Jav'lins hide,
And Deaths unſeen are dealt on either Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thick

Thick Storms of Steel from either Army fly,
And Clouds of claſhing Darts obſcure the Sky. *Dryd. Virg.*
Thus equal Deaths are dealt with equal Chance,
By Turns they quit their Ground, by Turns advance;
Victors and Vanquiſh'd in the various Field,
Not wholly overcome, nor wholly yield:
The Gods from Heav'n ſurvey the fatal Striſe,
And mourn the Miſeries of human Life. *Dryd. Virg.*
Now bearded Darts, and fatal Jav'lins, fly,
And Balls of Fire hiſs thro' th'enlighten'd Sky.
Each on his Foe miſſive Deſtruction pours,
And Death receives and gives in feather'd Show'rs. *Blac.*
To the rude Shock of War both Armies came,
Their Leaders equal, and their Strength the ſame:
With Spears afar, with Swords at Hand they ſtrike;
And Zeal of Slaughter fires their Souls alike.
The Soldiers dauntleſs thus maintain the Field,
And Hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield;
They Blow for Blow return, and Wound for Wound;
And Heaps of Bodies raiſe the level Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*
And now both Hoſts their broken Troops unite
In equal Ranks, and mix in mortal Fight.
They ſtrike, they puſh, they throng the ſcanty Space,
Reſolv'd on Death, impatient of Diſgrace;
And where one falls, another fills his Place. *Dryd. Virg.*
An undiſtinguiſh'd Noiſe aſcends the Sky, *(Dryd. Virg.*
The Shouts of thoſe who kill, and Groans of thoſe who die.
The Fight grows hot, the whole War's now at Work,
And the goar'd Battel bleeds in ev'ry Vein. *Skak. K. Lear.*
When *Greeks* join'd *Greeks*, then was the Tug of War;
The labour'd Battel ſweat, and Conqueſt bled. *Lee Alex.*
Now dying Groans are heard, the Fields are ſtrew'd
With fallen Bodies, and are drunk with Blood.
Arms, Horſes, Men, on Heaps together lie;
Confus'd the Fight, and more confus'd the Cry.
The Sands with ſtreaming of Blood are ſanguine dy'd,
And Death, with Honour, ſought on ev'ry Side. *Dryd. Virg.*
What Noiſe of Arms, what Shouts the Air confound!
What Ruin, what ſlain Heaps deform the Ground?
The Dead make Bulwarks, which the Living climb,
That in the Air riſe, like our Walls, ſublime. *Blac.*
Dead Corps imboſs the Vale with little Hills. *Cowl.*
His ſmoking Horſes at their utmoſt Speed
He laſhes on, and urges o'er the Dead:

Their

Their Fetlocks run with Blood, and, when they bound,
The Gore and gathering Duſt are daſh'd around. *Dryd. Virg.*
The Rear ſo preſs'd the Front, they could not wield
The angry Weapons, to diſpute the Field. *Dryd. Virg.*
They Darts, with Clamour, at a Diſtance drive,
And only keep the languiſh'd War alive. *Dryd. Virg.*
The frighted Soldiers, when their Captains fly,
More on their Speed than on their Strength rely.
Confus'd in Fight, they bear each other down,
And ſpur their Horſes headlong to the Town;
Driv'n by their Foes, and to their Fears reſign'd,
Not once they turn, but take their Wounds behind.
Theſe drop the Shield, and thoſe the Lance forego,
Or on their Shoulders bear the ſlacken'd Bow:
The Hoofs of Horſes, with a rattling Sound,
Beat thick and ſhort, and ſhake the ſolid Ground.
Black Clouds of Duſt come rolling in the Sky,
And o'er the darken'd Walls and Rampires fly.
All preſſing on, Purſuers and Purſu'd
Are cruſh'd in Clouds, a mingled Multitude,
Some happy few eſcap'd: The Throng too late
Ruſh on for Entrance, till they choke the Gate.
Then in Affright the folding Gates they cloſe,
But leave their Friends excluded with their Foes.
The Vanquiſh'd cry, the Victors loudly ſhout,
'Tis Terrour all within, and Slaughter all without.
Blind in their Fear, they bound againſt the Wall;
Or, to the Motes purſu'd, precipitate their Fall. *Dryd. Virg.*
Then planting at the Walls a ſcaling-Ladder,
I mounted Spite of Show'rs, of Cranes, Bars, Arrows,
And all the Lumber which they thunder'd down.
I left the Walls, to fly among my Foes,
And, like a baited Lion, dy'd my ſelf
All over with the Blood of thoſe bold Hunters;
Till ſpent with Toil, I battel'd on my Knees,
Pluck'd forth the Darts that made my Shield a Foreſt,
And hurl'd them back with moſt unconquer'd Fury. *Lee Alex.*
Now Peals of Shouts came thund'ring from afar,
Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingled War:
Louder, and yet more loud, we hear the Alarms
Of human Cries diſtinct, and claſhing Arms:
New Clamours and new Clangors now ariſe,
The Sound of Trumpets mix'd with fighting Cries.
The Fire conſumes the Town, the Foe commands;

And armed Hoſts, an unexperienc'd Force,
Break in, and Foes, for Entrance, preſs without.
To ſev'ral Poſts their Parties they divide;
Some block the narrow Streets, ſome ſcour the wide:
The Bold they kill, th'Unwary they ſurprize;
Who fights finds Death, and Death finds him who flies.
The Warders of the Gate but ſcarce maintain
Th'unqual Combat, and reſiſt in vain.
We heard: And Heav'n, that well-born Souls inſpires,
Prompts us thro' lifted Swords and riſing Fires
To run, where claſhing Arms and Clamour calls,
And ruſh undaunted to defend the Walls.
The paſſive Gods behold the *Greeks* defile
Their Temples, and abandon to the Spoil
Their own Abodes; we, feeble few, conſpire
To ſave a ſinking Town involv'd in Fire.
We leave the narrow Lanes behind, and dare
Th'unequal Combat in the publick Square;
Night was our Friend, our Leader was Deſpair.
What Tongue can tell the Slaughter of that Night?
What Eyes can weep the Sorrows and Affright?
An ancient and imperial City falls;
The Streets are fill'd with frequent Funerals:
Houſes and holy Temples float in Blood,
And hoſtile Nations make a common Flood.
Not only *Trojans* fall, but, in their Turn,
The Vanquiſh'd triumph, and the Victors mourn.
Ours take new Courage from Deſpair and Night;
Confus'd the Fortune is, confus'd the Fight;
All Parts reſound with Tumults, Plaints, and Fears,
And grieſly Death in ſundry Shapes appears:
New Clamours from th' inveſted Palace ring;
So hot th'Aſſault, ſo high the Tumult roſe,
While ours defend, and while the *Greeks* oppoſe;
As if all *Ilium* elſe were void of Fear,
And Tumult, War, and Slaughter, only there.
Their Targets in a Tortoiſe caſt, our Foes
Secure advancing, to the Turrets roſe:
Some mount the Scaling-Ladders, ſome, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by Poſts and Pillars hold:
Their Left Hand gripes the Bucklers in th'Aſcent,
While with the Right they ſeize the Battlement.
From their demoliſh'd Tow'rs the *Trojans* throw
Huge Heaps of Stones, that, falling, cruſh the Foe;

And

And heavy Beams and Rafters from the Sides,
And gilded Roofs, come tumbling from on high,
The Marks of State and ancient Royalty.
The Lightning flies no ſwifter than the Fall,
Nor Thunder louder than the ruin'd Wall.
Down goes the Top at once; the *Greeks* beneath
Are piece-meal torn, or pounded into Death.
Yet more ſucceed, and more to Death are ſent:
We ceaſe not from above, nor they below relent.
The Guards below, fix'd in the Paſs, attend
The Charge undaunted, and the Gate defend.
The Infantry
Ruſh on in Crowds, and the barr'd Paſſage free.
Ent'ring the Courts with Shouts the Skies they rend,
And flaming Firebrands to the Roofs aſcend.
Pyrrhus, among the foremoſt, deals his Blows,
And with his Ax repeated Strokes beſtows
On the ſtrong Doors: Then all their Shoulders ply,
Till from the Poſts the brazen Hinges fly.
He hews apace, the double Bars at length
Yield to his Ax and unreſiſted Strength.
A mighty Breach is made: The Rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the Palace is reveal'd.
The fatal Work inhuman *Pyrrhus* plies,
And all his Father ſparkles in his Eyes.
Nor Bars, nor fighting Guards, his Force ſuſtain,
The Bars are broken, and the Guards are ſlain.
In ruſh the *Greeks*, and all th'Apartments fill;
Thoſe few Defendants which they find, they kill:
Where'er the riſing Fire had left a Space,
They enter and poſſeſs the Place.
The fearful Matrons run from Place to Place,
And kiſs the Threſholds, and the Poſts embrace:
Driv'n like a Flock of Doves along the Sky,
The Images they hug, and to the Altars fly:
But the protecting Gods are deaf to Pray'rs. *Dryd. Virg.*
The wond'ring Babes from Mothers Breaſts are rent,
And ſuffer Ills they neither fear'd nor meant:
No ſilver Rev'rence guards the ſtooping Age;
No Rule or Method ties their boundleſs Rage.
Nothing but Fire and Slaughter meets the Eyes,
Nothing the Ear but Groans and diſmal Cries. *Cowl.*
Now march the bold Confederates thro' the Plain,
Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and ſhining Train.

Silent

Silent they move; majeſtically ſlow,
Like ebbing *Nile*, or *Ganges* in his Flow.
The *Trojans* view the duſty Cloud from far,
And the dark Menace of the diſtant War.
They from the Rampire ſaw it riſe,
Black'ning the Fields, and thick'ning thro' the Skies.
And when the rolling Clouds approach the Walls,
They arm, and man the Works, prepare the Spears
And pointed Darts: Then ſhut their Gates; with Shouts
Their Bulwarks, and ſecure, their Foes attend. (aſcend
For their wiſe Gen'ral, with foreſeeing Care,
Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful War:
Nor, tho' provok'd, in open Fields advance;
But cloſe within their Lines attend their Chance.
Unwilling, yet they keep the ſtrict Command;
And ſourly wait in Arms the hoſtile Band.
The Foe then fac'd the Lines,
Amaz'd to find a daſtard Race, that run
Behind the Rampires, and the Battel ſhun.
All clad in ſhining Arms, the Works inveſt;
Each with a radiant Helm, and waving Creſt.
The *Trojans* from above their Foes beheld,
And with arm'd Legions all the Rampires fill'd:
Seiz'd with Affright, their Gates they firſt explore;
Join Works to Works with Bridges; Tow'r to Tow'r.
The Soldiers draw their Lots, and, as they fall,
By Turns relieve each other on the Wall.
The *Volſians* bear their Shields upon their Head,
And, ruſhing forward, form a moving Shed;
Theſe fill the Ditch, thoſe pull the Bulwarks down;
Some raiſe the Ladders, others ſcale the Town.
But where void Spaces on the Walls appear,
Or thin Defence, they pour their Forces there.
With Poles, and miſſive Weapons, from afar,
The *Trojans* keep aloof the riſing War.
They roll down Ribs of Rocks, and unreſiſted Weight,
To break the Penthouſe with the pond'rous Blow;
Which yet the patient *Volſians* undergo:
But could not bear th'unequal Combat long;
For where the *Trojans* find the thickeſt Throng,
The Ruin falls: Their ſcatter'd Shields give Way,
And their cruſh'd Heads become an eaſy Prey.
They ſhrink for Fear, abated of their Rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind Fight engage.

Contented

Contented now to gaul them from below
With Darts and Slings, and with the diſtant Bow,
They blazing Pines within the Trenches threw;
Broke down the Paliſades; the Trenches won,
And loud for Ladders call, to ſcale the Town.
The Ditch with Faggots fill'd, the daring Foe
Toſs'd Firebrands to the ſteepy Turrets throw.
There ſtood a Tow'r, amazing to the Sight,
Built up of Beams, and of ſtupendous Height;
Art and the Nature of the Place conſpir'd
To furniſh all the Strength that War requir'd.
To level this, the bold *Italians* join;
The wary *Trojans* obviate their Deſign;
With weighty Stones o'erwhelm their Troops below,
Shoot thro' the Loop-holes, and ſharp Jav'lins throw.
Turnus, the Chief, toſs'd from his thund'ring Hand
Againſt the wooden Walls a flaming Brand:
It ſtuck, the fiery Plague: The Winds were high;
The Planks were ſeaſon'd, and the Timber dry.
Contagion caught the Poſts; it ſpread along,
Scorch'd, and to Diſtance drove the ſcatter'd Throng.
The *Trojans* fled; the Fire purſu'd amain,
Sill gath'ring faſt upon the trembling Train;
Till crouding to the Corners of the Wall,
Down the Defence and the Defenders fall.
The mighty Flaw makes Heav'n it ſelf reſound;
The dead and dying *Trojans* ſtrew the Ground.
The Tow'r that follow'd on the fallen Crew,
Whelm'd on their Heads, and bury'd whom it ſlew:
Some ſtuck upon the Darts themſelves had ſent;
All the ſame equal Ruin underwent.
Undaunted, they no Danger ſhun;
From Wall to Wall the Shouts and Clamours run.
They bend their Bows, they whirl their Slings around:
Heaps of ſpent Arrows fall, and ſtrew the Ground;
And Helms, and Shields, and rattling Arms reſound.
The Combat thickens, like the Storm that flies
From Weſtward, when the ſhow'ry Kids ariſe.
And now the *Trojan* Troops,
Preſuming on their Strength, the Gates unbar,
And of their own Accord invite the War.
Arm'd on the Right and on the Left they ſtand,
And flank the Paſſage,

In flows a Tide of *Latians*, when they ſee
The Gate ſet open and the Paſſage free.
But ſoon repuls'd, they fly,
Or in the well-defended Paſs they die. *Dryd. Virg.*

The dreadful Buſineſs of the War is over;
And Slaughter, that, from Yeſter Morn 'till Even,
With giant Steps paſs'd ſtriding o'er the Field,
Beſmear'd, and horrid with the Blood of Nations,
Now weary ſits among the mangled Heaps,
And ſlumbers o'er her Prey. *Rowe Tamerl.*

WAVES. See *Applauſe*, *Enjoyment*.

So ſwelling Surges with a thund'ring Roar,
Driv'n on each other's Backs, inſult the Shore;
Bound o'er the Rocks, incroach upon the Land,
And far upon the Beach eject the Sand:
Then backward with a Swing they take their Way,
Repuls'd from upper Ground, and ſeek their Mother-Sea;
With equal Hurry quit th'invaded Shore, *(Virg.*
And ſwallow back the Sand and Stones they ſpew'd before. *Dry.*

Far off we hear the Waves with ſurly Sound
Invade the Rocks, the Rocks their Groans rebound.
The Billows break upon the ſounding Strand,
And roll the riſing Tides impure with Sand. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge Surges to the trembling Shores,
The groaning Banks are burſt with bell'wing Sound;
The Rocks remurmur, and the Deeps rebound. *Pope Hom.*

WEEPING. See *Funeral*, *Grief*, *Sorrow*, *Tears*.

Her brim full Eyes that ready ſtood,
And only wanted Will to weep a Flood,
Releas'd their watry Store, and pour'd amain,
Like Clouds, low-hung, a ſober Show'r of Rain:
Mute, ſolemn Sorrow, free from female Noiſe,
Such as the Majeſty of Grief deſtroys. *Dryd. Sig. & Guiſ.*

O'er her *Adonis* ſo
Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious Show'r
Of her warm Tears cheriſh'd the ſpringing Flow'r. *Wall.*

So ſilver *Thetis* on the *Phrygian* Shore,
Wept for her Son, foreknowing of his Fate:
The Sea-Nymphs ſate around, and join'd their Tears,
While from his loweſt Deep old Father *Ocean*
Was heard to groan, in pity of their Pain. *Row. Ulyſſ.*

She ſilently a gentle Tear let fall
From either Eye, and wip'd them with her Hair:
Two other precious Drops that ready ſtood,
Each in their cryſtal Sluice, he, e'er they fell,
Kiſs'd, as the gracious Signs of ſweet Remorſe,
And pious Awe, that fear'd to have offended. *Milt.*

A Show'r of Tears flow'd down her lovely Face,
Which from her Grief receiv'd yet ſweeter Grace. *Blac.*

So thro' a watry Cloud,
The Sun at once ſeems both to weep and ſhine. *Dryd. Sec. Lov.*

She came weeping forth,
Shining thro' Tears, like *April*-Suns in Show'rs,
That labour to o'ercome the Cloud that loads them.
While two young Virgins, on whoſe Arms ſhe lean'd,
Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew ſad,
As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her;
Ev'n the loud Rabble, that were gather'd round
To ſee the Sight, ſtood mute when they beheld her, *(Preſ.*
Govern'd their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity. *Otw. Ven.*

Dumb Sorrows ſeiz'd the Standers by,
The Queen above the reſt, by Nature good,
The Pattern form'd of perfect Woman-hood,
For tender Pity wept: When ſhe began,
Thro' the bright Choir th' infectious Virtue ran;
All dropp'd their Tears. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

The Tears run guſhing from her Eyes,
And ſtopp'd her Speech in pompous Train of Woe. *Dryd. Virg.*

See where ſhe ſits; and in what comely wiſe
Drops Tears more fair than others Eyes;
Ah! charming Maid! let not ill Fortune ſee
Th' Attire thy Sorrow wears,
Nor view the Beauty of thy Tears,
For ſhe'll ſtill come to dreſs herſelf in thee.
Ne'er did I yet behold ſuch glorious Weather,
As this Sun-ſhine and Rain together. *Cowl.*

With Head declin'd,
Like a fair Flow'r ſurcharg'd with Dew, ſhe weeps. *Dryd.*

Her Boſom labour'd with a boding Sigh,
And the big Tear ſtood trembling in her Eye. *Pope Hom.*

Then ſetting free a Sigh, from her fair Eyes
She wip'd two Pearls, the Remnant of wild Show'rs, *(Love.*
Which hung like Drops upon the Bells of Flow'rs. *Dryd. Sec.*

So Morning Dews on new-blown Roſes lodge,
By the Sun's am'rous Heat to be exhal'd. *Otw. Orph.*

Why

Why art thou wet with weeping, as the Earth,
When vernal *Jove* deſcends in gentle Show'rs,
To cauſe Increaſe, and bleſs the Infant-Year;
When ev'ry ſpiry Graſs and painted Flow'r
Is hung with pearly Drops of heav'nly Rain. *Rowe Ulyſſ.*

In *Palamon* a manly Grief appears,
Silent he wept, aſham'd to ſhew his Tears. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Bear my Weakneſs,
If, throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Boſom. *Otw. Ven. Preſ.*

Look Emperor! this is no common Dew;
I have not wept theſe forty Years, but now
My Mother comes afreſh into my Eyes,
I cannot help her Softneſs.
Down his white Beard a Stream of Sorrow flows. *Pope Hom.*

By Heav'n he weeps! poor good old Man, he weeps!
The big round Drops courſe one another down
The Furrows of his Cheeks. *Dryd. All for Love.*

His Eyes,
Altho' unus'd unto the melting Mood,
Drop Tears more faſt than the *Arabian* Tree
Her medicinal Gums. *Shak. Othel.*

Behold his Sorrow ſtreaming from his Eyes. *Dryd. Virg.*

Compaſſion quell'd
His beſt of Man, and gave him up to Tears. *Milt.*

WELCOME. *(Span. Fry.*

Welcome as kindly Show'rs to long-parch'd Earth. *Dryd.*

Welcome as Mercy to a Man condemn'd;
Welcome to me as to a ſinking Mariner
The lucky Plank that bears him to the Shore. *Lee Oedip.*

Welcome as the Light
To cheerful Birds, or as to Lovers Night. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

Welcome as happy Tidings after Fears. *Otw. Orph.*

Welcome
As when to Sailors lab'ring thro' the Main,
That long had heav'd the weary Oar in vain,
Jove bids, at length th'expected Gales ariſe,
The Gales blow grateful, and the Veſſel flies. *Pope Hom.*

WIFE. See *Marriage, Husband.*

Who loves to hear of Wife? *Otw. Orph.*

That dull inſipid Thing without Deſires,
And without Pow'r to give them. *Dryd. Virg.*

When

When you would give all worldly Plagues a Name
Worſe than they have already, call 'em Wife!
But a new-marry'd Wife's a ſeeming Miſchief,
Full of herſelf: Why, what a deal of Horror
Has that poor Wretch to come that wedded yeſterday? *Otw. Orph.*

O wretched Huſband! while ſhe hangs about thee,
With idle Blandiſhments, and plays the fond one;
Ev'n then her hot Imagination wanders,
Contriving Riot, and looſe 'Scapes of Love: *(Tamerl.*
And while ſhe claſps thee cloſe, makes thee a Monſter. *Rowe*

We hope to find
That Help, which Nature meant in Woman-kind
To Man, that ſupplemental Self deſign'd:
But proves a burning Cauſtick, when apply'd:
And *Adam* ſure could with more Eaſe abide *(Batch.*
The Bone when broken, than when made a Bride. *Cong. Old*

All other Goods by Fortune's Hand are given;
A Wife is the peculiar Gift of Heav'n:
Vain Fortune's Favours, never at a Stay,
Like empty Shadows, paſs and glide away.
One ſolid Comfort, our eternal Wife,
Abundantly ſupplies us all our Life:
This Bleſſing laſts (if thoſe who try ſay true) *(Jan. & May.*
As long as Heart can wiſh, —— and longer too. *Pope Chauc.*

What! hunt a Wife
On the dull Soil? Sure a ſtanch Huſband
Of all Hounds is the dulleſt. Wilt thou never,
Never be wean'd from Caudles and Confections?
What feminine Tale haſt thou been liſt'ning too,
Of unair'd Shirts, Catarrhs, and Tooth-ach, got
by thin-ſoal'd Shoes? *Otw. Ven. Perſ.*

Wives, like good Subjects, who to Tyrants bow,
To Huſbands, tho' unjuſt, long Patience owe:
They were for Freedom made, Obedience we,
Courage their Virtue, ours is Chaſtity:
Reaſon itſelf in us muſt not be bold,
Nor decent Cuſtom be by Wit controul'd;
On our own Heads we deſperately ſtray,
And are ſtill happieſt the vulgar Way. *Sedl.*

To ſo perverſe a Sex all Grace is vain;
It gives them Courage to offend again:
For with feign'd Tears they Penitence pretend,
Again are pardon'd, and again offend;

Fathom

Fathom our Pity when they ſeem to grieve,
Only to try how far we can forgive:
'Till launching out into the Sea of Strife,
They ſcorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife. *Dryd. Auren.*
Horſes, thou ſay'ſt, and Aſſes Men may try,
And ring ſuſpected Veſſels ere they buy;
But Wives, a random Choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in Courtſhip, but in Wedlock wake:
Then, nor 'till then, the Veil's remov'd away, *(Bath.*
And all the Woman glares in open Day. *Pope Chauc. Wife of*

WINDS. See *Æolus*, *Storms*, *Tempeſts*.

He views with Horror next the noiſy Cave,
Where, with hoarſe Din, impriſon'd Tempeſts rave;
Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight. *Gar.*
Thus rag'd the Goddeſs, and, with Fury fraught,
The reſtleſs Region of the Storms ſhe ſought.
Where, in a ſpacious Cave of living Stone,
The Tyrant *Æolus*, from his airy Throne,
With Pow'r imperial curbs the ſtruggling Winds,
And ſounding Tempeſts in dark Priſons binds.
This Way and that th' impatient Captives tend,
And, preſſing for Releaſe, the Mountain rend.
High in his Hall th'undaunted Monarch ſtands,
And ſhakes his Scepter, and their Rage commands:
Which, did he not, their unreſiſted Sway
Would ſweep the World before 'em in their Way:
Earth, Air, and Seas, thro' empty Space would roll,
And Heav'n would fly before the driving Soul.
In Fear of this, the Father of the Gods
Confin'd their Fury to theſe dark Abodes, (Loads:
And lock'd them ſafe within, oppreſs'd with Mountain
Impos'd a King, with arbitrary Sway,
To looſe their Fetters, or their Force allay. *Dryd. Virg.*
Nor were thoſe bluſt'ring Brethren left at large,
On Seas and Shores their Fury to diſcharge:
Bound as they are, and circumſcrib'd in Place,
They rend the World reſiſtleſs where they paſs;
And mighty Marks of Miſchief leave behind,
Such is the Rage of their tempeſtuous Kind.
Firſt *Eurus* to the riſing Morn is ſent,
(The regions of the balmy Continent)

And Eaſtern Realms, where early *Perſians* run
To greet the bleſt Appearance of the Sun.
Weſtward the wanton *Zephyr* wings his Flight,
Pleas'd with the Remnant of departing Light.
Fierce *Boreas*, with his Off-ſpring iſſues forth
T' invade the frozen Waggon of the North:
While frowning *Auſter* ſeeks the Southern Sphere,
And rots with endleſs Rain th'unwholeſome Year. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Thus when the rival Winds their Quarrel try,
Contending for the Kingdom of the Sky,
South, Eaſt, and Weſt, on airy Courſes borne,
The Whirlwind gathers, and the Woods are torn:
Then *Nereus* ſtrikes the Deep, the Billows riſe,
And, mix'd with Ooze and Sand, pollute the Skies. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a Whirlwind, ruſhing to the Shore,
From the Mid-Ocean drives the Waves before;
The painful Hind, with heavy Heart foreſees
The flatted Fields, and Slaughter of the Trees. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when loud *Boreas*, with his bluſt'ring Train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the Main;
Where'er he flies, he drives the Wreck before,
And rolls the Billows on th'*Ægean* Shore. *Dryd. Virg.*

Like *Boreas* in his Race, when ruſhing forth
He ſweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North:
The waving Harveſt bends beneath his Blaſt,
The Foreſt ſhakes, the Groves their Honours caſt:
He flies aloft, and with impetuous Roar
Purſues the foaming Surges to the Shore. *Dryd. Virg.*

Fierce *Boreas* flies
To puff away the Clouds, and purge the Skies:
Serenely while he blows, the Vapours driv'n,
Diſcover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to Heav'n. *Dryd. Ovid.*

The South-Wind Night and Horror brings,
And Fogs are ſhaken from his flaggy Wings.
From his divided Beard two Streams he pours,
His Head and rheumy Eyes diſtil in Show'rs:
With Rain his Robe and heavy Mantle flow,
And lazy Miſts are louring on his Brow. *Dryd. Ovid.*

So Winds, while yet unfledg'd in Woods they lie,
In Whiſpers firſt their tender Voices try:
Then iſſue on the Main with bell'wing Rage,
And Storms to trembling Mariners preſage. *Dryd. Virg.*

As wintry Winds, contending in the Sky,
[W]ith equal Force of Lungs their Titles try:

They

They rage, they roar; the doubtful Rack of Heav'n
Stands without Motion, and the Tide undriv'n:
Each bent to conquer, neither Side to yield,
They long ſuſpend the Fortune of the Field. *Dryd. Virg.*

WINTER. See *Swallow, Year.*

No Graſs the Fields, no Leaves the Foreſts wear;
The frozen Earth lies bury'd there, below
A hilly Heap, ſev'n Cubits deep in Snow,
And all the Weſt Allies of ſtormy *Boreas* blow.
The Sun from far peeps with a ſickly Face,
Too weak the Clouds and mighty Fogs to chace,
When up the Skies he ſhoots his roſy Head,
Or in the ruddy Ocean ſeeks his Bed.
Swift Rivers are with ſudden Ice conſtrain'd,
And ſtudded Wheels are on his Back ſuſtain'd;
An Hoſtry now for Waggons, which before
Tall Ships of Burden on its Boſom bore.
The brazen Cauldrons with the Froſt are flaw'd,
The Garment, ſtiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd:
With Axes firſt they cleave the Wine, and thence
By Weight the ſolid Portions they diſpenſe.
From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard,
Long Iceicles depend, and crackling Sounds are heard.
Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow,
Obſcure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.
The ſtarving Cattle periſh in their Stalls,
Huge Oxen ſtand inclos'd in wintry Walls
Of Snow congeal'd; whole Herds are bury'd there
Of mighty Stags, and ſcarce their Horns appear.
The dextrous Huntſman wounds not theſe afar
With Shafts or Darts, or makes a diſtant War
With Dogs, or pitches Toils to ſtop their Flight,
But cloſe engages in unequal Fight;
And while they ſtrive in vain to make their Way
Thro' Hills of Snow, and pitifully bray,
Aſſaults with Dint of Swords or pointed Spears,
And homeward on his Back the joyful Burthen bears.
The Men to ſubterranean Caves retire,
Secure from Cold, and croud the chearful Fire;
With Trunks of Elms and Oaks the Hearth they load,
Nor tempt th'Inclemency of Heav'n abroad.
Their jovial Nights in Frolicks and in Play
They paſs, to drive the tedious Hours away;

And their cold Stomachs with crown'd Goblets chear
Of windy Cyder, or of barmy Beer:
Such are the cold *Riphean* Race, and ſuch
The ſavage *Scythian*, and unwarlike *Dutch*;
Where Skins of Beaſts the rude Barbarians wear,
The Spoils of Foxes, and the furry Bear. *Dryd. Virg.*

Then when the fleecy Skies new-cloath the Wood, *(Virg.*
And Cakes of ruſtling Ice come rolling down the Flood. *Dryd.*

When gagg'd with Ice the Waves no longer roar,
But with ſtiff Arms embrace the ſilent Shore:
When naked Hills in frozen Armour ſtand. *Blac.*

Behold yon Mountain's hoary Height,
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
Again behold the Winter's Weight
Oppreſs the lab'ring Woods below;
And Streams with icy Fetters bound,
Benumb'd and cramp'd to ſolid Ground.
With well-heap'd Logs diſſolve the Cold,
And feed the genial Heat with Fires;
Produce the Wine that makes us bold,
And ſprightly Wit and Love inſpires:
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his Care, provide. *Dryd. Hor.*

WISDOM. See *Prudence.*

Wiſdom's too froward to let any find
Truſt in himſelf, or Pleaſure in his Mind;
She takes by what ſhe gives; her Help deſtroys:
She ſhakes our Courage, and diſturbs our Joys. *How. Ind. Queen.*

How prone to Doubt and Cautions are the Wiſe,
Who, vers'd in Fortune, fear the flatt'ring Show,
And taſte not half the Bliſs the Gods beſtow. *Pope Hom.*

Wiſdom's an Evenneſs of Soul,
A ſteddy Temper which no Cares controul,
No Paſſions ruffle, no Deſires inflame;
Still conſtant to itſelf, and ſtill the ſame. *Oldh.*

The Wiſe and Active conquer Difficulties
By daring to attempt them: Sloth and Folly
Shiver and ſhrink at Sight of Toil and Hazard,
And make th'Impoſſibility they fear. *Rowe Amb. Stepm.*

But Wiſdom is to Sloth too great a Slave,
None are ſo buſy as the Fool and Knave. *Dryd. Med.*

Vain Boaſt of Wiſdom,
That with fantaſtick Pride, like buſy Children,

Build

Builds Paper-Towns and Houſes, which at once (*Stepm.*
The Hand of Chance o'erturns, and looſely ſcatters. *Row. Amb.*

WISHES. See *Content.*

Look round the habitable World, how few
Know their own Good, or, knowing it, purſue!
How void of Reaſon are our Hopes and Fears!
What in the Conduct of our Life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But when we have our Wiſh, we wiſh undone?
Whole Houſes of their whole Deſires poſſeſt,
Are often ruin'd at their own Requeſt.
In Wars and Peace Things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own Deſire *Dryd. Juv.*
So blind we are, our Wiſhes are ſo vain, (*Alamode.*
That what we moſt deſire, proves moſt our Pain. *Dryd. Mar.*
With Laurels ſome have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the Depths of Eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable Stream were drown'd.
Some aſk for envy'd Pow'r, which publick Hate
Purſues, and hurries headlong to their Fate.
All wiſh the dire Prerogative to kill; (*Juv.*
Ev'n they would have the Pow'r, who want the Will. *Dryd.*
'Tis plain from hence, that what our Vows requeſt
Are hurtful Things, or uſeleſs at the beſt. *Dryd. Juv.*
Such is the gloomy State of Mortals here,
We know not what to wiſh, nor what to fear. *Dryd.*
We go aſtray
In ev'ry Wiſh, and know not how to pray:
For he who graſp'd the World's exhauſted Store,
Yet never had enough, but wiſh'd for more;
Rais'd a top-heavy Tow'r of monſtrous Height, (*Juv.*
Which mould'ring, cruſh'd him underneath the Weight. *Dryd.*
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of Will?
Muſt we not wiſh, for fear of wiſhing ill?
Receive my Counſel, and ſecurely move;
Entruſt thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring Wiſdom ſees thee want.
In Goodneſs, as in Greatneſs, they excel:
Oh! that we lov'd our ſelves but half ſo well! *Dryd. Juv.*

WIT.

A thouſand diff'rent Shapes it bears,
Comely in thouſand Shapes appears.
'Tis not a Tale, 'tis not a Jeſt,
Admir'd with Laughter at a Feaſt;
Nor florid Talk, which can this Title gain:
The Proofs of Wit for ever muſt remain.
'Tis not to force ſome lifeleſs Verſes meet,
With their five gouty Feet:
All ev'ry where, like Man's, muſt be the Soul,
And Reaſon the inferior Pow'rs controul.
Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each Part,
That ſhews more Coſt than Art.
'Tis not when two like Words make up one Noiſe,
(Jeſts for *Dutch* Men, and *Engliſh* Boys)
In which, who finds out Wit, the ſame may ſee
In Anagrams and Acroſtick-Poetry.
Much leſs can that have any Place,
At which a Virgin hides her Face;
Such Droſs the Fire muſt purge away: 'Tis juſt
The Author bluſh there, where the Reader muſt.
'Tis not ſuch Lines as almoſt crack the Stage,
When *Bajazet* begins to rage:
Nor a tall Metaphor in the Bombaſt Way,
Nor the dry Chips of ſhort-lung'd *Seneca*:
Nor upon all Things to intrude,
And force ſome odd Similitude.
What is it then, which, like the Pow'r divine,
We only can by Negatives define?
In a true Piece of Wit all Things muſt be,
Yet all Things there agree:
As in the Ark, join'd without Force or Strife,
All Creatures dwelt, all Creatures that had Life.
Or as the primitive Forms of all,
Which without Diſcord and Confuſion die,
In that ſtrange Mirrour of the Deity. *Cowl.*

'Tis not a Flaſh of Fancy, which ſometimes
Dazling our Minds, ſets off the ſlighteſt Rhimes:
Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done;
True Wit is everlaſting, like the Sun. *Norm.*

True Wit is Nature to Advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;

Something,

Something, whoſe Truth convinc'd at firſt we find,
That gives us back the Image of our Mind. *Pope.*
Unhappy Wit, like moſt miſtaken Things,
Attones not for that Envy which it brings:
In Youth alone its empty Praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd Vanity is loſt.
Like ſome fair Flow'r the early Spring ſupplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which moſt our Cares employ?
The Owner's Wife, that other Men enjoy;
Still moſt our Trouble, when the moſt admir'd;
The more we give, the more is ſtill requir'd:
The Fame with Pains we gain, but loſe with Eaſe;
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the Vicious fear, the Virtuous ſhun,
By Fools 'tis hated, and by Knaves undone! *Pope.*
Wit, like a luxuriant Vine,
Unleſs to Virtue's Prop it join,
Firm and erect tow'rd Heaven bound,
Tho' it with beauteous Leaves and pleaſant Fruit be crown'd,
It lies deform'd and rotting on the Ground. *Cowl.*
Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
When more of Nature's ſeen, and leſs of Art. *Prior.*
Wit, like Tierce Claret, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no Uſe at all;
But in its full Perfection of Decay,
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in Play. *Roch.*
Unequally th'impartial Hand of Heav'n
Has all but this one only Bleſſing giv'n.
In Wit alone't has been munificent,
Of which ſo juſt a Share to each is ſent,
That the moſt Avaritious are content.
For none e'er thought (the due Diviſion's ſuch)
His own too little, or his Friend's too much. *Roch.*
Great Wits are ſure to Madneſs near ally'd, (*Achit. Abſ. &c.*
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide. *Dryd.*
Great Wits and Valours, like great States,
Do ſometimes ſink with their own Weights.
Th' Extremes of Glory and of Shame,
Like Eaſt and Weſt become the ſame.
No *Indian* Prince has to his Palace
More Foll'wers than a Thief to th' Gallows. *Hud.*

W I T C H. See *Deſpair*, *Necromancer*.

What are theſe
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their Attire,
That look not like th'Inhabitants of the Earth,
And yet are on it? Live you, or are you ought
That Man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy Fingers laying
Upon her ſkinny Lips.
If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And ſee which Grain will grow, and which will not;
I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
To anſwer me:
Tho' you untie the Winds, and let 'em fight
Againſt the Churches; tho' the yeſty Waves
Confound and ſwallow Navigation up:
Tho' bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down;
Tho' Caſtles topple on their Warders Heads:
Tho' Palaces and Pyramids do ſlope
Their Heads to their Foundations:
Ev'n 'till Deſtruction ſicken, anſwer me. *Shak. Macb.*

The mumbling Beldam mutters thus her Charms.

On the Corner of the Moon
Hangs a vap'rous Drop profound,
I'll catch it e'er it come to Ground:
Which diſtill'd by magick Slights,
Shall raiſe artificial Sprights,
Thrice the brinded Cat has mew'd,
Twice and once the Hedg-pig whin'd:
Harpier cries, 'tis Time, 'tis Time:
Round about the Cauldron go,
In the poyſon'd Entrails throw:
Pour in Sow's Blood that has eat
Her nine Farrow: Greaſe that's ſweet
From the Murtherer's Gibbet throw
Into the Flame.
Toad, that under the cold Stone
Days and Nights has thirty one,
Swelter'd Venom ſleeping got,
Boil thou firſt i'th' charmed Pot.
Fillet of a fenny Snake
In the Cauldron boil and bake.
Eye of Neut, and Toe of Frog,
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog;

Adder's

Adder's Fork, and Blind-Worm's Sting,
Lizard's Leg, and Howlet's Wing,
For a Charm of pow'rful Trouble,
Like a Hell-broth boil and bubble.
Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witches Mummy, Maw and Gulph
Of the ravin'd Salt-Sea Shark,
Root of Hemlock, digg'd i'th' Dark;
Liver of blaſpheming *Jew*,
Gall of Goats, and Slips of Yeugh,
Sliver'd in the Moon's Eclipſe;
Noſe of *Turk*, and *Tartar*'s Lips;
Finger of Birth-ſtrangl'd Babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Gruel thick and ſlab:
Add thereto a Tyger's Chaldron
For th' Ingredients of our Cauldron.
Cool it with a Baboon's Blood,
Then our Charm is firm and good. *Shak. Macb.*

Smear'd with theſe pow'rful Juices, on the Plain
He howls a Wolf among the hungry Train;
And oft the mighty Negromancer boaſts,
With theſe to call from Tombs the ſtalking Ghoſts;
And from the Roots to tear the ſtanding Corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to diſtant Fields is born:
Such is the Strength of Spells. *Dryd. Virg.*

Pale *Phœbe*, drawn by Verſe, from Heav'n deſcends,
And *Circe* chang'd with Charms *Ulyſſes'* Friends.
Verſe breaks the Ground, and penetrates the Brake,
And in the winding Cavern ſplits the Snake;
Verſe fires the frozen Veins. *Dryd. Virg.*

Renown'd for magick Arts, her Charms unbind
The Chains of Love, or fix them on the Mind;
She ſtops the Currents, leaves the Channel dry,
Repels the Stars, and backward bears the Sky.
The yawning Earth rebellows to her Call,
Pale Ghoſts aſcend, and Mountain-Aſhes fall. *Dryd. Virg.*

I ſaw *Canidia* here, her Feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and looſe her flaky Hair;
With her fierce *Sagana* went ſtalking round,
Their hideous Howling ſhook the trembling Ground.
A Paleneſs, caſting Horror round the Place,
Sat dead and terrible on either's Face.

Their impious Trunks upon the Earth they caſt,
And dug it with their Nails in frantick Haſte:
A cole-black Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
And in the Pit they pour'd the reeking Gore.
By this they forc'd the tortur'd Ghoſts from Hell;
And Anſwers to their wild Demands compel.
Two Images they brought of Wax and Wool;
The Waxen was a little puling Fool,
A chidden Image, ready ſtill to ſkip,
Whene'er the woollen one but ſnapp'd his Whip:
On *Hecate* aloud this Beldam calls,
Tiſiphone as loud the other bawls.
A thouſand Serpents hiſs'd upon the Ground,
And Hell-hounds compaſs all the Garden round.
Behind the Tombs, to ſhun the horrid Sight, (*Hor.*
The Moon ſkulk'd down, or out of Shame or Fright. *Staff.*

Not uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
In ſecret, riding thro' the Air, ſhe comes,
Lur'd with the Smell of Infant-Blood to dance
With *Lapland* Witches, while the lab'ring Moon
Eclipſes at their Charms. *Milt.*

But ſee they're gone,
The Earth has Bubbles as the Waters have,
And theſe are ſome of them: They vaniſhed
Into the Air, and what ſeem'd corporal
Melted as Breath into the Wind. *Shak. Macb.*

WOLF.

So roams the nightly Wolf about the Fold,
Wet with deſcending Show'rs, and ſtiff with Cold;
He howls for Hunger, and he grins for Pain;
His gnaſhing Teeth are exercis'd in vain,
And, impotent of Anger, finds no Way
In his diſtended Paws to graſp the Prey.
The Mothers liſten, but the bleating Lambs
Securely ſwig the Dug beneath the Dams. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a Wolf, pinch'd by nocturnal Cold
And Hunger-ſtarv'd, ſcours round the lofty Fold;
He licks his rabid Jaws, and ſeems poſſeſs'd
Already of his Prey and bloody Feaſt.
He offers oft to enter, while the Lambs
Affrighted tremble round their bleating Dams. *Blac.*

As hungry Wolves, with raging Appetite,
Scour thro' the Fields, nor fear the ſtormy Night;

Their

Their Whelps at Home expect the promis'd Food,
And long to temper their dry Chaps in Blood. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a prowling Wolf,
Whom Hunger drives to ſeek new Haunts for Prey,
Watching where Shepherds pen their Flocks at Eve,
In hurdled Cotes, amid the Field ſecure,
Leaps o'er the Fence with Eaſe into the Fold. *Milt.*

So ſeizes the grim Wolf the tender Lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating Dam. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when the Wolf has torn a Bullock's Hide
At unawares, or ranch'd a Shepherd's Side;
Conſcious of his audacious Deed he flies,
And claps his quiv'ring Tail between his Thighs. *Dryd. Virg.*

Such Rage inflames the Wolf's wild Heart and Eyes,
Robb'd, as he thinks, unjuſtly of his Prize;
Whom unawares the Shepherd ſpies, and draws
The bleating Lamb from out his rav'nous Jaws.
The Shepherd fain himſelf he would aſſail,
But Fear above his Hunger does prevail:
He knows his Foe's too ſtrong, and muſt be gone;
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on. *Cowl.*

LYCAON turn'd into a Wolf.

The Tyrant in a Fright for Shelter gains
The neighb'ring Fields, and ſcours along the Plains:
Howling he fled, and fain he would have ſpoke,
But human Voice his brutal Tongue forſook;
About his Lips the gather'd Foam he churns,
And breathing Slaughter, ſtill with Rage he burns,
But on the bleating Flock his Fury turns,
His Mantle, now his Hide, with rugged Hairs,
Cleaves to his Back; a famiſh'd Face he bears,
His Arms deſcend, his Shoulders ſink away,
To multiply his Legs for Chace of Prey.
He grows a Wolf, his Hoarineſs remains,
And the ſame Rage in other Members reigns;
His Eyes ſtill ſparkle in a narrower Space,
His Jaws retain the Grin and Violence of Face. *Dryd. Ovid.*

ROMULUS and REMUS nurs'd by a Wolf.

The Cave of *Mars* was dreſs'd with moſſy Greens,
There by a Wolf were laid the martial Twins;
Intrepid on her ſwelling Dugs they hung,
The Foſter-Dam loll'd out her fawning Tongue;
They ſuck'd ſecure, while bending back her Head, *(Dryd. Virg.*
She lick'd their tender Limbs, and form'd 'em as they fed.

WOMAN.

Thou'rt Woman, a true Copy of the firſt,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curſt:
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd,
But your great Lord, the Devil, taught you Pride.
He too an Angel, 'till he durſt rebel,
And you are, ſure, the Stars that with him fell.
Weep on! a Stock of Tears like Vows you have,
And always ready when you would deceive. *Otw. Don Carl.*

Oh Virtue! Virtue! what art thou become,
That Man ſhould leave thee for that Toy a Woman!
Made from the Droſs and Refuſe of a Man:
Heav'n took him ſleeping when he made her too; *Fry.*
Had Man been waking, he had ne'er conſented. *Dryd. Span.*

Out of my Sight, thou Serpent, that Name beſt
Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thy ſelf as falſe,
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy Shape,
Like his, and Colour ſerpentine, may ſhew
Thy inward Fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee. *Milt.*

Thy All is but a Show,
Rather than ſolid Virtue; all but a Rib,
Crooked by Nature. Oh! why did God,
Creator wiſe, that peopled higheſt Heav'n
With Spirits maſculine, create at laſt
This Novelty on Earth! this fair Defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men, as Angels, without Feminine,
Or find ſome other Way to generate Mankind? *Milt.*

Ah Traitreſs! ah Ingrate! ah faithleſs Mind!
Ah Sex invented firſt to damn Mankind!
Nature took Care to dreſs you up in Sin;
Adorn'd without, unfiniſh'd left within:
Hence by no Judgement you your Love direct;
Talk much, ne'er think, and ſtill the wrong affect.
So much Self-love in your Compoſure's mix'd,
That Love to others ſtill remains unfix'd.
Greatneſs, and Noiſe, and Shew, are your Delight:
Yet wiſe Men love you in their own Deſpight:
And finding in their native Wit no Eaſe,
Are forc'd to put your Folly on to pleaſe. *Dryd. Aurem.*

Intolerable Vanity! your Sex
Was never in the right: You're always falſe
Or ſilly; ev'n your Dreſſes are not more

Fantaſtick

Fantaſtick than your Appetites: You think
Of nothing twice: Opinion you have none:
To Day you're nice, To-morrow not ſo free;
Now ſmile, then frown, now ſorrowful, then glad,
Now pleas'd, now not, and all you know not why.
Virtue you affect; Inconſtancy you practice;
And when your looſe Deſires once get Dominion,
No hungry Churl feeds coarſer at a Feaſt;
Ev'ry rank Fool goes down. *Otw. Orph.*

The Sex was firſt in Mock'ry of us made;
They are the falſe deceitful Glaſſes, where
We gaze, and dreſs our ſelves to all the Shapes
Of Folly. What is't Woman cannot do?
She'll make a Stateſman quite forget his Cunning,
And truſt his deareſt Secrets to her Breaſt,
Where Fops have daily Entrance: Make a Prieſt,
Forgetting the Hypocriſy of 's Office,
Dance and ſhew Tricks, to prove his Strength and Brawn.
Make a Projector quibble; an old Judge
Put on falſe Hair and paint; and after all,
Tho' ſhe be known the lewdeſt of her Sex, *(Mar.*
She'll make ſome Fool or other think ſhe's honeſt. *Otw. C.*

For 'tis in vain to think to gueſs
At Women by Appearances:
That paint and patch their Imperfections
Of intellectual Complexions;
And dawb their Tempers o'er with Waſhes,
As artificial as their Faces. *Hud.*

Who can deſcribe
Their Affectation, Pride, Ill-nature, Noiſe,
Proneneſs to change, ev'n from the Joy that pleas'd them:
So gracious is their Idol, dear Variety,
That for another's Love they would forego
An Angel's Form to mingle with a Devil's.
Thro' ev'ry State and Rank of Men they wander,
'Till ev'n their large Experiance takes in all
The diff'rent Nations of the peopled Earth. *Rowe Amb. Stepm.*

Fatally fair they are, and in their Smiles
The Graces, little Loves, and young Deſires inhabit:
But all that gaze upon them are undone;
For they are falſe, luxurious in their Appetites,
And all the Heav'n they hope for is Variety.
One Lover to another ſtill ſucceeds;
Another, and another after that;

And

And the laſt Fool is welcome as the former;
Till having lov'd his Hour out, he gives Place, (*Fair Pen.*
And mingles with the Herd that went before him. *Rowe*

Methought ev'n now I mark'd the Starts of Guilt
That ſhook her Soul, tho' damn'd Diſſimulation
Skreen'd her dark Thoughts, and ſet to publick View
A ſpecious Face of Innocence and Beauty.
Oh falſe Appearance! What is all our Sov'reignty,
Or boaſted Pow'r, when they oppoſe their Arts?
Still they prevail, and we are found the Fools:
With ſuch ſmooth Looks, and many a gentle Word,
The firſt fair She beguil'd her eaſy Lord:
Too blind with Love and Beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal Snare;
Nor could believe that ſuch a heav'nly Face, (*Rowe Fair Pen.*
Had bargain'd with the Devil to damn her wretched Race.

Henceforth not name a Woman;
'Tis Treaſon to my Ear. They are
The Bane of Empire, and the Rot of Pow'r!
The Cauſe of all our Miſchiefs, Murders, Maſſacres!
What Seas of Blood they've ſpilt in former Ages?
Woman, that dooms us all to one ſure Grave,
And faſter damns than Providence can ſave. *Lee Conſtant.*

Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue cold;
But Womankind in Ills is ever bold. *Dryd. Juv.*

For Women, with a Miſchief to their Kind,
Pervert, with bad Advice, our better Mind:
A Woman's Counſel brought us firſt to Woe,
And made her Man his Paradiſe forego,
Where at Heart's-Eaſe he liv'd, and might have been
As free from Sorrow as he was from Sin:
For what the Devil had their Sex to do,
That, born to Folly, they preſum'd to know, (*and the Fox.*
And could not ſee the Serpent in the Graſs. *Dryd. The Cock*

Oh Woman, Woman, Woman! All the Gods
Have not ſuch Pow'r of doing Good to Men,
As you of doing Harm! *Dryd. All for Love.*

I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman!
Woman, the Fountain of all human Frailty!
What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A Woman!
Who was the Cauſe of a long ten Years War,
And laid at laſt old *Troy* in Aſhes? A Woman!
Who loſt *Mark Anthony* the World? A Woman!

De-

Deſtructive, damnable, deceitful Woman!
Woman, to Man firſt as a Bleſſing given,
When Innocence and Love were in their Prime;
Happy a while in Paradiſe they lay;
But quickly Woman long'd to go aſtray:
Some fooliſh new Adventure needs muſt prove,
And the firſt Devil ſhe ſaw, ſhe chang'd her Love;
To his Temptations loudly ſhe inclin'd
Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind. *Otw. Orph.*

But I forget my ſelf, and rove
Beyond th' Inſtruction of my Love:
Forgive me, Fair! and only blame
Th' Extravagancy of my Flame;
Since 'tis too much at once to ſhow
Exceſs of Love and Temper too:
All I have ſaid that's bad and true,
Was never meant to aim at you. *Hud.*

Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made you
To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you.
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n;
Amazing Brightneſs, Purity, and Truth,
Eternal Joy, and everlaſting Love. *Otw. Ven. Preſ.*

Our Grandſire *Adam*, ere of *Eve* poſſeſs'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradiſe unbleſs'd,
With mournful Looks the bliſsful Scenes ſurvey'd,
And wander'd in the ſolitary Shade:
The Maker ſaw, took Pity, and beſtow'd *(and May.*
Woman, the laſt, the beſt Reſerve of God! *Pope Chau. Jun.*

Under how hard a Fate are Women born!
Priz'd to their Ruin, or expos'd to Scorn.
If we want Beauty, we of Love deſpair,
And are beſieg'd, like Frontier-Towns, if fair. *Wall.*

How hard is the Condition of our Sex,
Thro' ev'ry State of Life the Slaves of Man!
In all the dear delightful Days of Youth,
A rigid Father dictates to our Wills,
And deals out Pleaſure with a ſcanty Hand:
To his the Tyrant-Husband's Reign ſucceeds:
Proud with Opinion of ſuperiour Reaſon,
He holds domeſtick Buſineſs and Devotion,
All we are capable to know, and ſhuts us,
Like cloyſter'd Ideots, from the World's Acquaintance,
And all the Joys of Freedom. Wherefore are we

Born

Born with high Souls, but to aſſert our ſelves,
Shake off this wild Obedience they exact,
And claim an equal Empire o'er the World. *Rowe. Fair Pen.*

Unhappy Sex! whoſe Beauty is your Snare;
Expos'd to Trials, made too frail to bear. *Dryd. Auren.*

Women are govern'd by a ſtubborn Fate;
Their Love's inſuperable as their Hate;
No Merit their Averſion can remove,
No ill Requital can efface their Love. *Wall.*

For I who made them, know their inward State:
No Woman, once well-pleas'd, can throughly hate:
I gave 'em Beauty to ſubdue the Strong;
A mighty Empire! But it laſts not long:
I gave 'em Pride to make Mankind their Slave,
But in Exchange, to Men I Flatt'ry gave.
Th' offending Lover, when he loweſt lies,
Submits to conquer, and but kneels to riſe. *Dryd. Auren.*

[Spoken by *Jupiter.*

Why was I made with all my Sexes Softneſs,
Yet want the Cunning to conceal its Follies?
I'll ſee *Caſtalio*; tax him with his Falſhood;
Be a true Woman, rail, proteſt my Wrongs,
Reſolve to hate him, and yet love him ſtill. *Otw. Orph.*

A ſtrange diſſembling Sex we Women are,
Well may we Men, when we our ſelves deceive.
Long has my ſecret Soul lov'd *Troilus*:
I drunk his Praiſes from my Uncle's Mouth,
As if my Ears could ne'er be ſatisfy'd.
Why then, why ſaid I not, I love this Prince?
How could my Tongue conſpire againſt my Heart,
To ſay I lov'd him not? O childiſh Love!
'Tis like an Infant froward in his Play, *(Creſ.*
And what he moſt deſires, he throws away. *Shak. Troil. &*

Forbidding me to follow, ſhe invites me:
This is the Mould of which I made the Sex;
I gave them but one Tongue to ſay us Nay,
And two kind Eyes to grant. *Dryd. Amph.* Spoken by *Jupiter.*

Our thoughtleſs Sex is caught by outward Form
And empty Noiſe, and loves it ſelf in Man. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Hard Fate of Lovers, ſubject to our Laws!
Fools we muſt have, or elſe we cannot ſway,
For none But Fools will Womankind obey:
If they prove ſtubborn, and reſiſt our Will,
We exerciſe our Pow'r, and uſe 'em *ill*:

The

The paſſive Slave, that whines, adores, and dies,
Sometimes we pity, but we ſtill deſpiſe:
But when we doat, the ſelf-ſame Fate we prove,
Fools at the beſt, but double Fools in Love.
We rage at firſt with ill-diſſembled Scorn;
Then, falling from our Height, more baſely mourn;
And Man, th' inſulting Tyrant, takes his Turn,
Leaves us to weep for our neglected Charms,
And hugs another Miſtreſs in his Arms:
And that which humbles our proud Sex the moſt,
Of all our ſlighted Favours makes his Boaſt. *Dryd. Cleom.*

Some wiſh a Huſband Fool, but ſuch are curſt;
For Fools perverſe of Huſbands are the worſt:
All Women would be counted chaſte and wiſe;
Nor ſhould our Spouſes ſee, but with our Eyes:
For Fools will prate, and tho' they want the Wit
To find cloſe Faults, yet open Blots will hit:
Tho' better for their Eaſe to hold their Tongue;
For Womankind was never in the wrong:
So Noiſe enſues, and Quarrels laſt for Life, *(of Bath's Tale.*
The Wife abhors the Fool, the Fool the Wife. *Dryd. The Wife*

Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom you truſt,
So many of your Sex would not in vain
Of broken Vows and faithleſs Men complain.
Of all the various Wretches Love has made,
How few have been by Men of Senſe betray'd?
Convinc'd by Reaſon, they your Pow'r confeſs,
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bleſs, *(Fair Pen.*
And conſcious of your Worth, can never love you leſs. *Row.*

Women, like Summer-Storms, a while are cloudy;
Burſt out in Thunder, and impetuous Show'rs;
But ſtrait the Sun of Beauty dawns abroad,
And all the fair Horizon is ſerene. *Row. Tamerl.*

Women, to the brave an eaſy Prey, *(Arc.*
Still follow Fortune where ſhe leads the Way. *Dryd. Pal. &*

For Women born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud.
Who firſt the gen'rous Steed oppreſt,
Not kneeling did ſalute the Beaſt;
But with high Courage, Life, and Force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly Horſe. *Hud.*

Unwiſely

Unwiſely we the wiſer *Eaſt*
Pity, ſuppoſing them oppreſt,
With Tyrant's Force, whoſe Law is Will,
By which they govern, ſpoil, and kill;
Each Nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no leſs Rigour here.
Should ſome brave *Turk*, that walks among
His twenty Laſſes bright and young,
And beckons to the willing Dame,
Preferr'd to quench his preſent Flame,
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modeſt Guiſe, and ſilent Fear,
All to one Female Idol bend,
Whilſt her high Pride does ſcarce deſcend
To mark their Follies; he would ſwear
That theſe her Guards of Eunuchs were;
And that a more majeſtick Queen,
Or humbler Slaves, he had not ſeen. *Wall.*
For Women, you know, ſeldom fail,
To make the ſtouteſt Men turn Tail,
And bravely ſcorn to turn their Backs
Upon the deſp'rateſt Attacks. *Hud.*
They wound like *Parthians*, while they fly,
And kill with a retreating Eye;
Retire the more, the more we preſs,
To draw us into Ambuſhes. *Hud.*

WORDS.

Words are like Leaves, and where they moſt abound,
Much Fruit of Senſe beneath is rarely found. *Pope.*
Words with the Leaves of Trees Reſemblance hold
In this Reſpect, where every Year the old
Fall off, and new ones in their Places grow:
Death is the Fate of all Things here below.
If Man, and Nature's Works ſubmit to Fate,
Much leſs muſt Words expect a laſting Date:
Many, which we approve for current now,
In the next Age out of Requeſt will grow:
And others, which are now thrown out of Doors,
Shall be reviv'd, and come again in Force,
If Cuſtom pleaſe, from whom their Force they draw,
Which of our Speech is the ſole Judge and Law. *Oldh. Hor.*
In Words, as Faſhions, the ſame Rule will hold,
Alike fantaſtick if too new or old. *Pope.*

Words

Words are but Pictures of our Thoughts. *Dryd.*
His Words, replete with Guile,
Into her Heart too eaſy Entrance won. *Milt.*
In her Ears the Sound
Yet rung of his perſwaſive Words, impregn'd
With Reaſon, to her Seeming, and with Truth. *Milt.*
Teach me, ſome Pow'r, that happy Art of Speech,
To dreſs my Purpoſe up in gracious Words;
Such as may ſoftly ſteal upon her Soul,
And never waken the tempeſtuous Paſſions. *Row. Fair Pen.*

WORLD.

The World's a ſtormy Sea,
Whoſe ev'ry Breath is ſtrew'd with Wrecks of Wretches,
That daily periſh in it. *Rowe Amb. Stepm.*
Where ſolid Pains ſucceed our ſenſeleſs Joys, *Valent.*
And ſhort liv'd Pleaſures fleet like paſſing Dreams. *Roch.*
The World's a Wood, in which all loſe their Way,
Tho' by a diff'rent Path each goes aſtray. *Roch.*
The World's a Labyrinth, where unguided Men
Walk up and down to find their Wearineſs:
No ſooner have we meaſur'd, with much Toil,
One crooked Path, in Hope to gain our Freedom,
But it betrays us to a new Affliction. *Beau. Night-walker.*

WORMS. See *Creation.*

WOUNDS.

His Face and Limbs were one continu'd Wound;
Diſhoneſt, with lopt Arms the Youth appears,
Spoil'd of his Noſe, and ſhorten'd of his Ears. *Dryd. Virg.*
Then with a ſpeeding Thruſt his Heart he found;
The lukewarm Blood came ruſhing thro' the Wound,
And ſanguine Streams diſtain'd the ſacred Ground. *Dryd. Vir.*
Scars of Honour ſeam'd his manly Face. *Blac.*
With many a Wound ſhe made her Boſom gay,
Her Wounds, like Flood-gates, did themſelves diſplay,
Thro' which Life ran in ſcarlet Streams away. *Lee Nero.*
The yawning Wound
Guſh'd out a purple Stream, and ſtain'd the Ground. *Dry. Vir.*
The gaping Wound guſh'd out a crimſon Flood. *Dry. Vir.*
As when ſome ſtately Trappings are decreed
To grace a Monarch on his bounding Steed,

A Nymph

A Nymph in *Caria* or *Meonia* bred,
Stains the pure Iv'ry with a lively Red;
With eqnal Luſtre various Colours vie,
The ſhining Whiteneſs, and the *Tyrian* Dye:
So, great *Atrides!* ſhow'd thy ſacred Blood, *(Hom.*
As down thy Snowy Thigh diſtill'd the ſtreaming Flood. *Pope*
Like dumb Mouths, his Wounds
Open'd their ruby Lips. *Shak. Jul. Cæſ.*
There *Duncan* lay;
His ſilver Skin lac'd with his golden Blood,
And his gaſh'd Stabs look'd like a Breach in Nature
For Ruin's waſteful Entrance. *Shak. Mach.*
Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars and Sorrows,
Yet could I make this wither'd Arm do Wonders;
And open in an Enemy ſuch Wounds,
Mercy would weep to look on. *Roch. Valent.*
They made bare their Breaſts,
Lac'd with long Scars and ſtudded o'er with Thruſts,
The noble Wardrobe of the ſcarlet War. *Lee Mithr.*
He bar'd his Breaſt, and ſhew'd his Scars,
As of a furrow'd Field, well plough'd with Wars. *Dryd. Ovid.*
Cloſe by each other laid, they preſs'd the Ground,
Their manly Boſoms pierc'd with many a grieſly Wound,
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But ſome faint Signs of feeble Life appear;
The wand'ring Breath was on the Wing to part, *(& Arc.*
Weak was the Pulſe, and hardly heav'd the Heart. *Dryd. Pal.*

WRETCH.

Look who comes here! a Grave unto a Soul:
Holding th' eternal Spirit 'gainſt her Will,
In the vile Priſon of afflicted Breath. *Shak. K. John.*
To be a Dog, and dead,
Were Paradiſe to ſuch a State as his;
He holds down Life, as Children do a Potion,
With ſtrong Reluctance, and convulſive Strugglings:
While his Misfortunes preſs him to diſgorge it. *Rowe Tamerl.*
To know no Thought of Reſt, to have the Mind
Still miniſtring freſh Plagues, as in a Circle,
Where one Diſhonour treads upon another:
What know the Fiends beyond it! *Rowe Tamerl.*
There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity,
But's happier far than me; for I have known
The luſcious Sweets of Plenty; ev'ry Night

Have

Have ſlept with ſoft Content about my Head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful Morning;
Yet now muſt fall, like a full Ear of Corn, (*Ven. Preſ.*
Whoſe Bloſſoms 'ſcap'd, but's wither'd in the Rip'ning. *Otw.*
Then looking on the neighb'ring Woods, we ſaw
The ghaſtly Viſage of a Man unknown:
An uncouth Feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Afflictions foul and terrible Diſmay
Sate on his Looks: His Face impair'd and worn
With Marks of Famine, ſpeaking ſore Diſtreſs;
His Locks were tangled, and his ſhaggy Beard
Matted with Filth. *Add. Virg.*
Then from the Wood there bolts before our Sight,
Somewhat, betwixt a Mortal and a Spright;
So thin, ſo ghaſtly, meagre, and ſo wan,
So bare of Fleſh, he ſcarce reſembled Man.
This Thing all tatter'd was; ſhaggy his Beard:
His Cloaths were tagg'd with Thorns, and Filth his Limbs
(beſmear'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

YEAR.

Perceiv'ſt thou not the Proceſs of the Year:
How the four Seaſons in four Forms appear,
Reſembling human Life in ev'ry Shape they wear?
Spring firſt, like Infancy, ſhoots out her Head,
With milky Juice requiring to be fed;
Helpleſs, tho' freſh, and wanting to be led.
The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,
But only feeds with Hope the Farmer's Eyes.
Then laughs the childiſh Year with Flowrets crown'd,
And laviſhly perfumes the Fields around.
But no ſubſtantial Nouriſhment receives;
Infirm the Stalks, unſolid are the Leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the Year began;
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man:
This Seaſon, as in Men, is moſt replete
With kindly Moiſture and prolifick Heat.
Autumn ſucceeds, a ſober tepid Age,
Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown Locks repine to mix with odious Grey.
Laſt, Winter ſweeps along with tardy Pace;
Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his Face.
His Scalp, if not diſhonour'd quite of Hair, (*Ovid.*
The ragged Fleece is thin, and thin is worſe than bare. *Dryd.*

YOUTH.

YOUTH.

The Spring of Life. The Bloom of gawdy Years.
Before the tender Nerves had ſtrung his Limbs,
And knotted into Strength. *Shak. Troil. & Creſ.*

Then, paſt a Boy, the callow Down began
To ſhade my Chin, and call me firſt a Man. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Down of Manhood on his Face appears,
And bloomy Beauty grac'd his youthful Years. *Blac.*

Youth does a thouſand Pleaſures bring,
Which from decrepid Age will fly,
Sweets that wanton i'th' Boſom of the Spring,
In Winter's cold Embraces die. *Congr.*

Secure thoſe golden early Joys,
That Youth, unſour'd with Sorrows, bears;
E'er with'ring Time the Taſte deſtroys,
With Sickneſs and unwieldy Years.

For active Sports, for pleaſing Reſt,
This is the Time to be poſſeſs'd!
The beſt is but in Seaſon beſt.

The pointed Hour of promiſ'd Bliſs,
The pleaſing Whiſper in the Dark,
The half-unwilling willing Kiſs,
The Laugh that guides thee to the Mark,
When the kind Nymph would Coyneſs feign,
And hides but to be found again,
Theſe, theſe are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain. *Dryd. Hor.*

In Youth alone unhappy Mortals live;
But ah! the mighty Bliſs is fugitive:
Diſcolour'd Sickneſs, anxious Labours come,
And Age, and Death's inexorable Doom. *Dryd. Virg.*

All the good Wine of Life our drunken Youth devours,
Sourneſs and Lees, which to the Bottom ſink,
Remain for latter Years to drink;
Until ſome one, offended with the Taſte, *Cowl.*
The Veſſel breaks, and out the wretched Reliques run at laſt.

The Roſe is fragant, but it fades in Time,
The Vi'let ſweet, but quickly paſt the Prime.
White Lillies hang their Heads, and ſoon decay,
And whiter Snow in Minutes melts away:
Such, and ſo with'ring is our blooming Youth. *Dryd. Theoc.*

Grief ſeldom joyn'd with blooming Youth is ſeen;
Can Sorrow be where Knowledge ſcarce has been;

Fortune

Fortune does well for heedleſs Youth provide,
But Wiſdom does unlucky Age miſguide. *How. Ind. Queen.*

ZEAL.

Zeal is the pious Madneſs of the Mind. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*
And Confidence in Sin, when mix'd with Zeal,
Seems Innocence, and looks to moſt as well. *Cree. Juv.*

Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant;
And Independants to profeſs
The Doctrine of Dependances:
Turns meek and ſneaking ſecret Ones
To Raw-heads fierce, and Bloody Bones,
And not content with endleſs Quarrels
Againſt the Wicked and their Morals,
The *Ghibilins*, for want of *Guelfs*,
Divert their Rage upon themſelves. *Hud.*

ZONES.

Five Girdles bind the Skies: The torrid Zone
Glows with the paſſing and repaſſing Sun.
Far on the Right and Left th' Extremes of Heav'n
To Froſts, and Snows, and bitter Blaſts are giv'n.
Betwixt the Midſt and theſe the Gods aſſign'd
Two habitable Seats for Human-kind:
And croſs their Limits cut a ſloping Way,
Which the twelve Signs in beauteous Order ſway:
Two Poles turn round the Globe: One ſeen to riſe
O'er *Scythian* Hills, and one in *Libyan* Skies.
The firſt ſublime in Heav'n: The laſt is whirl'd
Below the Regions of the nether World.
Around our Pole the ſpiry *Dragon* glides,
And, like a wand'ring Stream, the *Bears* divides:
The *leſs* and *greater*, who by Fate's Decree
Abhor to dive beneath the ſouthern Sea.
There, as they ſay, perpetual Night is found,
In Silence brooding on th'unhappy Ground:
Or when *Aurora* leaves our northern Sphere,
She lights the downward Heav'n, and riſes there.
And when on us ſhe breathes the living Light,
Red *Veſper* kindles there the Tapers of the Night. *Dry. Virg.*

And

And as five Zones th' Æthereal Regions bind,
Five correſpondent are to Earth aſſign'd;
The Sun, with Rays directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle Zone.
The two beneath the diſtant Poles complain
Of endleſs Winter, and perpetual Rain.
Betwixt th' Extremes two happier Climates hold
The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold. *Dryd. Ovid.*

FINIS.





A DICTIONARY OF RHYMES.

Quelque ſujet qu' on traite, ou plaiſant ou ſublime,
Que toûjours le bon ſens s' accorde avec la Rime;
L'un l'autre vainement ils ſemblent ſe häir,
La Rime eſt un eſclave, & ne doit qu'obëir.
Lors qu' à la bien chercher d' abord on s'evertüe,
L'eſprit à la trouver aiſement s'habitüe;
Au joug de la Raiſon ſans peine elle flêchit,
Et, loin de la gêner, la ſert & l'enrichit.
Mais lors qu'on la néglige, elle devient rebelle,
Et pour la ratraper le ſens court aprés elle.

BOILEAU.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year MDCCXVIII.

A DICTIONARY OF RHYMES.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 MAY 68

THE PREFACE.

THIS *Dictionary contains a Collection of ſuch Words only, as both for their Senſe and Sound, are judg'd moſt proper for the Rhymes of Heroick Poetry.*

For which Reaſon are omitted,

I. *All Burleſque Words, and ſuch whoſe Signification can be employ'd only in Subjects of Drollery.*

II. *All uncommon Words, and that are of a generally unknown Signification; as the Names of Diſtempers that are unuſual; moſt of the Terms of Arts and Sciences; all proper Names, both of Perſons and Places; together with all pedantick hard Words, whoſe Sound is generally as harſh and unpleaſing as their Senſe is dark and obſcure.*

III. *All baſe, low Words; by which I mean ſuch as are never met with but in the Mouth of the Vulgar, and never us'd, either in Converſation or Writing, by the better and more polite Sort of People. The* French *call them,* Des Mots Bas, *but our Language ſcarce allows us a Term to diſtinguiſh them: And if any ſuch are inſerted, the Reaſon is, becauſe they are us'd in a Figurative, as well as in their proper Signification: Thus* Starch *properly ſignifies only that which Landreſſes uſe, to ſtiffen Linen; in which Senſe it can hardly find Place in an Heroick Poem; but in its Figurative it may: For 'tis us'd to expreſs an Action done with Affectation, and we ſay a* Starch 'd, *for a formal, ſtiff, affected Perſon. Therefore I have not omitted it, nor any of the like Nature.*

IV. *All obſolete, ſpurious, and miſcompounded Words, which are unworthy the Dignity of Style requir'd in an Heroick Poem;* Cujus Dictio debet eſſe perfecta & abſoluta.

V. *All the Words that ought not to end a Verſe; as the Particles* An, And, As, Of, The, *&c. together with all the*

Words of more than three Syllables, that have their Accent upon the fourth Syllable from the laſt; as Diſſoluteneſs, Niggardlineſs, Vindicated, *and the like, whoſe Accent being ſo far remov'd from their final Syllable, they ought never to end a Verſe in any Sort of Poetry whatſoever.*

VI. *The Terminations that have not more than one Word, that can be employ'd to end a Verſe in Heroick Poetry. Thus becauſe there are no Words that rhyme to* Badge, *but* Fadge *and* Cadge; *the firſt of which is a Low Word, and the laſt very uncommon, being a Term in Falconry, and known but to a few, the Termination* ADGE *is entirely omitted.*

VII. *All the Words that end in Mute* E, *preceded by the Liquid* L, *and another Conſonant; as thoſe in* BLE, CLE, DLE, &c. *For, beſides that moſt of them are double Rhymes, all which, as ſhall be ſaid hereafter, are excluded this Dictionary, the Sound of their laſt Syllable is ſo very weak and languiſhing, that the Verſes that end in any of them, can never be graceful in the Delivery, nor pleaſing to the Ear.*

VIII. *Almoſt all the Words that are compounded with any of the Particles,* Out, Re, *or* Un; *for they may not only be eaſily form'd from their Simples, which are to be found under their reſpective Terminations, but are ſo very numerous in our Language, that to have inſerted them, would have increas'd this Dictionary to a far greater Bulk than the Volume would permit: For this laſt Reaſon, and for that they are ſeldom imploy'd at the End of Verſes, moſt of the Polyſyllables in* AL, ANCE, ANT, ATE, ENCE, ENT, ESS, OUS, *and* Y, *preceded by a Conſonant, which are the Terminations with which our Language moſt abounds, have found no Place here. As have not likewiſe (becauſe they are all double Rhymes) any of the Words in* ION, *or of the Polyſyllables in* ING, *of both which there is an infinite Number. This Dictionary would likewiſe have been ſwell'd to a much larger Volume, had the ſame Words been inſerted ſeveral times, according to its different Significations. As* Beam, *a great Piece of Timber in Building;* Beam *of a Coach or Waggon;* Beam *of a Stag;* Beam *of a Ballance;* Beam *or Ray of Light,* &c. *Fearing therefore to be too prolix in a Work of this Nature, I have omitted them. However, the Words, which, tho' written alike, differ both in Senſe and Sound, are inſerted ſeverally, according to their various Pronounciations. Thus* Bow *is plac'd twice under the Termination* OW: *Firſt, among thoſe whoſe* W *is ſilent, as* Crow, Grow, *&c. and then among thoſe whoſe* W *is ſounded; as* Cow, Vow, *&c. Among the*

the firſt 'tis a Noun, and ſignifies the Weapon ſo call'd, and ſeveral other Things; among the laſt, a Verb, to Bow *or Bend.*

IX. *All the Terminations that contain only Derivative Words. Thus becauſe there are no Words that end in AILD, but the Participles of the Verbs in AIL, the Termination AILD is omitted; it being eaſy to find all the Words of thoſe Rhymes, by looking for the Termination of their Primitives: For Example, to find the Rhymes to* Prevail'd, *conſider it to be the Participle of the Verb* Prevail, *whoſe Termination is AIL.* See *AIL, and you ſhall find* Hail, Sail, Bewail, *and all the other Verbs of that Rhyme, whoſe Participles are the only Words that rhyme to* Prevail'd.

X. *Laſtly, the Terminations ASM, ISM, and OSM; not only becauſe they contain none but uncommon Words, deriv'd from the* Greek, *but only becauſe they properly belong to the double Rhymes; all which, as well as moſt of the treble, are, for the Reaſons alledg'd in* The Rules for making Verſes, *omitted in this Collection: Which, as I ſaid before, is compos'd of a ſelect Number of ſuch uſual Words as are of the beſt Senſe, and that for the Agreeableneſs of their Sound are moſt proper to be employ'd in the Rhymes of Heroick Verſe.*

Thus having given a ſhort Account of the Words omitted in this Dictionary; it will be neceſſary to ſay ſomething of the Method and Diſpoſition of thoſe that are contain'd in it.

In looking for a Word, conſider the five Vowels A, E, I, O, U; and begin at the Vowel that precedes the laſt Conſonant of the Word: For Example, to find Perſwade, *and the Words that rhyme to it, D is the laſt Conſonant, A the Vowel that precedes it, look for ADE, and you will find* Made, Fade, Invade, *and all the other Words of that Rhyme.*

In like manner, if a Word end in two or more Conſonants, begin at the Vowel that immediately precedes the firſt of them: For Example, Land; *N is the firſt of the final Conſonants, A the Vowel that precedes it.* See *AND, and you find* Band, Stand, Command, *&c.*

But if a Diphthong, that is to ſay, two or more Vowels together, precedes the laſt Conſonant or Conſonants of a Word, begin at the firſt of thoſe two Vowels: Thus, to find the Rhymes to Diſdain, *look not for IN, but for AIN, and you will find* Brain, Chain, Gain, *&c.*

To find a Word that ends in a Diphthong, preceded by a Conſonant; begin only at the firſt Vowel of the Diphthong: For Example, to find the Rhymes to Subdue, *look for UE, and you will find* Clue, Due, Enſue, *&c.*

And the Words that end in a ſingle Vowel, preceded by a Conſonant, are found by looking for that Vowel only: Except always the Words that end in Mute E, which are conſtantly found by the ſame Method that has been already preſcrib'd for finding the Rhymes to Perſwade, *whoſe final E is ſilent, and ſerves only to lengthen the Sound of the A in the laſt Syllable.*

Except alſo the Words in Y, which are plac'd under the Termination IE, not only becauſe their Sound is exactly the ſame, but alſo becauſe they may be indifferently written either with a Y or IE, as Dy *or* Die, Ly *or* Lie, Defy *or* Defie, *&c.*

The Words that rhyme ſtrictly one to another, tho' they differ in Orthography, are plac'd under the ſame Termination. Thus, the Words in AIGN, AIN, ANE, EIGN, and EIN, are plac'd together, becauſe their Terminations have exactly the ſame Sound: But as there are more Words in AIN, than in any other of thoſe Terminations, I have plac'd them all under AIN; and from their reſpective Terminations have referred thither.

The Verbs are only in the Infinitive, and the Nouns in the Singular; and from the Terminations to which any Tenſe, Perſon, or Participle of a Verb, or any Plural of a Noun rhymes, I have referr'd to the Termination of the Primitive of that Verb or Noun: For Example, after the Rhymes in AZE, I ſay, Alſo the third Perſon preſent of the Verbs, and Plural of the Nouns in AY, EIGH, and EY. *The Reader is deſir'd to ſee thoſe Terminations, and from the Primitive Words of them, As* Day, Ray, Delay, Neigh, Convey, *&c. he will eaſily form* Days, Rays, Delays, Neighs, Conveys, *&c. all which rhyme perfectly to the Words in AZE.*

So after the Rhymes in ADE, I ſay, Alſo the Participles of the Verbs in AY, EIGH, and EY. *See the Verbs of thoſe Terminations, and by forming their Participles, you find they all rhyme to the Words in ADE; as from* Play, Neigh, Convey, *&c.* Play'd, Neigh'd, Convey'd, *&c.*

I have obſerv'd the like Method thro' the whole Courſe of this Dictionary, as to all the regular Nouns and Verbs: But the Tenſes, Perſons, and Participles of all the Irregular Verbs, and Plurals of all the Irregular Nouns, are found under the ſeveral Terminations to which they rhyme. Thus, Fought, Sought, Thought, *are plac'd under OUGHT, without referring to IGHT, EEK, INK, the Termination of the Verbs* Fight, Seek, Think, *from whence they are deriv'd.* Men *is plac'd under EN, without referring to AN, the Termination of its Singular,* Man.

Obſerve

Obſerve therefore, that whenever I ſay Perſons, or Participles of Verbs, or Plurals of Nouns, I mean only of ſuch as are Regular in their Formation; the Irregular being always found under the Terminations to which they rhyme.

Obſerve alſo, that the Participles and Preterperfect Tenſes of all the Regular Verbs being exactly the ſame, whenever I had Occaſion to refer to them, I have made Choice of the Word Participle, rather than Preterperfect Tenſe.

Some Words are plac'd twice, becauſe they are pronounc'd differently, as Draught; *which* Dryden *rhymes both to the Words in AFT, and OUGHT; and therefore I have put it under both thoſe Terminations.*

But as there are ſeveral Words, whoſe Terminations, tho' different in Writing, are pronounc'd alike; ſo there are others that agree in Orthography, but differ in Sound. Thus the Words in ASE have two different Sounds; ſome of them are pronounc'd like ACE, others like AZE; the firſt of which I have plac'd under ACE, the latter under AZE, and from the Termination ASE have referr'd to the two other.

The Words in OVE have three different Sounds, as Love, Prove, Rove; *and though they are all plac'd under their own Termination, yet they do not in Strictneſs rhyme to one another. Therefore to diſtinguiſh them from each other, a little Space is left in the Printing between the different Rhymes.*

There are alſo ſeveral other Terminations of the like Nature, whoſe different Sounds are diſtinguiſh'd in like manner.

I have already ſaid, that all the Double and moſt of the Treble Rhymes are omitted in this Alphabet; yet by obſerving the Method I am going to propoſe, the greateſt Part of the Double Rhymes may be diſcover'd.

Moſt of our Double Rhymes conſiſt in derivative Words, and terminate either in ED, ER, ES, EST, ING, or LY.

Derivative Words are thoſe that are form'd from Primitives, which muſt be either Verbs or Nouns. The Primitive of a Verb is the Infinitive; the Primitive of a Noun is the Nominative Singular.

Now all the Derivative Words, whoſe Primitives are accented on the laſt Syllable, and that are form'd by the Increaſe of a Syllable to their Primitives, thereby become Double Rhymes.

For it is a Rule, (and I think without any Exception) That all Derivatives ſtill retain the Accent of their Primitives, that is to ſay, on the ſame Syllable: From whence it follows, that the Accent that was on the laſt Syllable of a Primitive, or

Original Word, muſt be on the laſt ſave one of its Derivative, if it be form'd by the Increaſe of a Syllable to its Primitive; from whence it conſequently follows, that ſuch a Derivative muſt be a Double Rhyme: For Example, to Evade, *and to* Ariſe *are Primitives, accented upon the laſt Syllable, and therefore are Single Rhymes;* Evading *and* Ariſing *are Gerunds form'd from them by adding the Syllable ING, and being accented on the laſt ſave one, thereby become Double Rhymes. Now to find the Rhymes to* Evading, *conſider it to be a Derivative, and ſee the Termination of its Primitive, which is ADE; and the Gerunds of all the Verbs of that Rhyme, that are accented on the laſt Syllable, muſt neceſſarily rhyme to* Evading: *As from* Fade, Wade, Perſwade, *&c.* Fading, Wading, Perſwading, *&c. In like manner to find the Rhyme to* Ariſing, *ſee ISE, and you will find* Adviſe, Chaſtiſe, Deſpiſe, *and many other; whoſe Gerunds all rhyme to* Ariſing; *as* Adviſing, Chaſtiſing, *&c.*

The Obſervation of this Rule only will lead you to the Diſcovery of an infinite Number of Double Rhymes: For all the Verbs of the Engliſh *Tongue, whether Regular or Irregular, and of what Termination ſoever they be, form their Gerunds by adding the Syllable* Ing *to the Infinitive; and therefore if their Infinitives rhyme, their Gerunds muſt of Conſequence do ſo too; and if their Infinitives be accented on the laſt Syllable, their Gerunds, by the Increaſe of the Syllable* Ing, *are accented on the laſt ſave one, and thus become Double Rhymes.*

The Double Rhymes in ED are generally only the Participles of the Regular Verbs; of which there are two Sorts: One that will admit of an Eliſion of the E that precedes their Conſonant, and one that will not.

Thoſe that will admit of an Eliſion, always ought to be us'd ſo, and it is a Fault to make Loved *two Syllables, and* Amazed *three, by which Means they become Double Rhymes; inſtead of* Lov'd, *which is but one Syllable, and* Amaz'd, *which is but two, and both of them Single Rhymes.*

Thoſe that will not ſuffer the like Eliſion, and conſequently are Double Rhymes, are only the Participles of the Regular Verbs that end in D or T, or in Mute E preceded by D or T, as from the Verbs to Land, Grant, Perſwade, *and* Hate, *are form'd the Participles* Landed, Granted, Perſwaded, Hated: *Which will not admit of ſuch an Eliſion, and therefore are Double Rhymes.*

The Method of finding the Rhymes to theſe Words, is the ſame as has been already preſcrib'd for finding the Rhymes to the Words in ING, that is to ſay, by ſeeking the Terminations of the Infinitives, from whence they are form'd; which are AND, ANT, ADE, ATE.

Many

Many of the Double Rhymes in ER, *are either the Comparative Degree of Adjectives, and form'd by adding* ER *to their Poſitive, or Nouns Verbal form'd by the Addition of* ER *to their Infinitive: For Example, to find a Rhyme to* Plainer, *the Comparative of* Plain, *ſee the Termination of the Poſitive, which is* AIN, *and you will find the Verb to* Gain, *from whence is form'd the Noun Verbal* Gainer; Vain, *from whence the Comparative* Vainer; Profane, *from whence* Profaner, *&c.*

The like Method may alſo be obſerv'd for finding the Double Rhyme in ES, EST, *and* LY.

Thoſe in ES, *conſiſt of the Third Perſon Preſent of the Verbs, and of the Plural Numbers of the Nouns whoſe final Letters are* CE, CH, GE, S, SE, SH, X, *or* ZE, *and that are form'd by adding the Syllable* ES *to their Primitive.*

Thoſe in EST, *conſiſt of the Superlative Degrees of Adjectives, form'd by adding* EST *to their Poſitives; and of the Second Perſon Preſent of Verbs form'd by adding* EST *to their Infinitive.*

Thoſe in LY, *conſiſt in Adverbs form'd from Adjectives, by adding the Syllable* LY *to their Poſitive.*

This Method may be alſo uſeful for finding of Rhymes to Original Words: For Example, to Morning, *which being accented on the laſt ſave one, is a Double Rhyme. See the Termination of that Syllable, which is* ORN, *and you will find* Scorn, Adorn, *&c. whoſe Gerunds are,* Scorning, Adorning, *&c.*

There are alſo ſeveral other Double Rhymes that conſiſt in Derivative Words, and may be found by the ſame Method. Of this Nature are ſeveral Participles in EN, *that are form'd irregularly; as* Given, Driven, *&c. from the Verbs in* IVE; Taken, Forſaken, *&c. from thoſe in* AKE; *and ſome others.*

As for the Treble Rhymes inſerted in this Dictionary; I have not retain'd them as ſuch, but as they rhyme to the Words accented upon the laſt Syllable; that is to ſay, to Single Rhymes: Thus Tenderneſs *rhymes as well to* Confeſs, *as to* Slenderneſs. Piety *to* Charity *and* Juſtify, *as well as to* Satiety. *But the Reaſon why moſt of the Treble, and all the Double Rhymes are omitted, may be ſeen in* The Rule for making Verſes. *And ſo much for the Matter and Method of the following Alphabet. It may now be expected that I ſhould ſay ſomething of the Uſefulneſs of it.*

And here I will not pretend that it is a Work of ſuch a Nature, as can be of any farther Uſe to the Publick in general, than as it may be a Help and Eaſe to thoſe Perſons who apply themſelves to the making Engliſh *Verſes: And they, I preſume, will reap ſome Advantage by it; ſince in a Moment, and with-*

out Trouble, *they may here find* Words, *that for a conſiderable Space of* Time *their* Thoughts *have, perhaps, in vain been labouring to recover.*

An Inſtance of this we daily meet with in Converſation; *where we often find our ſelves at a Loſs for a* Word *to expreſs our* Meaning: *Nay, ſometimes for the* Names *of* Perſons *with whom we are converſant enough, and more than perſonally acquainted.*

Beſides, I dare almoſt affirm, that the Difficulty *of finding* Rhymes, *has been the unlucky Cauſe that has frequently reduc'd even the beſt of our* Poets *to take up with ſuch as have ſcarce any* Conſonance, *or* Agreement *in* Sound.

Rhyme is generally allow'd to be the chief Ornament *of* Verſification *in any of the* Modern Languages; *and therefore the more exact we are in the* Obſervation *of it, the greater* Applauſe *our* Productions *of that* Nature *will deſervedly challenge and find.*

The Italians, *the* Spaniards, *and the* French, *and among them* Men *eminent for their* Learning *and* Parts, *have not thought their* Time *miſpent in compoſing* Dictionaries *that contain all the* Words *of their* Languages, *diſpos'd* Alphabetically *according to their ſeveral* Rhymes, *and which have been printed in all* Volumes, *and receiv'd with general* Approbation.

But if after this, and much more that might be added in Defence *of ſuch a* Work, *any ſhould be of* Opinion *that my* Time *has been thrown away in this* Compoſition; *to ſuch I freely confeſs, that while I was about it, I often reflected on the* Operoſe nihil agit *of* Seneca, *and apply'd it to my ſelf.*

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A

DICTIONARY of Rhymes.

AB.

BLAB
Crab
Stab
Scab

ACE

Brace
Chace
Face
Grace
Lace
Mace
Pace
Place
Race
Trace
Apace
Deface
Efface
Disgrace
Displace
Misplace
Embrace
Grimmace
Interlace
Retrace

Base
Case
Abase
Debase
Enchase

ACH.

Ach
Attach
Detach

ACK

Back
Black
Crack
Hack
Knack
Lack
Pack
Quack
Rack
Sack
Slack
Smack
Snack
Stack
Tack
Track
Wrack
Attack

ACT.

Act
Tract
Attract
Abstract
Compact
Contract
Detract
Distract
Enact
Extract
Exact
Protract
Substract
Transact
Cataract

And the Participles of the Verbs in ACK.

AD.

Add
Bad
Clad
Gad
Glad
Had
Lad
Mad
Sad
Pad

ADE

Blade
Fade
Glade
Jade
Made
Shade
Spade
Trade
Wade
Degrade
Dissuade
Evade
Invade
Perswade
Blocade
Brigade
Cavalcade
Masquerade
Renegade
Retrograde
Serenade
Ambuscade
Cannonade
Palisade

Aid
Braid
Maid
Afraid
Upbraid

And the Participles of the Verbs in AY, EY, and EIGH.

AFE.

Chafe
Safe
Vouchsafe

AFF.

Chaff
Draff
Graff
Quaff
Staff
Engraff
Epitaph
Cenotaph
Paragraph
Laugh

AFT.

Aft
Abaft
Craft
Graft
Raft
Shaft
Waft
Draught
Ingraft
Handicraft

And the Participles of the Verbs in AFF and AUGH.

AG.

Bag
Brag
Drag
Flag
Gag
Jag
Hag
Lag
Nag
Stag
Swag
Snag
Tag
Wag

AGE.

Age
Cage
Gage
Page
Rage
Sage
Stage
Swage
Wage
Aſſwage
Engage
Diſengage
Enrage
Preſage
Appennage
Concubinage
Heritage
Hermitage
Parentage
Perſonage
Paſturage
Patronage
Pilgrimage
Villanage
Equipage

AID. See *ADE.*
AIGHT. v. *ATE*
AIGN. v. *ANE.*

AIL.

Ail
Bail
Fail
Flail
Frail
Hail
Jail
Mail
Nail
Pail
Rail
Quail
Sail
Tail
Trail
Wail
Aſſail
Avail
Bewail
Detail
Entail
Prevail
Retail
Countervail

Ale
Bale
Dale
Gale
Hale
Male
Pale
Sale
Scale
Stale
Tale
Vale
Whale
Impale
Exhale
Regale
Nightingale
Veil

AIM. See *AME.*

AIN.

Blain
Brain
Chain
Drain
Fain
Gain
Grain
Lain
Main
Pain
Plain
Rain
Slain
Sprain
Stain
Strain
Swain
Train
Vain
Again
Abſtain
Amain
Attain
Complain
Contain
Conſtrain
Detain
Diſdain
Diſtrain
Enchain
Entertain
Explain
Maintain
Obtain
Ordain
Pertain
Refrain
Regain
Remain
Reſtrain
Retain
Suſtain
Appertain
Daign
Arraign
Campaign
Soveraign
Feign
Reign

Vein
Rein

Bane
Cane
Crane
Fane
Lane
Mane
Plane

Vane

Vane
Wane
Profane
Hurricane.

AINT.

Faint
Paint
Plaint
Quaint
Saint
Taint
Acquaint
Attaint
Complaint
Conſtraint
Reſtraint

Feint
Teint

AIR. v. *ARE.*
AISE. v. *AZE.*
AIT. v. *ATE.*
AITH. v. *ATH.*
AIZE. v. *AZE.*

AKE.

Ake
Bake
Brake
Cake
Drake
Flake
Lake
Make
Quake
Rake
Sake
Shake
Slake
Snake
Stake
Take
Wake
Awake
Betake
Spake
Forſake
Miſtake
Partake
Overtake
Undertake
Beſpake.

AL.

Cabal
Canal
Animal
Admiral
Cannibal
Capital
Cardinal
Comical
Conjugal
Corporal
Criminal
Critical
Feſtival
Funeral
General
Hoſpital
Interval
Liberal
Madrigal
Literal
Magical
Mineral
Myſtical
Muſical
Natural
Original
Paſtoral
Pedeſtal
Perſonal
Phyſical
Poetical
Political
Principal
Prodigal
Prophetical
Rational
Satirical
Reciprocal
Rhetorical
Several
Temporal
Tragical
Tyrannical
Carnival
Schiſmatical
Whimſical
Arſenal

There are many Words of this Termination; but as they are ſeldom us'd to end Verſes, 'tis needleſs to inſert them.

ALD.

Bald
Scald
Emerald

And the Participles of the Verbs in ALL.

ALE. See *ALL.*

ALF.

Calf
Half
Behalf

ALK.

Balk
Chalk
Stalk
Talk
Walk
Calk
Hawk

ALL.

All
Ball
Call
Fall
Gall
Hall
Pall
Shall
Small
Stall
Tall
Thrall
Wall
Appall
Befall
Enthrall
Foreſtall
Inſtall
Miſcall
Recall

Caul
Bawl
Brawl
Crawl
Scrawl
Sprawl
Squawl

ALM.

Calm
Balm
Pſalm
Qualm
Becalm
Embalm

Alms, which rhymes to the Plurals of the Nouns, and 3d Perſons Preſent of the Verbs of this Termination.

ALT.

Halt
Malt
Salt
Exalt
Revolt
Fault
Vault
Aſſault
Default

ALVE.

Calve
Salve

AM.

Am
Cram
Dam
Dram
Ham
Ram
Swam
Anagram
Epigram
Dam
Lamb

AME.

Blame
Came
Dame
Fame
Flame
Frame
Game
Lame
Name
Same
Shame
Tame
Defame
Inflame
Miſname
Became
Misbecame
Overcame

Aim
Claim
Maim
Acclaim
Declaim
Diſclaim
Exclaim
Proclaim
Reclaim

AMP.

Camp
Champ
Damp
Stamp
Lamp
Decamp
Encamp

AN.

Ban
Bran
Can
Clan
Fan
Man
Pan
Plan
Ran
Scan
Span
Tan
Began
Trepan
Unman
Foreran
Partiſan
Artiſan
Pelican
Caravan
Courteſan
Swan
Wan

Theſe two ſometimes rhyme to the Words in ON.

ANCE.

Chance
Dance
Glance
Lance
Trance
Prance
Intrance
Advance
Romance
Miſchance
Complaiſance
Circumſtance
Countenance
Deliverance
Conſonance
Diſſonance
Extravagance
Ignorance
Inheritance
Intemperance
Maintenance
Exorbitance
Ordinance
Concordance
Sufferance
Suſtenance
Temperance
Utterance
Arrogance
Vigilance

Expanſe
Inhanſe

ANCH.

Branch
Lanch
Blanch
Ranch
Hanch
Stanch

AND.

Band
Brand
Grand
Hand
Land
Rand
Sand
Stand
Strand
Wand
Command
Countermand
Demand
Disband
Expand
Gainſtand
Withſtand
Underſtand
Reprimand
Aland *Dryd.*
ANE. v. *AIN.*

ANG.

Bang
Fang
Gang
Hang
Pang
Tang
Twang
Harangue

ANGE.

Change
Range
Grange
Strange
Eſtrange
Arrange
Exchange
Interchange

ANK.

ANK.

Rank
Blank
Shank
Clank
Dank
Drank
Flank
Frank
Lank
Plank
Prank
Rank
Thank
Disrank
Mountebank
ANSE. See *ANCE.*

ANT.

Ant
Cant
Chant
Grant
Pant
Plant
Rant
Slant
Aslant
Complaisant
Displant
Enchant
Gallant
Implant
Recant
Supplant
Transplant
Absonant
Adamant
Arrogant
Combatant
Consonant
Cormorant
Protestant
Significant
Visitant
Covenant
Dissonant
Disputant
Elegant
Elephant
Exorbitant
Conversant
Extravagant
Ignorant
Insignificant
Inhabitant
Militant
Predominant
Sycophant
Vigilant
Petulant

AP.

Cap
Chap
Clap
Crap
Flap
Gap
Hap
Lap
Map
Pap
Rap
Sap
Scrap
Snap
Strap
Tap
Wrap
Enwrap
Mishap
Entrap

APE.

Ape
Cape
Chape
Gape
Grape
Rape
Scape
Scrape
Shape
Escape
APH. See *AFF.*

APSE.

Lapse
Elapse
Relapse
Perhaps

And the Plural of the Nouns and Third Person Present of the Verbs in AP.

APT.

Apt
Adapt

And the Participles of the Verbs in AP.

AR.

Bar
Car
Far
Gnar
Jar
Mar
Scar
Spar
Star
Tar
War
Afar
Debar
Unbar
Catarh
Particular
Perpendicular
Secular
Angular
Regular
Popular
Singular
Titular
Vinegar
Scimitar
Calendar
Colendar

ARB.

Barb
Garb

ARCE.

Farce
Scarce

And the Plural of the Nouns and Third Person Present of the Verbs in AR.

ARCH.

Arch
March
Parch
Starch
Countermarch

ARD.

Bard
Card
Guard
Hard
Lard
Nard
Shard
Yard
Bombard
Discard
Regard
Disregard
Interlard
Retard

And

And the Participles of the Verbs in AR.

Ward
Award
Reward

ARE.

Are
Bare
Blare
Care
Dare
Fare
Glare
Hare
Knare
Mare
Pare
Rare
Scare
Share
Snare
Spare
Square
Stare
Tare
Ware
Aware
Beware
Compare
Declare
Enſnare
Prepare

Air
Chair
Fair
Hair
Lair
Pair
Stair
Affair
Debonnair
Deſpair
Impair
Repair

Bear
Pear
Swear
Tear
Wear
Forbear
Forſwear

There
Were
Where
E'er
Ne'er
Elſewhere
What'er
Howe'er
Howſoe'er
Whene'er
Where-e'er

Heir
Coheir
Their
Theirs
Unawares

Which Rhyme to the Plurals of the Nouns and third Perſons preſent of the Verbs of this Termination.

ARF.

Scarf
Dwarf
Wharf

ARGE.

Barge
Charge
Large
Targe
Diſcharge
O'ercharge
Surcharge
Enlarge

ARK.

Ark
Bark
Cark
Clark
Dark
Lark
Mark
Park
Shark
Spark
Stark
Embark
Remark

ARL.

Gnarl
Snarl
Marl

ARM.

Arm
Barm
Charm
Farm
Harm
Alarm
Diſarm
Swarm
Warm

Theſe laſt Words rhyme to the Termination ORM.

ARN

Barn
Yarn

Warn
Fore-warn

Theſe two rhyme to the words in ORN.

ARP.

Carp
Harp
Sharp
Warp
Counterſcarp

ARSH.

Harſh
Marſh

ART.

Art
Cart
Dart
Hart
Mart
Part
Smart
Start
Tart
Apart
Depart
Impart
Diſpart
Counterpart
Heart

Thwart
Athwart

Theſe two rhyme to the words in ORT.

ARTH.

See EARTH.

ARVE.

Carve
Starve

AS *and* ASS.

Aſs
Braſs
Claſs

Glaſs

Glaſs
Graſs
Laſs
Maſs
Paſs
Alaſs
Amaſs
Cuiraſs
Repaſs
Surpaſs
Moraſs

Was
Has

ASE. *See* ACE *and* AZE.

ASH.

Aſh
Caſh
Claſh
Craſh
Daſh
Flaſh
Gaſh
Gnaſh
Haſh
Laſh
Plaſh
Raſh
Slaſh
Thraſh
Traſh
Quaſh
Waſh
Abaſh

ASK.

Aſk
Baſk
Caſk
Flaſk
Maſk
Taſk

ASP.

Aſp
Claſp
Gaſp
Graſp
Haſp
Waſp

AST.

Blaſt
Caſt
Haſt
Laſt
Maſt
Paſt
Vaſt
Faſt
Agaſt
Avaſt
Forecaſt
Overcaſt
Outcaſt
Repaſt

And the Participles of the Verbs in ASS.

ASTE.

Baſte
Chaſte
Haſte
Paſte
Taſte
Waſte
Diſtaſte

And the Participles of the Verbs in ACE.

AT.

Bat
Brat
Cat
Chat
Fat
Flat
Gnat
Hat
Mat
Pat
Plat
Rat
Sat
Sprat
That
Vat

Squat
What

These two may rhyme to the Termination OT.

ATCH.

Catch
Hatch
Latch
Match
Patch
Scratch
Smatch
Snatch
Thatch
Watch
Diſpatch

ATE.

Bate
Date
Fate
Gate
Grate
Hate
Late
Mate
Pate
Plate
Prate
Rate
Sate
Scate
Slate
State
Abate
Alate
Belate
Collate
Create
Debate
Dilate
Elate
Eſtate
Ingrate
Innate
Rebate
Relate
Sedate
Tranſlate
Abdicate
Abominate
Abrogate
Accelerate
Accommodate
Accumulate
Accurate
Adequate
Affectionate
Advocate
Adulterate
Aggravate
Agitate
Alienate
Animate
Annihilate
Antedate
Anticipate
Antiquate
Arbitrate
Arrogate
Articulate
Aſſaſſinate
Calculate
Capitulate
Captivate
Celebrate

Celebrate
Circulate
Coagulate
Commemorate
Commiſerate
Communicate
Compaſſionate
Confederate
Congratulate
Congregate
Conſecrate
Contaminate
Corroborate
Cultivate
Candidate
Cooperate
Celibate
Conſiderate
Conſulate
Capacitate
Debilitate
Dedicate
Degenerate
Delegate
Deliberate
Denominate
Depopulate
Diſlocate
Deprecate
Diſcriminate
Derogate
Diſſipate
Delicate
Diſconſolate
Deſolate
Deſperate
Educate
Effeminate
Elevate
Emulate
Eſtimate
Elaborate
Equivocate
Eradicate

Evaporate
Exaggerate
Exaſperate
Expoſtulate
Exterminate
Extricate
Facilitate
Fortunate
Generate
Gratulate
Heſitate
Illiterate
Illuminate
Imitate
Immoderate
Impetrate
Importunate
Imprecate
Inanimate
Innovate
Inſtigate
Intemperate
Intimate
Intimidate
Intoxicate
Intricate
Invalidate
Inveterate
Inviolate
Irritate
Legitimate
Magiſtrate
Meditate
Mitigate
Moderate
Neceſſitate
Nominate
Obſtinate
Participate
Paſſionate
Penetrate
Perpetrate
Perſonate
Potentate

Precipitate
Predeſtinate
Predominate
Premeditate
Prevaricate
Procraſtinate
Profligate
Prognoſticate
Propagate
Recriminate
Regenerate
Regulate
Reiterate
Reprobate
Reverberate
Ruminate
Separate
Sophiſticate
Stipulate
Subjugate
Subordinate
Suffocate
Terminate
Tolerate
Temperate
Vindicate
Violate
Unfortunate

Bait
Plait
Strait
Wait
Await

Great
Freight
Eight
Streight
Weight
Height

Conceit
Deceit

Receipt

ATH.

Bath
Path

Wrath *v.* OTH.

Hath
Faith

ATHE.

Bathe
Swathe
Scathe
Rathe

AUB. *See* OB.

AUCE. *See* AUSE.

AUCH *See* OACH.

AUD

Fraud
Laud
Applaud
Defraud

Bawd

Broad
Abroad
And the Participles of the Verbs in AW.

AVE.

Brave
Cave
Gave
Grave
Crave
Have

Knave

Knave
Lave
Nave
Pave
Rave
Save
Shave
Slave
Stave
Wave
Behave
Deprave
Engrave
Outbrave
Forgave
Miſgave
Architrave

AUGH. v. *AFF.*

AUGHT.
See
OUGHT.

AULT.
See
ALT.

AUNCH.
Launch
Paunch

AUNSE.
See
ONSE.

AUNT.
Aunt
Gaunt
Flaunt
Jaunt
Haunt
Taunt
Vaunt

Avaunt

AUSE.

Cauſe
Clauſe
Pauſe
Applauſe
Becauſe

And the Plural of the Nouns and Third Perſon Preſent of the Verbs in AW.

AUST. v. OST.

AW.

Aw
Craw
Chaw
Daw
Claw
Draw
Flaw
Gnaw
Jaw
Law
Maw
Paw
Raw
Saw
Straw
Thaw
Withdraw
Foreſaw

AWD. v. AUD.
AWK. v. ALK.
AWL. v. ALL.

AWN.

Brawn
Dawn
Fawn
Pawn
Spawn
Drawn
Gnawn
Sawn
Yawn
Withdrawn
Lawn
Thawn

AX.

Ax
Flax
Tax
Wax
Lax
Relax

And the Plural of the Nouns and Third Perſon Preſent of the Verbs in ACK.

AY.

Bay
Bray
Clay
Day
Dray
Tray
Flay
Fray
Gay
Hay
Jay
Lay
May
Pay
Pray
Ray
Say
Slay
Spray
Splay
Stay
Stray
Sway
Way
Affray
Allay
Array
Aſtray
Away
Belay
Bewray
Betray
Decay
Defray
Delay
Diſarray
Diſplay
Diſmay
Eſſay
Forelay
Gainſay
Inlay
Relay
Repay
Withſay
Roundelay
Virelay
Neigh
Inveigh

Prey
Grey
They
Convey
Obey
Diſobey
Purvey
Survey

AZE.

Craze
Daze
Blaze
Gaze
Glaze
Maze
Raze

Raze Adays Phraſe ſon Preſent of
Amaze Raiſe Paraphraſe the Verbs in
Eraze Praiſe And the Plu- AY, EIGH, and
Imblaze Always ral of the Nouns EY.
Diſpraiſe and Third Per-

E *and* EA. *See* EE.

EACE *See* EASE.

EACH.
Beach
Bleach
Breach
Each
Peach
Preach
Leach
Teach
Appeach
Impeach
Miſteach

Beech
Leech
Speech
Beſeech

EAD. *See* EDE *and* EEd.

EAF. *See* IEF.

EAGUE.
League

Intrigue
Fatigue
Brigue

EAK.
Beak
Bleak
Break
Creak
Freak
Leak
Peak
Speak
Sneak
Steak
Squeak
Streak
Weak
Wreak
Beſpeak

Cheek
Creek
Leek
Meek
Reek
Seek
Peek, *or*
Pique
Screek
Sleek
Week
Shriek

AEL.
Deal
Heal
Meal
Peal
Seal
Steal
Teal
Veal
Weal
Zeal
Squeal
Anneal
Appeal
Conceal
Congeal
Repeal
Reveal

Eel
Heel
Feel
Keel
Kneel
Peel
Reel
Steel
Wheel

EALM.
See ELM.

EALTH.
Health
Stealth
Wealth
Common-wealth

EAM.
Beam
Bream
Cream
Dream
Gleam
Seam
Scream
Steam
Stream
Team
Deem
Seem
Teem
Beſeem
Miſdeem
Eſteem
Diſeſteem
Foredeem
Redeem
Phlegm
Scheme
Blaſpheme
Extreme
Supreme

EAN.
Bean
Clean
Dean
Glean
Lean
Mean
Wean
Yean
Demean
Unclean

Convene
Obſcene
Serene
Terrene
Intervene
Demeſne

Keen
Queen
Skreen
Seen
Green
Spleen
Between
Careen
Foreſeen
Mien
Machine

EANS.
See
ENSE.

EANT.
See
ENT.

EAP. *See* EEP. *and* EP.

EAR. *See* EER.

EARD.
Beard
Heard
Herd
Sherd

And the Participles of the Verbs in ER.

EARCH.
Search
Research
Perch

EARL.
Earl
Pearl
Girl

EARN.
See ERN.

EARSE.
See ERSE.

EART.
See ART.

EARTH.
Earth
Dearth
Hearth
Birth
Mirth

EASE.
Ceaſe
Leaſe
Greaſe
Deceaſe
Decreaſe
Encreaſe
Releaſe

Peace
Piece
Niece
Apiece

Frontiſpiece
Fleece
Geeſe

EASH.
See
ESH.

EAST.
Eaſt
Feaſt
Leaſt
Beaſt
Leſt
Prieſt

And the Participles of the Verbs in EASE.

EAT.
Beat
Bleat
Cheat
Eat
Feat
Heat
Meat
Neat
Seat
Pleat
Treat
Wheat
Compleat
Defeat
Eſcheat
Eſtreat
Intreat
Retreat

Feet
Fleet
Gleet
Greet
Meet
Sheet
Sleet
Street
Sweet
Diſcreet

Mete
Obſolete
Replete
Concrete

EATH.
Breath
Death

Heath
Sheath
Teeth

Breathe
Sheathe
Wreath

Inwreath
Bequeath
Seeth
Beneath
Underneath

EAVE.
Cleave
Heave
Leave
Weave
Bereave
Inweave
Interweave

Sleeve
Eve

Grieve
Thieve
Aggrieve
Atchieve
Believe
Diſbelieve
Relieve
Reprieve
Retrieve
Conceive
Deceive
Perceive
Receive

EB.
Ebb
Webb
Glebe

ECK.
Beck
Check
Deck
Neck
Peck
Fleck
Speck
Wreck

ECT.

Sect
Abject
Affect
Correct
Incorrect
Collect
Deject
Detect
Direct
Diſreſpect
Diſaffect
Diſſect
Effect
Elect
Eject
Erect
Expect
Indirect
Infect
Inſpect
Neglect
Object
Project
Protect
Recollect
Reflect
Reject
Reſpect
Select
Subject
Suſpect
Architect
Circumſpect
Dialect
Interlect

And the Participles of the Verbs in ECK.

ED.

Bed
Bled
Fed
Fled
Bred
Led
Red
Shed
Shred
Sped
Wed
Abed
Inbred
Miſled

Said
Bread
Dread
Dead
Head
Lead
Slead
Spread
Thread
Tread
Behead
O'erſpread
Maidenhead

EDE *v.* EED.

EDGE.

Edge
Fledge
Hedge
Ledge
Pledge
Sedge
Wedge
Alledge
Priviledge
Sacrilege
Sortilege

EE.

Bee
Fee
Free
Glee
Knee
Lee
See
Three
Thee
Tree
Agree
Alee
Decree
Degree
Diſagree
Foreſee
O'erſee
Pedigree
He
Me
We
She
Be
Jubile
Key
Flea
Pea
Plea
Sea

EECE.

See EASE.

EECH.

See EACH.

EED.

Creed
Bleed
Breed
Deed
Feed
Heed
Meed
Need
Reed
Speed
Seed
Steed
Weed
Exceed
Proceed
Succeed
Indeed

Concede
Impede
Intercede
Precede
Recede
Supercede

Bead
Knead
Lead
Mead
Plead
Read
Implead
Miſlead

EEF. *See* IEF.
EEK. *v.* EAK.
EEL. *v.* EAL.
EEM. *v.* EAM.
EEN. *v.* EAN.

EEP.

Creep
Deep
Keep
Peep
Sheep
Sleep
Steep
Sweep
Weep
Aſleep

Cheap
Heap

EER.

EER.

er
eer
eer
eer
eer
eer
ear
er
neer
er
eer
neer
eer
tveer
er
keer
omineer
ompeer
ngineer
Mutineer
ioneer
rivateer
harioteer
hanticleer
areer
Mountanier

ier
aſhiere

Chear
Clear
Dear
ear
ear
Hear
Near
Sear
Smear
Spear
Tear
Tear
Appear

Beſmear
Diſappear
Endear

Here
Sphere
Adhere
Cohere
Interfere
Perſevere
Revere
Auſtere
Severe
Sincere
Hemiſphere
Arrears, which rhymes to the Plurals of the Nouns, and 3d Perſons Preſent of the Verbs of this Termination.

EESE. *See* EEZE.

EET. *See* EAT.

EETH. *See* EATH.

EEVE. *See* EAVE.

EEZE.
Breeze
Freeze
Sneeze
Squeeze
Wheeze

Eaſe
Greaſe
Pleaſe
Teaze
Appeaſe
Diſpleaſe
Theſe
Frieze
Seize
Diſſeize
And the Plural of the Nouns, and 3d Perſon Preſent of the Verbs in EE.

Cleft
Deft
Left
Theft
Weft
Bereft

EG.
Egg
Beg
Dreg
Leg
Peg

EIGH. *v.* AY.
EIGHT. *See* ATE.
EIGN. *v.* AIN.
EIL. *v.* AIL.
EIN. *v.* AIN.

EINT. *See* AINT.
EIR. *v.* ARR.
EIT. *v.* ATE.
EIVE. *v.* EAVE.
EIZE. *See* EEZE.

ELL.
Bell
Cell
Dwell
Ell
Fell
Hell
Knell
Quell
Sell
Shell
Smell
Spell
Swell
Tell
Well
Yell
Befel
Compel
Diſpel
Excel
Expel
Foretel
Impel
Rebel
Repel
Refel
Cittadel
Infidel
Sentinel
Parallel

ELD.
Held
Geld
Upheld
Withheld
Beheld
And the Participles of the Verbs in EL.

ELF.
Elf
Pelf

Self

Self
Shelf
Himſelf

ELK.

Elk
Whelk

ELM.

Elm
Helm
Realm
Whelm
O'erwhelm

ELP.

Help
Whelp
Yelp

ELT.

Belt
Dealt
Dwelt
Felt
Melt
Pelt
Smelt
Welt

ELVE.

Delve
Helve
Twelve

ELVES.

Elves
Themſelves

And the Plural of the Nouns in ELF, and 3d Perſon preſent of the Verbs in ELVE.

EM.

Gem
Hem
Stem
Them
Diadem
Stratagem

EME. See *EAM.*

EMN.

Condemn
Contemn

EMPT.

Tempt
Attempt
Contempt
Exempt

EN.

Den
Hen
Fen
Ken
Men
Pen
Ten
Then
When
Wren
Denizen

ENCE.

Fence
Hence
Pence
Thence
Whence
Senſe
Defence
Expence
Offence
Pretence
Commence
Abſtinence
Circumference
Conference
Confidence
Conſequence
Continence
Benevolence
Concupiſcence
Difference
Diffidence
Diligence
Eloquence
Eminence
Evidence
Excellence
Impenitence
Impertinence
Impotence
Impudence
Improvidence
Incontinence
Indifference
Indigence
Indolence
Inference
Intelligence
Innocence
Magnificence
Munificence
Negligence
Omnipotence
Penitence
Preference
Providence
Recompence
Reference
Reſidence
Reverence
Vehemence
Violence

Cenſe
Senſe
Denſe
Condenſe
Immenſe
Intenſe
Propenſe
Diſpenſe
Suſpenſe
Prepenſe
Incenſe
Frankincenſe
Cleanſe

Alſo the Plural of the Nouns and 3d Perſon preſent of the Verbs in EN.

ENCH.

Bench
Clench
Drench
Quench
Stench
Tench
Trench
Wench
Wrench
Intrench
Retrench

END.

Bend
Blend
End
Fend
Lend
Mend
Rend
Send
Spend
Tend
Vend
Amend
Attend
Aſcend
Commend
Contend
Defend
Depend
Deſcend
Diſtend
Expend
Extend

Foreſend
Impend
Miſpend
Obtend
Offend
Portend
Pretend
Protend
Suſpend
Tranſcend
Unbend
Apprehend
Comprehend
Condeſcend
Diſcommend
Recommend
Reprehend
Dividend
Reverend

Friend
Befriend
Fiend

And the Particles of the Verbs in EN.

ENDS.

Amends. To which rhyme the Plurals of the Nouns, and Third Perſon Preſent of the Verbs in END.

ENE, *v.* EAN.

ENGE.

Avenge
Revenge

ENGTH.

Length
Strength

ENSE.

See.

ENCE.

ENT.

Bent
Dent
Lent
Pent
Rent
Scent
Sent
Shent
Spent
Tent
Vent
Went

Abſent
Meant
Aſcent
Aſſent
Attent
Augment
Cement
Conſent
Content
Deſcent
Diſſent
Event
Extent
Ferment
Foment
Frequent
Indent
Intent
Invent
Lament
Miſpent
O'erſpent
Preſent
Prevent

Relent
Repent
Reſent
Oſtent
Outwent
Unbent
Underwent
Miſcontent
Circumvent
Diſcontent
Repreſent
Abſtinent
Accident
Accompliſhment
Admoniſhment
Acknowledgement
Aliment
Arbitriment
Argument
Baniſhment
Battlement
Blandiſhment
Aſtoniſhment
Armipotent
Bellipotent
Benevolent
Chaſtiſement
Competent
Compliment
Confident
Continent
Corpulent
Detriment
Different
Diffident
Diligent
Diſparagement
Document
Eloquent
Eminent
Equivalent
Eſtabliſhment

Evident
Excellent
Excrement
Exigent
Experiment
Firmament
Fraudulent
Government
Imbelliſhment
Imminent
Impenitent
Impertinent
Implement
Impotent
Impriſonment
Improvident
Imprudent
Incident
Incompetent
Incontinent
Indifferent
Indigent
Innocent
Inſolent
Inſtrument
Intelligent
Irreverent
Languiſhment
Ligament
Lineament
Magnificent
Management
Medicament
Malecontent
Monument
Negligent
Nouriſhment
Nutriment
Occident
Omnipotent
Opulent
Ornament
Parliament
Penitent

Permanent
Pertinent
Preſident
Prevalent
Provident
Puniſhment
Raviſhment
Regiment
Reſident
Redolent
Rudiment
Sacrament
Sediment
Sentiment
Settlement
Subſequent
Supplement
Tenement
Temperament
Teſtament
Tournament
Turbulent
Vehement
Violent
Virulent
Accoutrements

Which rhymes to their Plurals.

EP.

Step
Leap
Reap

EPT.

Accept
Except
Intercept

And the Particles of Verbs in EP, and of ſome of the Verbs in EEP.

ER.

Err
Her
Aver
Defer
Infer
Deter
Interr
Referr
Transfer
Conferr
Prefer
Parterr
Adminiſter
Waggoner
Iſlander

Arbiter
Character
Villager
Cottager
Dowager
Forrager
Pillager
Voyager
Maſſacre
Gardiner
Slanderer
Flatterer
Idolater
Provender
Theatre
Amphitheatre
Foreigner
Lavender
Meſſenger
Paſſenger
Sorcerer
Interpreter
Officer
Mariner
Harbinger
Miniſter
Regiſter
Caniſter
Choriſter
Sophiſter
Presbyter
Lawgiver
Philoſopher
Aſtrologer
Loiterer
Priſoner
Graſshopper
Aſtonomer
Sepulchre
Thunderer
Traveller
Murderer
Uſurer

ERCH. See *EARCH.*

ERCE. See *ERSE.*

ERD. See *EARD.*

ERE. v. *EER.*

ERGE.

Abſterge
Verge
Emerge
Dirge

ERN.

Chern
Dern
Fern
Stern
Concern
Diſcern
Quern

Earn
Learn
Yearn

ERSE.

Herſe
Verſe
Abſterſe
Adverſe
Averſe
Converſe
Diſperſe
Immerſe
Perverſe
Reverſe
Traverſe
Aſperſe
Interſperſe
Univerſe
Rehearſe

Amerce
Coerce
Commerce

Fierce
Tierce
Pierce.

And the Plural of the Noun and Third Perſon Preſent of the Verbs in ER.

ERT.

Wert
Advert

Assert
Avert
Concert
Convert
Controvert
Desert
Divert
Expert
Insert
Invert
Pervert
Subvert

ERVE.

Serve
Nerve
Swerve
Conserve
Deserve
Observe
Preserve
Disserve
Subserve

ESS.

Bless
Cess
Chess
Dress
Ghess
Less
Mess
Press
Stress

Acquiesce
Access
Address
Assess
Compress
Confess
Cares
Depress
Digress
Dispossess
Distress
Excess
Express
Impress
Oppress
Possess
Profess
Recess
Repress
Redress
Success
Transgress
Adulteress
Bashfulness
Bitterness
Chearfulness
Comfortless
Comliness
Dizziness
Diocess
Drowsiness
Eagerness
Easyness
Embassadress
Emptiness
Evenness
Fatherless
Filthiness
Foolishness
Forgetfulness
Forwardness
Frowardness
Fruitfulness
Fulsomness
Giddiness
Greediness
Gentleness
Governess
Happiness
Haughtiness
Heaviness
Heinousness
Hoariness
Hollowness
Holiness
Idleness
Lasciviousness
Lawfulness
Laziness
Littleness
Liveliness
Loftiness
Lioness
Lowliness
Manliness
Masterless
Mightiness
Motherless
Motionless
Nakedness
Neediness
Noisomness
Numberless
Patroness
Peevishness
Perfidiousness
Pityless
Poetess
Prophetess
Ransomless
Readiness
Righteousness
Shepherdess
Sorceress
Sordidness
Spiritless
Sprightliness
Stubbornness
Sturdiness
Surliness
Steadiness
Tenderness
Thoughtfulness
Ugliness
Uneasiness
Unhappiness
Votaress
Usefulness
Wakefulness
Wantonness
Weaponless
Weariness
Willingness
Wickedness
Wilderness
Wretchedness
Drunkenness

ESE.
See
EEZE.

ESH.

Flesh
Fresh
Mesh
Threshh
Afresh
Refresh

ESK.

Desk
Grotesque
Burlesque

EST.

Best
Chest
Crest
Drest
Guest
Jest
Nest
Pest
Quest
Rest
Test
Vest
West
Arrest
Attest
Bequest

Bequeſt
Conteſt
Deteſt
Digeſt
Diveſt
Impreſt
Inveſt
Infeſt
Moleſt
Obteſt
Proteſt
Requeſt
Suggeſt
Unreſt
Intereſt
Manifeſt

Breaſt
Abreaſt

And the Participles of the Verbs in ESS.

ET.

Bet
Get
Jet
Fret
Let
Met
Net
Set
Spet
Wet
Whet
Yet

Debt
Abet
Beget
Beſet
Forget
Regret
Alphabet
Amulet
Anchoret
Cabinet
Epithet
Parapet
Rivulet
Violet
Coronet
Counterfeit

Sweat
Teat
Threat

ETCH.

Fetch
Stretch
Wretch
Sketch

ETE. v. *EAT*
EVE. v. *EAVE.*
EUM. See *UME.*

EW.

Blew
Brew
Chew
Drew
Ew
Flew
Grew
Knew
Hew
Jew
Mew
New
Strew
View
Threw
Yew
Crew
Hew
Lew
Anew
Aſkew
Bedew
Eſchew
Renew
Review
Withdrew
Interview

Clue
Cue
Due
Glue
Hue
Scrue
Sue
True
Accrue
Enſue
Endue
Imbrue
Imbue
Purſue
Subdue

Adieu
Purlieu
Perdue
Reſidue

EWD. See *EUD.*

EWN. See *UNE.*

EX.

Sex
Vex
Annex
Perplex
Convex
Complex
Circumflex

And the Plural Number of the Nouns, and Third Perſon Preſent of the Verbs in ECK.

EXT.

Next
Pretext

And the Participle of the Verbs in EX.

EY. See *AY.*

IB.

Bib
Crib
Drib
Glib
Nib
Rib
Squib

IBE.

Bribe
Scribe
Tribe
Aſcribe
Circumſcribe
Deſcribe
Imbibe
Inſcribe

Inſcribe
Preſcribe
Proſcribe
Subſcribe
Tranſcribe
Superſcribe

ICE.

Dice
Ice
Mice
Nice
Price
Rice
Slice
Spice
Thrice
Trice
Twice
Vice
Advice
Entice
Device

Artifice
Avarice
Cockatrice
Benefice
Cicatrice
Edifice
Orifice
Precipice
Prejudice
Sacrifice

Riſe
Conciſe
Paradiſe

ICH. v. ITCH.

ICK.

Brick
Chick
Kick
Lick
Nick
Pick
Quick
Sick
Slick
Thick
Trick
Arithmetick
Aſthmatick
Cholerick
Catholick
Flegmatick
Heretick
Rhetorick
Sciſmatick
Splenatick
Lunatick
Aſterick
Politick
Empirick

ICT.

Strict
Addict
Afflict
Convict
Inflict
Contradict
Interdict

And the Participles of the Verbs in ICK.

ID.

Bid
Chid
Hid
Kid
Lid
Slid
Rid
Beſtride
Forbid
Pyramid

Parricide
Homicide
Regicide

IDE.

Bide
Chide
Glide
Hide
Pride
Ride
Side
Slide
Stride
Tide
Wide
Bride
Abide
Guide
Aſide
Aſtride
Beſide
Beſtride
Betide
Subdivide
Confide
Decide
Deride
Divide
Preſide
Provide
Subſide
Miſguide

IDES.

Ides
Beſides

Which rhyme to the Plurals of the Nouns, Ally and Third Perſons of the Verbs of this Termination.

Bridge
Ridge
Abridge

IDST.

Midſt
Amidſt

IE. or Y.

By
Buy
Cry
Die
Dry
Eye
Fly
Fry
Fie
Hie
Ly
Pie
Ply
Pry
Rye
Shy
Sly
Spy
Sky
Sty
Tie
Try
Vie
Why

High
Nigh
Sigh
Thigh
Ally

Apply
Awry
Belie
Comply
Decry
Defie
Deſcry
Deny
Imply
Eſpy
Outvie
Outfly
Rely
Reply
Supply
Untie

Amplify
Beautify
Certify
Crucify
Deify
Dignify
Edify
Falſify
Fortify
Gratify
Glorify
Indemnify
Juſtify
Magnify
Modify
Mollify
Mortify
Pacifie
Petrify
Purify
Putrify
Pluriſy
Chymiſtry
Qualify
Ratify
Rectify
Sanctify

Satisfy
Scarify
Signify
Specify
Stupify
Terrify
Teſtify
Verify
Verſify
Vilify
Vitrify
Vivify

Academy
Apoſtacy
Conſpiracy
Confed'racy
Exſtaſy
Democraſy
Embaſſy
Fallacy
Legacy
Supremacy
Lunacy
Privacy
Piracy
Malady
Remedy
Tragedy
Comedy
Coſmography
Geography
Elegy
Certainty
Sov'reignty
Loyalty
Diſloyalty
Penalty
Caſualty
Ribaldry
Chivalry
Infamy
Conſtancy

Fealty
Cavalry
Bigamy
Polygamy
Vacancy
Inconſtancy
Infancy
Company
Dittany
Accompany
Tyranny
Villany
Anarchy
Monarchy
Lethargy
Incendiary
Infirmary
Library
Salary
Sanctuary
Votary
Auxiliary
Contrary
Diary
Granary
Roſemary
Urgency
Infantry
Knavery
Livery
Recovery
Robbery
Novelty
Antipathy
Apathy
Sympathy
Idolatry
Galaxy
Huſbandry
Cruelty
Enemy
Blaſphemy
Prophecy

Clemency
Decency
Emergency
Inclemency
Regency
Progeny
Energy
Poverty
Liberty
Property
Adultery
Artery
Artillery
Battery
Beggary
Bribery
Bravery
Delivery
Drudgery
Flattery
Gallery
Imag'ry
Lottery
Miſery
Myſtery
Nurſery
Railery
Slavery
Sorcery
Treachery
Diſcovery
Tapeſtry
Majeſty
Modeſty
Immodeſty
Honeſty
Diſhoneſty
Courteſie
Hereſy
Poeſie
Poetry
Secreſy
Leproſy

Perfidy
Subſidy
Drapery
Symmetry
Geometry
Drollery
Policy
Prodigy
Mutiny
Deſtiny
Scrutiny
Hypocriſy
Family
Ability
Acclivity
Avidity
Aſſiduity
Civility
Community
Concavity
Conſanguinity
Conformity
Congruity
Diuturnity
Facility
Falſity
Familiarity
Formality
Generoſity
Gratuity
Humidity
Abſurdity
Activity
Adverſity
Affability
Affinity
Agility
Alacrity
Ambiguity
Animoſity
Antiquity
Auſterity
Authority

Brevity
Calamity
Capacity
Captivity
Charity
Chaſtity
Civility
Credulity
Curioſity
Finery
Declivity
Deformity
Deity
Dexterity
Dignity
Diſparity
Diverſity
Divinity
Enmity
Enormity
Equality
Equanimity
Equity
Eternity
Extremity
Fatality
Felicity
Fertility
Fidelity
Frugality
Futurity
Gravity
Hoſtility
Humanity
Humility
Immanity
Immaturity
Immenſity
Immorality
Immunity
Immutability
Impartiality
Impoſſibility

Impetuoſity
Improbity
Inanity
Incapacity
Incivility
Inconrguity
Inequality
Indemnity
Infinity
Inflexibility
Inſtability
Invalidity
Jollity
Lenity
Lubricity
Magnanimity
Majority
Mediocrity
Minority
Mutability
Nicety
Perverſity
Perplexity
Perſpicuity
Poſterity
Privity
Probability
Probity
Propenſity
Rarity
Rapidity
Sagacity
Sanctity
Senſibility
Senſuality
Solidity
Temerity
Timidity
Tranquillity
Virginity
Viſibility
Univerſity
Trumpery

Apology
Genealogy
Etymology
Simony
Symphony
Soliloquy
Allegory
Armory
Factory
Pillory
Faculty
Treaſury
Uſury
Augury
Importunity
Impunity
Impurity
Inactivity
Inability
Incredulity
Indignity
Infidelity
Infirmity
Iniquity
Integrity
Laity
Liberality
Malignity
Maturity
Morality
Mortality
Nativity
Neceſſity
Neutrality
Nobility
Obſcurity
Opportunity
Partiality
Perpetuity
Poſterity
Priority
Prodigality
Proſperity

Quality
Quantity
Scarcity
Security
Severity
Simplicity
Sincerity
Solemnity
Sterility
Stupidity
Trinity
Vacuity
Validity
Vanity
Vivacity
Unanimity
Uniformity
Unity
Anxiety
Gayety
Impiety
Piety
Satiety
Sobriety
Society
Variety
Custody
Melody
Philosophy
Astronomy
Anatomy
Colony
Gluttony
Harmony
Agony
Gallantry
Canopy
History
Memory
Victory
Calumny
Injury
Luxury
Penury

Perjury
Usury
Industry

IECE. See *EASE.*

IEF.

Chief
Fief
Grief
Thief
Belief
Relief
Brief
Beef
Leaf
Sheaf
Deaf

IEGE.

Liege
Siege
Oblige
Disoblige
Assiege
Besiege

ELD.

Field
Shield
Wield
Yield
Afield

And the Participles of some the Verbs in EAL.

IEN. v. *EEN.*
IEND. v. *END.*
IERCE. See *EARCE.*
IEST. v. *EAST.*
IEVE. v. *EAVE.*

IEF.

Fife
Knife
Knife
Life
Rife
Strife
Wife

IFF.

Cliff
Skiff
Stiff
Whiff

IFT.

Drift
Gift
Lift
Rift
Sift
Shift
Thrift
Adrift

IG.

Big
Dig
Fig
Pig
Rig
Sprig
Twig
Swig

IGE. v. *IEGE.*
IGH. See *IE.*
IGHT. v. *ITE.*
IGN. v. *INE.*
IGUE. See *EAGUE.*

IKE.

Dike
Like
Pike
Spike
Strike
Alike
Dislike
Oblique

ILL.

Bill
Chill
Drill
Gill
Fill
Hill
Ill
Kill
Mill
Pill
Quill
Rill
Shrill
Skill
Spill
Still
Swill
Thrill
Till
Trill
Will
Distill
Fulfill
Instill
Camomil
Codicil
Daffadil
Volatil
Utensil

ILD.

Child
Mild
Wild

And

And the Participles of the Verbs in ILL.

ILE.
Bile
Chyle
File
Iſle
Mile
Pile
Smile
Style
Tile
Vile
While
Wile
Awhile
Compile
Defile
Exile
E'erwhile
Reconcile
Revile
Stile
Guile
Beguile

ILK.
Milk
Silk

ILT.
Gilt
Jilt
Hilt
Quilt
Guilt
Spilt
Stilt
Built
Tilt

ILTH.
Filth
Tilth

IM.
Brim
Dim
Grim
Him
Rim
Skim
Slim
Swim
Trim
Limb

IMB. See *IM.* and *IME.*

Chime
Clime
Climb
Crime
Lime
Prime
Mime
Rhyme
Time
Slime
Grime
Thyme
Sublime
Maritime

Betimes
Sometimes

Which rhyme to the Plurals of the Nouns, and Third Perſons Preſent of the Verbs of the preceding Termination.

IMN.
Hymn
Limn

Which may be rhym'd to thoſe in IM.

IMP.
Imp
Limp
Pimp
Gimp

IMPSE.
Glimpſe

Which rhymes to the Plurals of the Nouns, and Third Perſon Preſent of the Verbs of the foregoing Termination.

IN.
Chin
Din
Fin
Gin
Grin
In
Inn
Kin
Pin
Sin
Shin
Skin
Spin
Thin
Twin
Tin
Win
Begin
Within
Aſſaſſin
Javelin
Magazin

INCE
Mince
Prince
Quince
Rince
Since
Wince
Convince
Evince

INCH.
Clinch
Flinch
Inch
Pinch
Winch

INCT.
Diſtinct
Extinct
Inſtinct
Precinct
Succinct

And the Participles of ſome of the Verbs in INK.

IND.
Bind
Blind
Find
Hind
Kind

Kind
Grind
Mind
Rind
Wind
Behind
Unkind
Remind

And the Participles of the Verbs in INE.

Reſcind

Which rhymes to the Participles of the Verbs in IN.

INE.

Brine
Chine
Dine
Fine
Line
Mine
Nine
Pine
Shine
Shrine
Swine
Kine
Thine
Trine
Twine
Vine
Whine
Wine
Combine
Confine
Decline
Define
Divine
Incline
Inſhrine
Entwine
Opine
Calcine
Recline
Refine
Repine
Supine
Undermine
Countermine
Interline
Superfine

Concubine
Diſcipline
Feminine
Libertine
Maſculine
Magazine
Origine
Porcupine
Serpentine
Heroine

Theſe Polyſyllables in INE are often rhym'd to thoſe in IN.

Sign
Aſſign
Conſign
Deſign
Reſign

ING.

Bring
Cling
Fling
King
Ring
Sing
Sling
Spring
Sting
String
Swing
Wing
Wring
Thing

INGE.

Cringe
Fringe
Hinge
Singe
Springe
Swinge
Twinge
Infringe

INK.

Blink
Brink
Chink
Clink
Drink
Ink
Link
Pink
Shrink
Sink
Slink
Stink
Think
Bethink
Forethink

INT.

Dint
Flint
Hint
Lint
Mint
Print
Squint
Aſquint
Imprint

IP.

Chip
Clip
Dip
Drip
Hip
Lip
Nip
Rip
Scrip
Ship
Sip
Skip
Slip
Snip
Strip
Tip
Trip
Whip
Atrip
Equip
Elderſhip
Fellowſhip
Workmanſhip
Rivalſhip

IPE.

Gripe
Pipe
Ripe
Snipe
Type
Stripe
Wipe
Archetype
Prototype

IPSE.

Eclipſe

And

And the Plural of the Nouns and Third Person of the Verbs in IP.

Fryar

IR. See *UR.*

IRCH. See *URCH.*

IRD. v. *URD.*

IRE.

Gire
Dire
Fire
Ire
Lyre
Mire
Quire
Sire
Spire
Squire
Hire
Wire
Tire
Attire
Acquire
Admire
Aſpire
Conſpire
Deſire
Enquire
Intire
Expire
Inſpire
Require
Retire
Tranſpire

Nigher
Higher
Brier
Choire

IRL.

Girl
Whirl
Twirl

IRM.

Firm
Affirm
Confirm
Infirm

IRST. v. *URST.*

IRT. v. *URT.*

Girt
Skirt

IRTH.

Birth
Mirth

See EARTH.

IS *and* ISS.

Bliſs
Hiſs
His
Is
Kiſs
Miſs
This
Abyſs
Amiſs
Submiſs
Diſmiſs
Remiſs
Whizz

ISE. v. *ICE.* and *IZE.*

IRGE. v. *ERGE.*

ISH.

Diſh
Fiſh
Wiſh
Cuiſh

ISK.

Briſk
Friſk
Riſk
Whiſk
Diſk
Baſiliſk
Tamariſk

ISP.

Criſp
Liſp
Wiſp

IST.

Fiſt
Liſt
Miſt
Twiſt
Wriſt
Aſſiſt
Conſiſt
Deſiſt
Exiſt
Inſiſt
Perſiſt
Subſiſt
Alchymiſt
Amethyſt
Anatomiſt
Antagoniſt
Annaliſt
Antichriſt
Evangeliſt
Euchariſt
Exorciſt
Herbaliſt
Humouriſt
Oculiſt
Organiſt
Satiriſt

And the Participles of the Verbs in ISS.

IT.

Bit
Cit
Fit
Flit
Grit
Hit
Knit
Nit
Pit
Quit
Sit
Slit
Spit
Split
Twit
Whit
Wit
Writ
Admit
Acquit
Commit
Emit
Omit
Outwit
Permit
Remit
Submit
Tranſmit
Refit
Benefit
Perquiſit

ITCH.

Bitch

Ditch
Flitch
Hitch
Itch
Pitch
Stitch
Switch
Twitch
Witch
Bewitch

Nitch
Which
Rich
Enrich

ITE.

Bite
Blite
Cite
Kite
Mite
Quite
Rite
Smite
Spite
Trite
White
Write
Contrite
Diſunite
Deſpite
Endite
Invite
Excite
Incite
Polite
Requite
Recite
Unite
Reunite
Aconite
Appetite
Favourite
Hypocrite
Infinite
Paraſite
Proſelyte
Requiſite
Appoſite
Oppoſite
Exquiſite
Expedite

Blight
Benight
Bright
Fight
Flight
Fright
Hight
Height
Knight
Light
Might
Night
Plight
Right
Tight
Sight
Slight
Spight
Spright
Wight
Affright
Alight
Aright
Foreſight
Delight
Deſpight
Unfight
Upright
Bedight
Overſight

ITH.

Frith
Pith
Smith

ITHE.

Hithe
Blithe
Scythe
Tithe
Writhe
Lithe

IVE.

Gyve
Give
Hive
Dive
Drive
Rive
Swive
Strive
Thrive
Arrive
Connive
Contrive
Deprive
Derive
Alive
Revive
Survive

Live
Sive
Forgive
Outlive
Fugitive
Laxative
Narrative
Prerogative
Primitive
Senſitive
Vegetive
Affirmative
Alternative
Contemplative
Demonſtrative
Diminutive
Diſtributive
Donative
Inquiſitive
Lenitive
Negative
Perſpective
Poſitive
Preparative
Provocative
Purgative
Reſtorative

IX.

Six
Fix
Flix
Mix
Affix
Infix
Prefix
Transfix
Intermix
Crucifix

And the Plural of the Nouns and 3d Perſon Preſent of the Verbs in ICK.

IXT.

Betwixt which rhymes to the Participles of the preceding Termination.

ISE *and* IZE.

Prize

Riſe
Size
Wiſe
Guiſe
Diſguiſe
Adviſe
Authorize
Canonize
Chaſtiſe
Civilize
Comprize
Criticiſe
Deſpiſe
Deviſe
Enterprize
Exciſe
Exerciſe
Idolize
Immortalize
Premiſe
Reviſe
Signalize
Solemnize
Surprize
Suffice
Surmize
Sympathize
Tyrannize

And the Plural of the Nouns and 3d Perſon Preſent of the Verbs in IE and Y. See alſo ICE.

O. See *OO.* and *OW.*

OACH.

Broach
Coach
Poach
Abroach
Approach
Incroach
Reproach
Debauch

OAD. v. *AUD.* and *ODE.*
OAF. v. *OFF.*
OAK. v. *OKE.*
OAL. v. *OLE.*
OAM. v. *OME.*
OAN. v. *ONE.*
OAP. v. *OPE.*
OAR. v. *ORE.*
OARD. v. *ORD.*
OAST. v. *OST.*
OAT. v. *OTE.*
OATH. v. *OTH.*

Daub
Bedaub

OBE.

Globe
Lobe
Probe
Robe
Conglobe

OCE. v. *OSE.*

OCK.

Block
Clock
Crock
Cock
Dock
Frock
Flock
Knock
Lock
Mock
Rock
Shock
Stock

OB.

Fob
Knob
Mob
Rob
Sob
Throb

OCT.

Concoct

which rhymes to the Participiples of the Verbs in OCK.

OD.

Clod
God
Nod
Plod
Odd
Rod
Shod
Sod
Trod

ODE.

Bode
Mode
Ode
Rode
Strode
Abode
Corrode
Explode
Forebode
Incommode
Epiſode

Shrewd

Goad
Load
Road
Toad

OE. See *OW.*

OFF.

Scoff
Off

Cough
Trough

OFT.

Oft
Croft
Soft
Aloft

And the Participles of the Verbs in OFE.

OG.

Bog
Clog
Dog
Fog
Frog
Hog
Jog
Log
Agog

OGUE.

Rogue
Vogue
Diſembogue
Prorogue
Collogue

Dialogue
Epilogue

Epilogue
Synagogue
Catalogue
Pedagogue
The laſt rhyme alſo to the Words of the foregoing Termination.

OICE.

Choice
Voice
Rejoyce

OID.

Void
Avoid

And the Participles of the Verbs in OY.

OIL.

Boil
Broil
Coil
Foil
Moil
Oil
Soil
Spoil
Toil
Deſpoil
Imbroil
Recoil
Turmoil
Diſembroil

OIN.

Coin
Groin
Join
Loin
Adjoin
Conjoin
Disjoin
Injoin
Purloin
Rejoin
Subjoin

OINT.

Joint
Oint
Point
Anoint
Appoint
Diſappoint
Disjoint
Counterpoint

OISE.

Noiſe
Poiſe
Counterpoiſe

And the Plural of the Nouns and Third Perſon preſent of the Verbs in OY.

OIST.

Hoiſt
Moiſt
Rejoyc'd

OIT.

Coit
Exploit

OKE.

Broke
Choke
Smoke
Spoke
Stroke
Yoke
Beſpoke
Invoke
Provoke
Revoke
Choak
Cloak
Oak
Soak
Stroke

OL.

Loll
Extol
Capitol

OLD.

Bold
Cold
Fold
Gold
Hold
Mold
Old
Scold
Sold
Told
Behold
Infold
Unfold
Uphold
With-hold
Foretold
Manifold
Marygold

And the Participles of the Verbs in OLE.

OLE.

Bole
Dole
Jole
Hole
Mole
Pole
Sole
Stole
Whole
Shole
Cajole
Condole
Parole
Patrole
Piſtole
Coal
Foal
Soal
Goal
Soul
Bowl
Droll
Prowl
Roll
Scroll
Toll
Troll
Controll
Enroll

OLN.

Stoln
Swoln

OLT.

Bolt
Colt
Holt
Dolt
Molt
Jolt
Revolt
Thunderbolt

OLVE.

Solve
Abſolve
Convolve
Involve
Devolve
Diſſolve
Revolve

OM. v. *UM.*

OME.

Dome
Lome
Home
Tome
Foam
Roam
Comb

OMB. v. *OOM.*
OMPT.
v. *OUNT.*
ON. See *UN.*
On
Conn
Anon
Upon
Gone
Undergone
Amazon
Cinnamon
Comparison
Caparison
Garrison
Skeleton
Union
Juppon

OND.

Bond
Fond
Pond
Beyond
Abscond
Correspond
Despond
Vagabond
Diamond

ONE.

Bone
Drone
Crone
Prone
None
Stone
Shone
Tone
Lone
Throne
Zone
Alone
Attone
Enthrone
Dethrone

Postpone

Groan
Loan
Moan

Own
Groan
Shown
Sown
Blown
Known
Flown
Thown
Disown
O'erthrown

ONG.

Long
Prong
Song
Strong
Throng
Throng
Wrong
Along
Among
Belong
Prolong

ONCE.
See
UNCE.
ONGUE.
See
UNG.

ONK. v. *UNK.*

ONSE.

Sconse
Ensconse
Ascaunse

ONT.

Font
Front
Affront
Confront

Want

OO.

Coo
Shoo
Too
Woo
Do
Ado
Undo
Who
Thro'
You

OOD.

Brood
Food
Mood
Rood
Good
Stood
Hood
Wood
Withstood
Understood
Brotherhood
Livelihood
Likelihood
Neighbourhood
Widowhood
And the Participles of the Verbs in OO.

Wou'd
Cou'd
Shou'd

OOF.

Hoof
Proof
Roof
Woof

Aloof
Disproof
Reproof
Behoof

OOK.

Book
Brook
Cook
Crook
Hook
Rook
Shook
Took
Mistook
Undertook
Forsook
Betook

OOL.

Cool
Fool
Pool
School
Stool
Tool
Befool

OOM.

Bloom
Broom
Doom
Gloom
Groom
Loom
Room
Spoom
Whom

Bomb
Tomb
Womb
Entomb

OON.

Boon
Moon
Noon
Soon

Soon
Spoon
Swoon
Buffoon
Lampoon
Poltroon

OOP.

Coop
Hoop
Loop
Scoop
Stoop
Troop
Whoop
Droop
Swoop

OOR.

Boor
Door
Poor
Floor
Moor
Tour
Your
Amour
Paramour

OOSE.

Gooſe
Looſe

OOT.

Boot
Coot
Root
Foot
Shoot
Soot
Hoot

OOTH.

Booth
Sooth
Smooth

Tooth
Youth

Uncooth

OOZE.

Ooze
Nooze
Whoſe
Chooſe
Loſe
Uſe

OP.

Chop
Dop
Drop
Crop
Fop
Lop
Pop
Prop
Shop
Sop
Stop
Swop
Top
Underprop

OPE.

Cope
Grope
Hope
Mope
Pope
Rope
Scope
Slope
Ope
Tope
Trope
Aſlope
Elope
Interlope
Teleſcope
Heliotrope
Horoſcope
Antelope

Moap
Soap

OPT.

Adopt

And the Participles of the Verbs in OP.

OR.

Abhor
Metaphor
Creditor
Counſellor
Confeſſor
Competitor
Emperor
Anceſtor
Progenitor
Conſpirator
Orator
Senator
Succeſſor
Conqueror
Governor
Ambaſſador

ORCH.

Scorch
Torch
Porch

ORCE.

Force
Corſe
Divorce
Inforce
Perforce

Scource
Reſource
Courſe
Diſcourſe
Recourſe
Intercourſe

Coarſe
Hoarſe

ORD.

Cord
Lord
Accord
Record
Abhor'd

Hoard
Sword
Afford
Board
Aboard

And the Participles of the Verbs in ORE.

ORE.

Bore
Core
Gore
Lore
More
O'er
Ore

Frore
Pore
Score
Shore
Snore
Sore
Store
Swore
Tore
Wore
Adore
Afore
Aſhore
Deplore
Explore
Implore
Reſtore
Forbore
Forſwore
Heretofore
Hellebore

Hellebore
Sycamore

Boar
Goar
Oar
Roar
Soar
Four

ORGE.

Forge
Gorge
Disgorge
Regorge

ORK.

Cork
Ork
Fork
Stork
Pork
Work

ORLD.

World

And the Participles of the Verbs in URL.

ORM. See *ARM.*

Form
Storm
Conform
Deform
Inform
Perform
Reform
Misinform
Transform
Uniform
Multiform

Worm

ORN. See *ARN.*

Born
Corn
Horn
Scorn
Thorn
Adorn
Suborn
Unicorn
Capricorn

Shorn
Sworn
Born
Torn
Worn
Forborn
Forlorn
Forsworn
Overborn

Mourn

ORSE. v. *ORCE.*

Horse
Unhorse
Endorse
Remorse

ORST. v. *URST.*

ORT. See *ART.*

Short
Sort
Consort
Distort
Exhort
Extort
Resort
Retort
Snort
Fort
Port
Sport
Comport
Disport
Effort
Export
Import
Report
Support
Transport

Court

ORTH.

Forth
Fourth
North
Worth

OSE.

Close
Dose
Jocose
Morose

Gross
Engross

OSE, *or* OZE.

Close
Chose
Doze
Glose
Froze
Nose
Pose
Prose
Those
Rose
Compose
Depose
Disclose
Dispose
Discompose
Expose
Impose
Include
Interpose
Oppose
Propose
Recompose
Repose
Suppose
Transpose
Arose
Appose
Presuppose
Foreclose

And the Plural of the Nouns and Third Person Present of the Verbs of the Termination.

OW.

OSS.

Boss
Cross
Dross
Loss
Moss
Toss
Across
Imboss

OST.

Cost
Frost
Lost
Tost
Accost
Imboss'd

Exhaust
Holocaust

Ghost
Host
Most
Post
Roast

Coast
Boast
Toast

OT.

OT. See *AT.*
Clot
Cot
Got
Hot
Jot
Lot
Knot
Not
Plot
Pot
Scot
Shot
Sot
Spot
Trot
Rot
Blot
Grot
Begot
Forgot
Allot
Beſot
Complot
Abricot
Counterplot

OTCH.
Botch
Crotch
Notch
Watch

OTE.
Cote
Note
Lote
Mote
Quote
Rote
Vote
Smote
Wrote
Denote
Promote
Remote
Devote
Antidote

Bloat
Boat
Coat
Doat
Float
Gloat
Goat
Moat
Oat
O'erfloat
Afloat
Throat

OTH.
Broth
Cloth
Froth
Moth
Troth
Betroth
Wrath

Both
Loth
Sloth
Oath
Loath
Cloath
Growth

OU. See *OO*, and *OW.*
OUBT. v. *OUT.*

OUCH.
Couch
Crouch
Pouch
Slouch
Vouch
Avouch

OUD.
Cloud
Crowd
Loud
Proud
Shroud
Aloud
O'ercloud
And the Participles of ſeveral of the Verbs in OW.

OVE.
Clove
Grove
Rove
Stove
Strove
Throve
Drove
Wove
Devove
Alcove
Inwove
Interwove

Dove
Glove
Shove
Love
Above

Move
Prove
Approve
Behove
Diſapprove
Diſprove
Improve
Remove
Reprove

OUGH. v. *OF.* *OW*, and *UFF.*

OUGHT.
Bought
Brought
Methought
Forethought
Fought
Nought
Ought
Sought
Thought
Wrought
Beſought
Bethought

Caught
Fraught
Taught
Draught
Yacht

OUL. v. *OLE.* and *OWL.*

OULD.
Mould
And the Participles of the Verbs in OWL.

OUNCE.
Bounce
Flounce
Pounce
Ounce
Dencunce
Pronounce
Renounce

OUND.
Bound
Found
Ground
Hound
Mound
Pound
Round
Sound

Sound
Wound
Abound
Aground
Around
Confound
Compound
Expound
Profound
Rebound
Redound
Resound
Surround
Renown'd

And the Participles of some of the Verbs in OWN.

OUNG. v. *UNG.*

OUNT.

Count
Fount
Mount
Amount
Dismount
Remount
Surmount
Account
Accompt
Discount
Miscount

OUP. v. *OOP.*

OUR.

Lour
Pour
Sour
Tour
Deflour
Devour
Cow'r
Bow'r
Flow'r
Pow'r
Show'r
Tow'r

OURGE.

See *URGE.*

OURN. v. *ORN.* and *URN.*

OURS.

Ours which rhymes to the Plurals of the Nouns and 3d Person present of the Verbs in OUR; and YOURS, which rhymes in like manner to the Termination OOR.

OURSE.

See *ORCE.*

OURT. v. *ORT.*

OURTH.

See *ORTH.*

OUS. See *US.*

OUSE.

House
Mouse
Chowse
Sowse

OUT.

Rout
Clout
Flout
Out
Prout
Grout
Gout
Rout
Scout
Shout
Snout
Spout
Sprout
Trout
Stout
Devout
Without
Throughout

OOTH, and OTH.

OW.

Crow
Blow
Bow
Flow
Glow
Grow
Know
Low
Mow
Ow
Row
Show
Sow
Stow
Slow
Snow
Throw
Tow
Allow
Below
Bestow
Foreknow
Outgrow
O'ergrow
O'erflow
O'erflow
O'erthrow
Reflow

Sew
Shew
Strew
Beshrew
Foreshew

Doubt
Redoubt
Misdoubt
Drought

OUTH.

Mouth
South

See OOTH, and OTH.

OW.

Foe
Doe
Roe
Sloe
Toe
Dough

Bow
Cow
Brow
Now
Prow
How
Mow
Plow
Sow
Vow
Avow
Allow

Oh
So
Lo
No
Tho'
Ho
Go
Ago
Forego
Undergo

Dis-

Diſallow
Thou
Bough
Plough
Slough
OWL. v. *OLE.*
Cowl
Fowl
Howl
Growl
Owl
Prowl
Foul
Scoul
OWN. v. *ONE.*
Brown
Clown
Crown
Down
Drown
Frown
Town
Gown
Adown
Renown
Imbrown

OWSE.
See
OUSE.

OWZE.
Blowze
Browze
Carowze
Rowze

Spouſe
Eſpouſe
And the Plural of the Nouns and 3d Perſon Preſent of the Verbs in OW.

OX.
Box
Fox
Ox
Equinox
Orthodox
Heterodox
And the Plural of the Nouns and 3d Perſon Preſent of the Verbs of OCK.

OY.
Boy
Buoy
Coy
Cloy
Joy
Toy
Alloy
Annoy
Convoy
Decoy
Deſtroy
Employ
Enjoy

OZE. v. *OSE.*

UB.
Club
Cub
Chub
Drub
Grub
Rub
Snub
Shrub
Tub

UBE.
Cube
Tube

UCE.
Pruce
Sluce
Spruce
Truce
Conduce
Deduce
Induce
Introduce
Produce
Reduce
Seduce
Traduce
Juice
Uſe
Abſtruſe
Abuſe
Diſuſe
Excuſe
Miſuſe
Obtuſe
Profuſe
Recluſe

UCH. v. *UYCH.*

UCK.
Buck
Duck
Luck
Pluck
Suck
Struck
Truck
Tuck

UCT.
Conduct
Deduct
Inſtruct
Obſtruct
Aqueduct
And the Participles of the Verbs in UCK.

UD.
Bud
Cud
Scud
Stud
Mud

Flood
Blood

UDE.
Crude
Rude
Allude
Conclude
Delude
Elude
Exclude
Include
Intrude
Obtrude
Prelude
Seclude
Altitude
Fortitude
Gratitude
Interlude
Latitude
Longitude
Magnitude
Multitude

Soli-

Solitude
Vicifſitude
Aptitude
Habitude
Ingratitude
Ineptitude
Inquietude
Laſſitude
Plenitude
Promptitude
Servitude
Similitude
Solicitude

Leud
Feud

And the Participles of the Termination EW.

UDGE.

Drudge
Grudge
Judge
Trudge
Adjudge
Prejudge

UE. See *EW.*

UFF.

Buff
Cuff
Bluff
Huff
Gruff
Luff
Muff
Puff
Snuff
Stuff
Ruff
Rebuff
Counterbuff
Rough
Tough
Enough
Slough.

UFT.

Tut

And the Participles of the Verbs in UFF.

UG.

Bug
Drug
Dug
Hug
Lug
Rug
Shrug
Slug
Mug
Snug

UICE. v. *USE.*
UIDE. v. *IDE.*
UILD. v. *ILD.*
UILE. v. *ILE.*
UILT. v. *ILT.*
UINT. v. *INT.*
UISE. v. *ISE.* and *USE.*
UIE. v. *IE.*

UKE.

Duke
Rebuke
Puke

UL. v. ULL.

Cull
Dull
Gull
Hull
Lull
Mull
Null
Trull
Scull
Annul
Diſannul

Bull
Full
Pull
Wooll
Bountiful
Fanciful
Sorrowful
Dutiful
Merciful
Wonderful
Worſhipful

ULE.

Mule
Rule
Ridicule
Miſrule
Over-rule

ULGE.

Bulge
Indulge
Divulge

ULK.

Bulk
Hulk
Sculk

ULSE.

Pulſe
Impulſe
Expulſe
Convulſe
Repulſe

And the Plural of the Nouns, and 3d Perſon Preſent of the Verbs in ULL.

ULT.

Adult
Conſult
Exult
Indult
Inſult
Occult
Reſult
Difficult

UM.

Crum
Drum
Grum
Gum
Hum
Mum
Scum
Plum
Stum
Summ
Swum
Thrum
Numn
Benumn

Come
Become
Overcome

Burthenſome
Chriſtendom
Cumberſom
Frolickſom
Humourſom
Quarrelſom
Troubleſome
Martyrdom
Hecatomb

UMB.
Dumb
Thumb
Succumb

UME.
Fume
Plume
Aſſume
Conſume
Perfume
Reſume
Deplume
Preſume
Rheum

UMP.
Bump
Jump
Lump
Plump
Pump
Rump
Stump
Trump

UN.
Dun
Gun
Nun
Pun
Run
Shun
Sun
Stun
Tun
Spun
Begun

Son
Won
One
Done
Undone

UNCE.
Dunce
Ounce

UNCH.
Bunch
Hunch
Punch
Lunch
Munch

UND.
Fund
And the Participles of the Verbs in UN.

UNE.
June
Prune
Tune
Importune
Jejune
Untune

UNG.
Clung
Dung
Flung
Hung
Rung
Strung
Sung
Sprung
Slung
Stung
Lung
Swung
Wrung
Unſung
Young
Tongue

UNGE.
Plunge
Spunge
Expunge

UNK.
Drunk
Slunk
Shrunk
Stunk
Sunk
Trunk
Monk

UNT.
Brunt
Blunt
Hunt
Runt
Grunt
Wont

UP.
Cup
Sup
Up

UPT.
Abrupt
Corrupt
Interrupt
And the Participles of the Verbs in UP.

UR.
Blur
Bur
Cur
Furr
Slur
Spur
Concur
Demur
Incur
Firr
Stir
Beſtir

URB.
Curb
Diſturb

URCH.
Church
Lurch
Birch

URD.
Curd
Abſurd
Bird
Word
And the Participles of the Verbs in UR.

URE.
Gure
Dure
Lure
Pure
Sure
Abjure
Allure
Aſſure
Demure
Conjure
Endure
Enure
Inſure
Immature
Immure
Manure
Mature
Obſcure

Procure
Secure
Adjure

Calen-

Calenture
Coverture
Epicure
Inveſtiture
Forfeiture
Furniture
Miniature
Nouriture
Overture
Portraiture
Primogeniture
Sculpture
Temp'rature

URF.

Turf
Scurf
Turve

URGE.

Purge
Surge
Urge
Scourge

URK.

Lurk
Work

URL.

See
IRL.

Churl
Curl
Furl
Hurl
Purl
Uncurl
Unfurl

URN.

Burn
Churn
Spurn
Turn
Urn
Return
Overturn
Aturn
Sojourn
Adjourn
Rejourn

URSE.

Curſe
Nurſe
Purſe
Accurſe
Diſburſe
Imburſe
Re-imburſe
Worſe

URST.

Curſt
Burſt
Durſt
Worſt
Firſt
Thirſt
Athirſt
Accurſt

URT.

Blurt
Flurt
Hurt
Spurt
Dirt
Squirt
Shirt

US.

Thus
Incubus
Truſs
Overplus
Us
Diſguſs
Amorous
Boiſterous
Clamorous
Credulous
Dangerous
Degenerous
Emulous
Fabulous
Frivolous
Generous
Hazardous
Idolatrous
Infamous
Miraculous
Miſchievous
Mountainous
Mutinous
Neceſſitous
Numerous
Ominous
Perilous
Poiſonous
Populous
Proſperous
Ridiculous
Riotous
Ruinous
Scandalous
Scrupulous
Scurrilous
Sedulous
Traiterous
Treacherous
Tyrannous
Venomous
Vigorous
Villanous
Adventurous
Adulterous
Ambiguous
Blaſphemous
Dolorous
Fortuitous
Gluttonous
Gratuitous
Incredulous
Leacherous
Libidinous
Magnanimous
Obſtreperous
Odoriferous
Ponderous
Ravenous
Rigorous
Slanderous
Solicitous
Timourous
Valorous
Unanimous
Calamitous

USE.

Chuſe
Muſe
Uſe
Abuſe
Accuſe
Amuſe
Diffuſe
Excuſe
Infuſe
Miſuſe
Peruſe
Refuſe
Suffuſe
Transfuſe
Bruiſe

And the Plural of the Nouns and Third Perſon Preſent of the Verbs in EW.

USH.

Bluſh
Bruſh
Cruſh
Huſh

Huſh
Guſh
Fluſh
Ruſh
Buſh
Puſh

USK.

Buſk
Huſk
Muſk
Tuſk

UST.

Buſt
Cruſt
Duſt
Guſt
Juſt
Muſt
Luſt
Ruſt
Thruſt
Truſt
Aduſt
Adjuſt
Diſguſt
Diſtruſt
Intruſt
Miſtruſt
Robuſt
Unjuſt
Jouſt

And the Participles of the Verbs in USS.

But
Cut
Glut
Gut
Hut
Jut
Nut
Put
Shut
Strut
Englut
Rut
Scut
Slut
Smut
Abut

UTCH.

Hutch
Crutch

Much
Such
Touch
Retouch

UTE.

Brute
Flute
Lute
Mute
Sute
Acute
Compute
Confute
Depute
Dilute
Diſpute
Impute
Pollute
Refute
Repute
Salute
Abſolute
Attribute
Conſtitute
Deſtitute
Diſſolute
Execute
Inſtitute
Irreſolute
Perſecute
Proſecute
Proſtitute
Reſolute
Subſtitute

Fruit
Suit
Recruit

UX.

Flux
Reflux

And the Plural of the Nouns and Third Perſon Preſent of the Verbs in UCK.

UZE. *v.* USE.

Y. *See* IE.

F I N I S.



